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January 25, 1941

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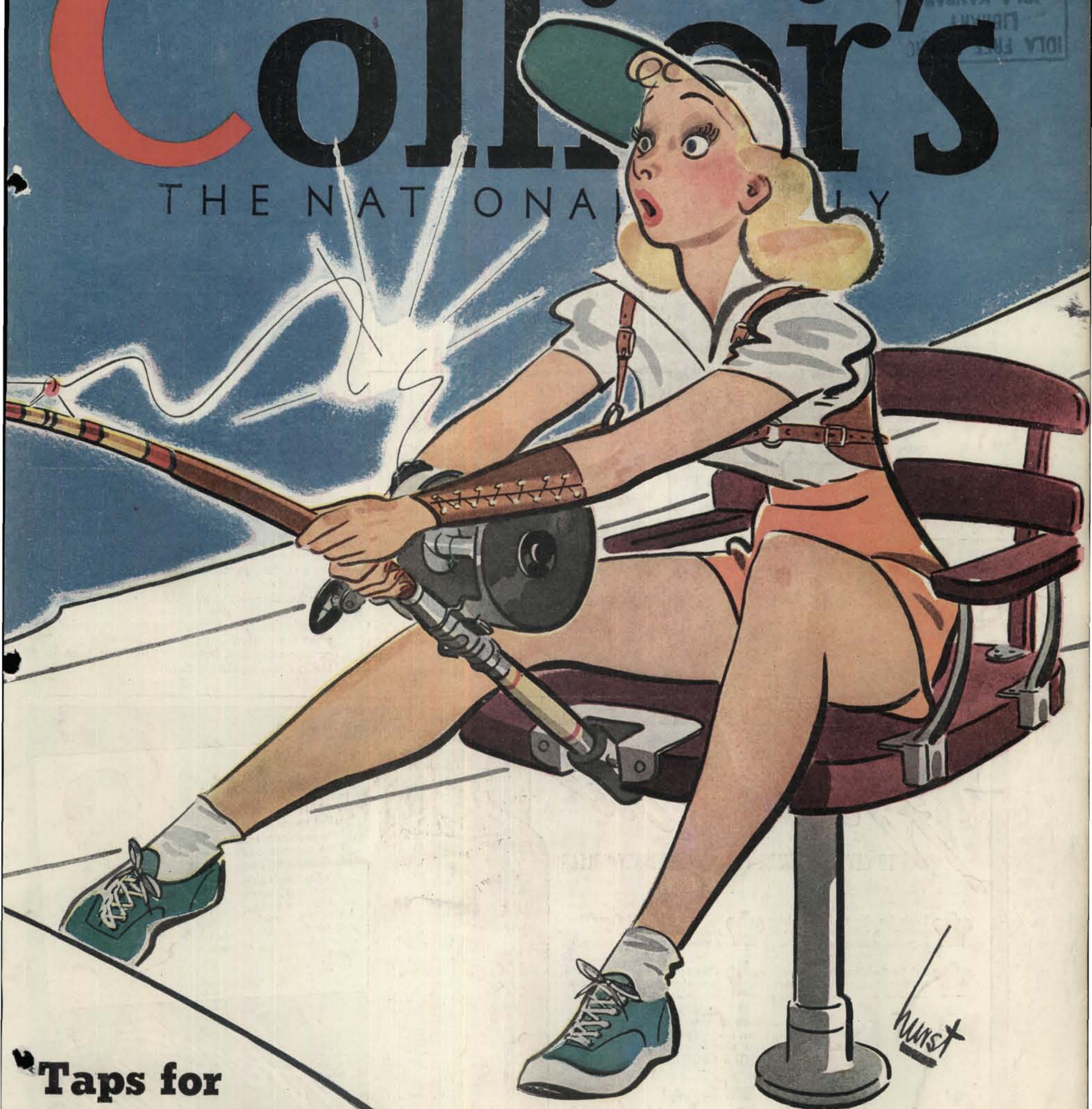

Taps for the New Deal

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

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Here's how TO GET MORE OUT OF WATCHING BASKETBALL

By Dick Bray

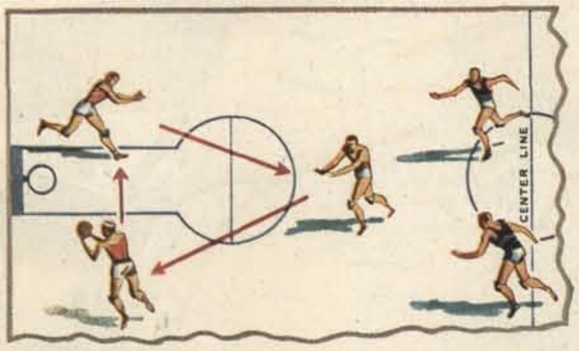
Nationally known official and sports broadcaster

BASKETBALL, the only major game of direct American origin, has surged to the front in popular favor. Alive with speed, conflict and color, it now outdraws any other sport.

Last year, basketball attracted an estimated attendance of ninety million people. But chances are that only a small percentage of spectators realized that behind the apparently mad scramble of flashing action there are studied formations . . . planned plays.

Every top-notch Five that takes the court is schooled in shifty, lightning-paced formations—some of which are described here. Look for these formations at the next basketball game you see. Watch how one team tries to break up the other's attempts to score, each player checking and blocking an opponent.

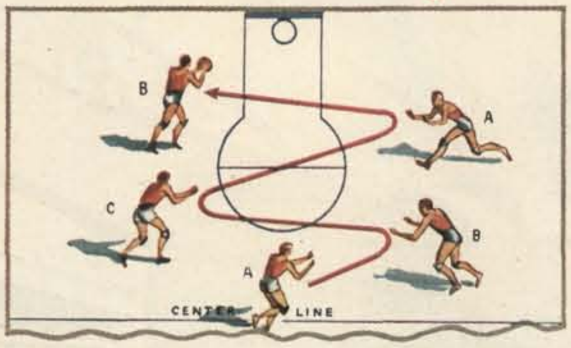
TRIANGLE OFFENSE △



THE DIAGRAM ABOVE shows the triangle system used so effectively by the University of Pittsburgh.

Watch closely and you'll note the triangle system used in many games. Pitt sets up the triangle with two men midway between the sidelines and the basket. The point of the triangle is the man outside the foul circle. He passes the ball to the man on the side of the basket, who shoots. If a miss, the ball is picked up by the man on the other side of the basket and snapped back to the man at peak of triangle. The ball is kept continuously in motion until a basket is made or possession of the ball is lost.

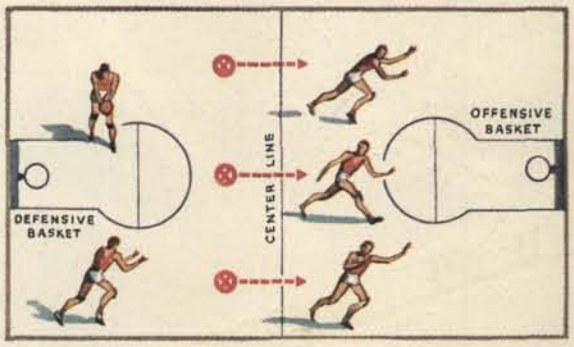
FIGURE EIGHT OFFENSE 8



ABOVE IS DIAGRAMMED the Figure 8 system. Used by practically all teams, it is one of basketball's fundamental systems of offense. You'll notice the ball is passed back and forth between three players.

Player A passes to player B and then cuts in behind him toward basket. Player C comes across court to take pass from player B. After passing, player B cuts behind player C. This fast-moving shuttling, as it is called, can be carried on until one of the trio cuts for the basket and shoots. Now we come to the speedy fast break offense. This is diagrammed and described below. Plenty of action when this formation gets under way, with a lively time for both players and spectators.

FAST BREAK OFFENSE



THE FAST BREAK OFFENSE or "fire engine" basketball is used by teams with clever ball handlers—players who can shoot from all angles. As soon as the ball is put in play, two men race down the court, while the center plays the middle. Dribbles or long passes get the ball down to the forwards who often shoot for the basket while still on the run. Split-second timing makes this a breath-taking play to watch.

* * *

Study these formations. Then you'll recognize them when the players blaze into action. And you'll get greater enjoyment from this sport that teems with thrills and is tops in popularity.

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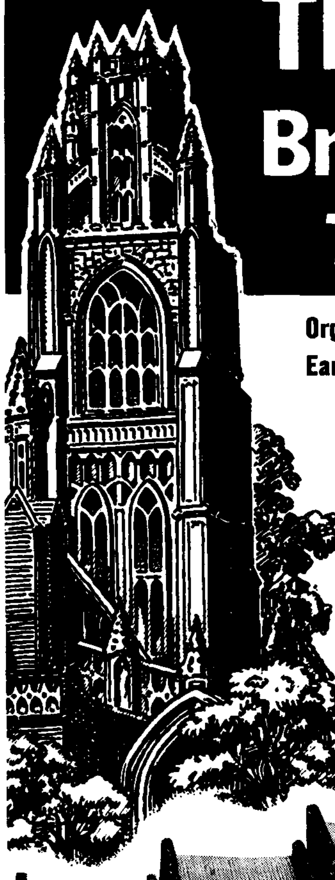

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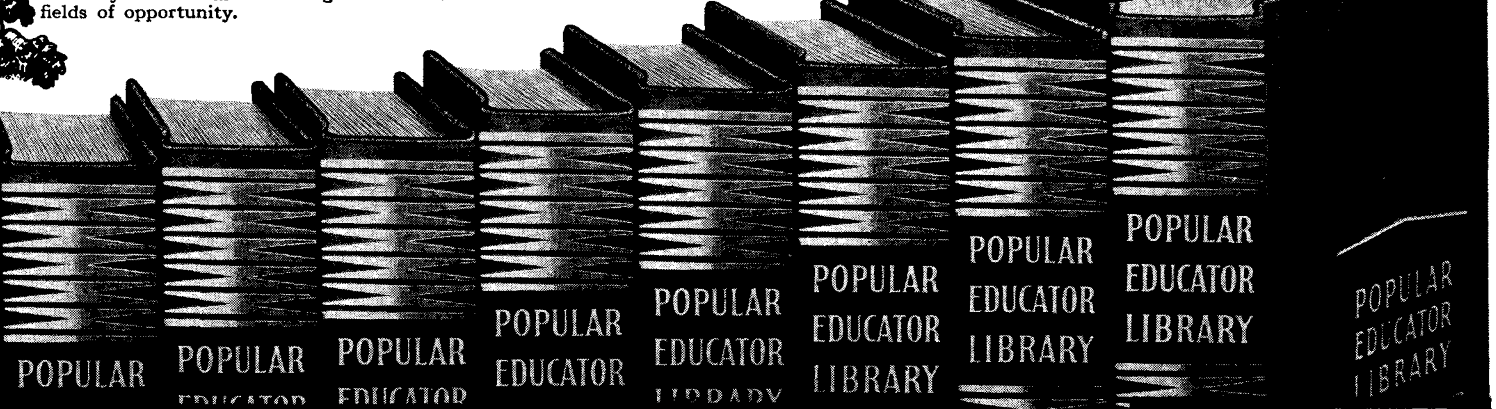

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JANUARY 25, 1941

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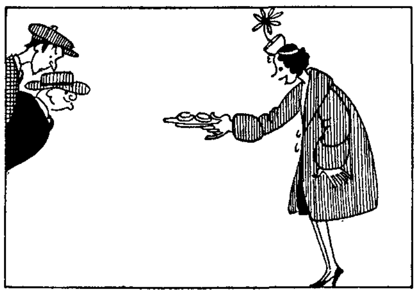
COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been visited by a journalist who told us about a newspaper proprietor he used to work for. It was in a central Kentucky town and, at the time, a particularly torrid local political campaign was being launched. On behalf of the staff, our friend went to the publisher and asked him which candidate he was going to support, both being Democrats. "I haven't made up my mind," replied the boss. "All I can tell you is that when I do I'm going to be awfully damned bitter."

MOREOVER, we've just been interrupted by the telephone. It was Mrs. Peg Marshall, wife of our colleague Jim Marshall. Mrs. Marshall was in Flushing, Long Island, and had just come out of a pastry shop. "I couldn't resist it," she said. "In the window there was a sign proclaiming that the lady had just fried a fresh batch of Fluffy Wuffies. I bought two dozen, one for you and one for Jim. They look like holeless doughnuts and taste like Fluffy Wuffies. Tomorrow, the lady said, is Tasty Wasty day. I'll not forget you boys."



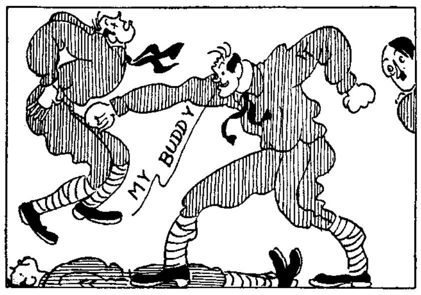
UP TO now nothing seems to have come of that idea of lending Princess Juliana of The Netherlands a couple of billion dollars on the understanding that she relay it to the Bank of England. Thus we might have side-stepped the Johnson Act which forbids loans to the debtor belligerents. However, we're advised by one of our most diligent Washington scouts that the plan lacked the popularity that its creators hoped for. He says that some marplot, on the eve of Her Royal Highness' visit to Washington, dug up the fact that she is one of the richest owners of Washington real estate. He gave us an estimate of what her and her mother's Washington holdings are worth. We think we'd better not mention it, being somewhat stunned by the figure. However we can't help mentioning one property—an enormous apartment house valued variously from three to five million dollars. It's a swell joint. We know because we attended a party there not long ago, our host being an almost ferocious isolationist. We got into quite an argument with him. Finally he told us that at least part of his isolationism was due to being tired of the high cost of living in the Princess' house. Just what all this has to do with helping England pay the high cost of licking Hitler we aren't sure. We merely jot down these little items in the interest of this and that.

WE WON'T say that he's the only one, but Mr. Arnold B. Thedder of Atlanta, Georgia, is a trifle weary of all the talk of the mechanical and scientific wonders that our new Army will abound with. Too many gadgets working too many automatic miracles. In the last analysis, thinks Mr. Thedder, it will be some adventurous guy with a machine gun who'll win the war. "They're rigging the lads up with two-way radio sets which means that he'll be so busy listening to commands from someone far in the rear and saying Yessir that he won't have time to do anything about the enemy. They've got tanks that can communicate by wireless with one another and with the supreme command. They've got the air force, the artillery and the infantry all hooked up to bawl out one another while the fighting is hottest. For my part it's all too new to be true. Of course something is going to blow a fuse at the wrong time and the whole hookup is going to collapse. But don't worry. I've just found out that, for all this scientific skulduggery, the Army is still training dogs and pigeons to carry messages when the juice fails. "Personally I'm betting on the birds and the dogs. They're something I understand."

AND we've just received our favorite joke again. This time it comes from Mrs. Lansing T. Vaill of Toronto, Canada. As far as we recall this is the twentieth time somebody has sent it. Maybe you've heard it too. Anyway, there were two hippopotamuses sunk contentedly in the mud and slime of the banks of the Nile. The day was fearfully hot. Flies and other unnecessary nuisances were making the day even less attractive. Both beasts lay half asleep in the muck, only their heads in full view. And one of them says drowsily to the other: "Do you know, for some reason I can't help thinking this is Thursday."

AS EVERYBODY knows we've devoted our life to spreading sweetness and light, even in days like these. It's a ticklish job, a deceptive one. For example, some time ago this magazine published an article about the Border Patrol on the Mexican frontier. Therein it was stated frankly that while the men may like the life, the loneliness and occasional absences of modern conveniences make it less attractive for wives. We've just heard from Patrol Inspector Douglas R. O'Connell of Edinburg, Texas. "Well," writes Inspector O'Connell, "you've done it. Yessir, you've done it. For weeks I've been working on the girl friend trying to convince her that the Mexican border is the place to live. And I think I had her convinced when, bang, that piece about the Border Patrol came out. Listen, mister, be a sport. Let's see what you can do to repair the damage you've done to me. You go to work on her. I'll let you dance at my wedding." It puts us in a nasty spot. Three or four times we've gone to the telephone to call her up and do our best. Several times we've started to write to her. It wouldn't be a new experience. But the trouble is we're still dodging a couple of people toward whom we had none but the best of intentions a couple of years ago.

BENT on nothing more blamable than to learn something more intimate about this new Army of ours, we dropped in at a beer dispensary near one of the most populous of our military camps. We managed to get a seat after some dickering with the proprietor and a bit of shoving. It's our guess that the girls and lads were about fifty-fifty numerically but the girls seemed somewhat brawnier. But we enjoyed the repartee—what we heard of it. For example, there was the rookie who was using a nice new line on a vigorous young lady who chanced to pass his table. "Baby," said he, "pay me some attention. I got military secrets." Her glance was scornful. "You look it," said she, and passed on. But one of his buddies had better luck, having equipped himself with a girl who had a mole on her left ear lobe. Frankly she was getting quite a mauling. She stood it just so long. Suddenly she rose, shoved him back in his chair, preened herself and, as she departed in what looked to us like a dudgeon, she said: "My, my, these antiaircraft boys sure do eat their spinach."



BEING as neutral as circumstances permit, and humane too, we'd like to pass on to Mr. Hitler a bit of advice. We got it after spending a few hours with this new Army we were just speaking about. If we were Mr. Hitler we'd get busy at once before it's too late, on any plans he may have for the United States. It is going to do him no good whatsoever to delay. Come to think of it, maybe he's too late even now. Those lads are rough. If what we saw happen between buddies is any indication of what could happen to guys they didn't like much—well, we'd call the whole thing off.

OUCH. . . . W. D.

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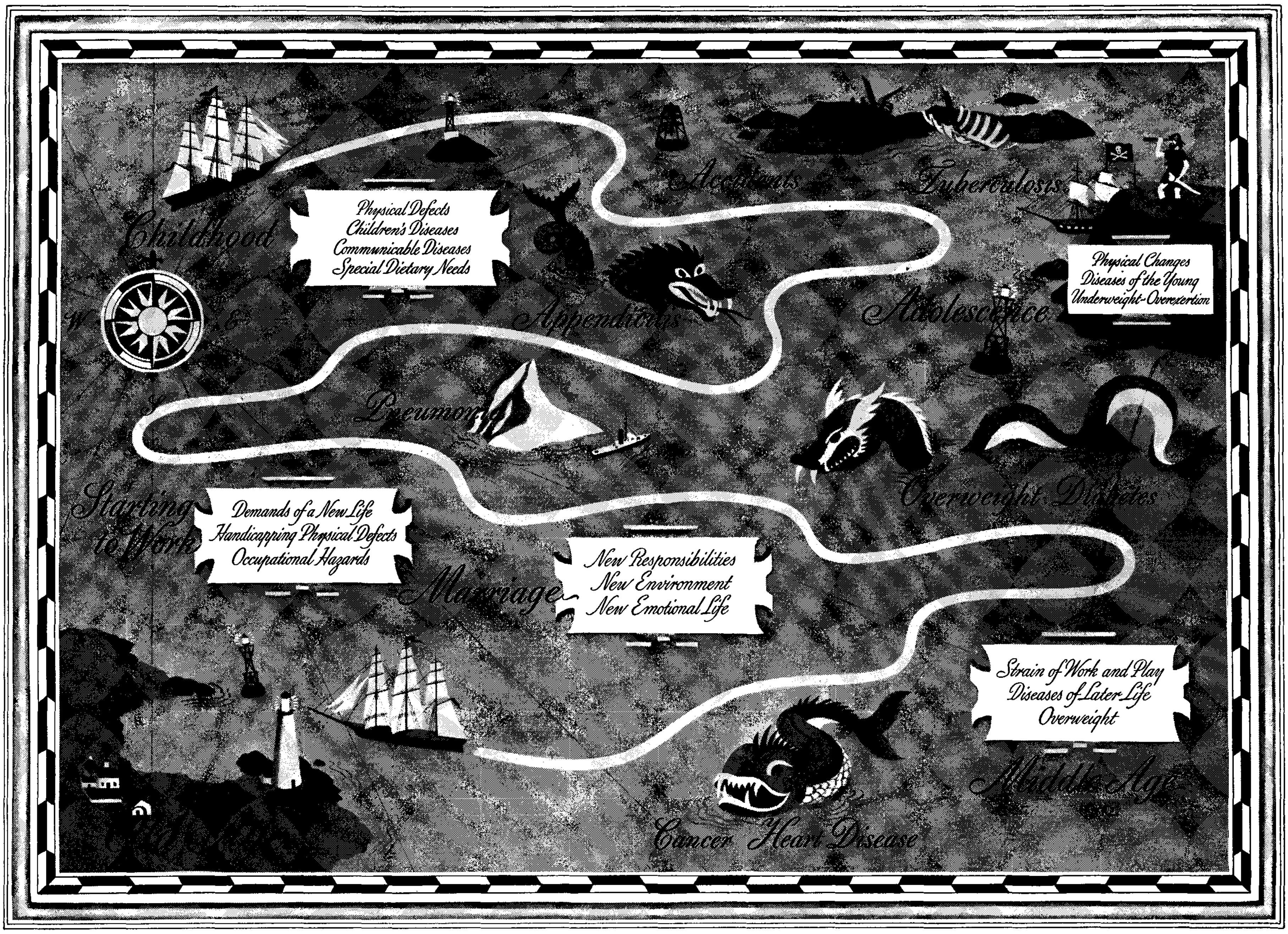
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New Environment
New Emotional Life
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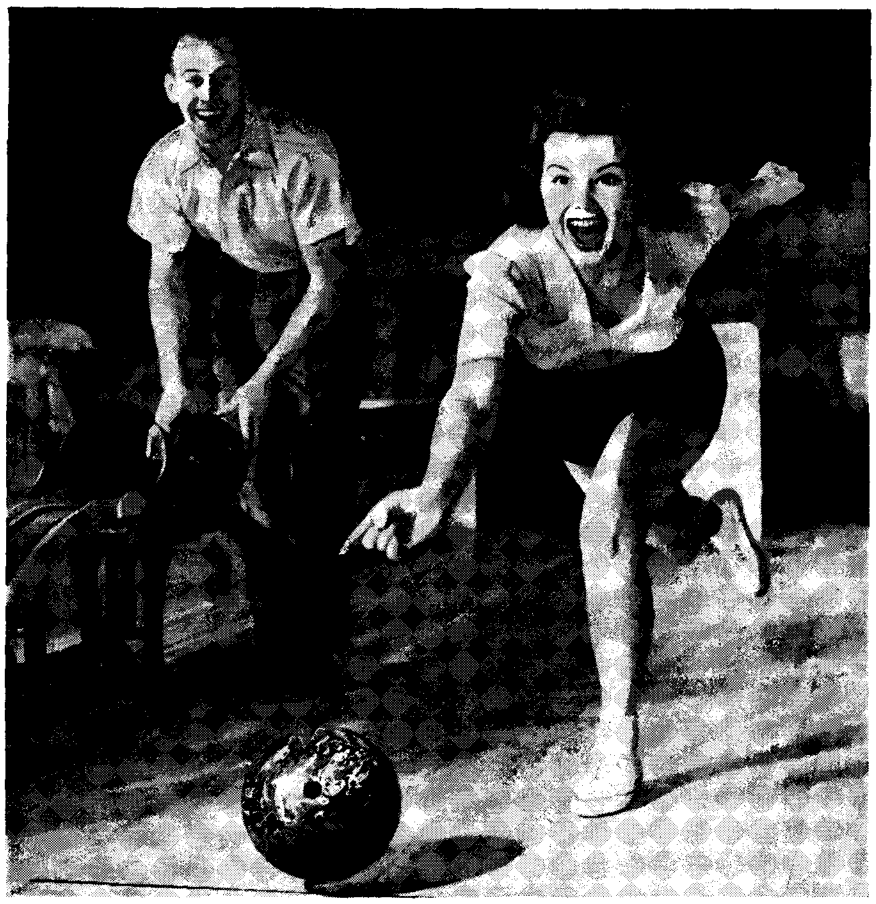


TOM: All vim-and-vigger! Been eating yeast again?
ELLEN: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. And, boy, does it taste *good!*

TOM: Say, maybe you've got an idea there! I used to eat yeast every day, and I felt swell . . . tops *all* the time. But I never learned to like the taste.
ELLEN: Taste? . . . Say, it gives tomato juice the flavor of oven-fresh bread! It's delicious! Millions of people are going to find out how good it is, and how much good it does, too. Start it, and I'll bet you'll never leave it.

TOM: I'll give it a trial. Everybody says it's one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex. And a man needs plenty of vitamins these days! Such competition!
ELLEN: Go ahead. It's a swell idea. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And when you begin to look better, and feel peppier, I get the credit . . . understand?

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

Copyright, 1941, Standard Brands Incorporated

Wing Talk

FARSEEING men who love aviation seem afraid that air defense is getting into the same fix as Mark Twain's famous weather—everybody talking, nobody doing much about it. For example, they point out that in our lakes you can observe how lack of national air plan and policy over the years has left another great asset of this nation undeveloped and unappreciated.

One handicap of surface transportation always has been its dependence upon terra—whether "firma" or "aqua." The S. S. Normandie can't go to Des Moines; nor the 5:15 to Honolulu. Sour grapes are expressed in the persistent attempts of vehicles of each sphere to invade the other. In the daffy sequences of the newsreels, launches come from the water and run upon wheels, and cars put out to sea. The airplane moves neutrally above both elements, and finds geography a push-over.

Lately the plane-smart who dwell within eyeshot of Floyd Bennett Field abaft of Brooklyn's Flatbush section in the Asia Minor of Greater New York City have begun to see a new type of big ones bound for service in Europe: twin-motor "PBYs" dropping from the sky to roost briefly for the last time on home territory before they go to Halifax. The code by which naval planes are marked indicates the primary function of this type is (P) patrol, the secondary (B) bombing; while the (Y) according to the Navy's custom of assigning a letter to each concern from which it buys planes reveals these were manufactured by the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation.

The passage of landplanes across the United States jiggles no eyebrows. But the PBYs are flying boats. Hair-pulling between seaplanes and landplanes is relaxed only when both gang up in their classic heavier-than-air brawl with lighter-than-air. We're not egging them on now—but merely asking you to share our impartial jubilation in remarking the national good fortune that matter-of-fact flight of boats across the land mass of the continent emphasizes. Within the boundaries of the United States proper are more rivers, artificial and natural lakes and reservoirs suitable for aviation purposes than in any other comparably populated and developed nation on earth. Exclusive of the Great Lakes and reservoirs, we have about 53,000 square miles of water area—a larger patch than the whole state of Arkansas. Air leaders believe that in the approaching military era this resource may be more important than the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

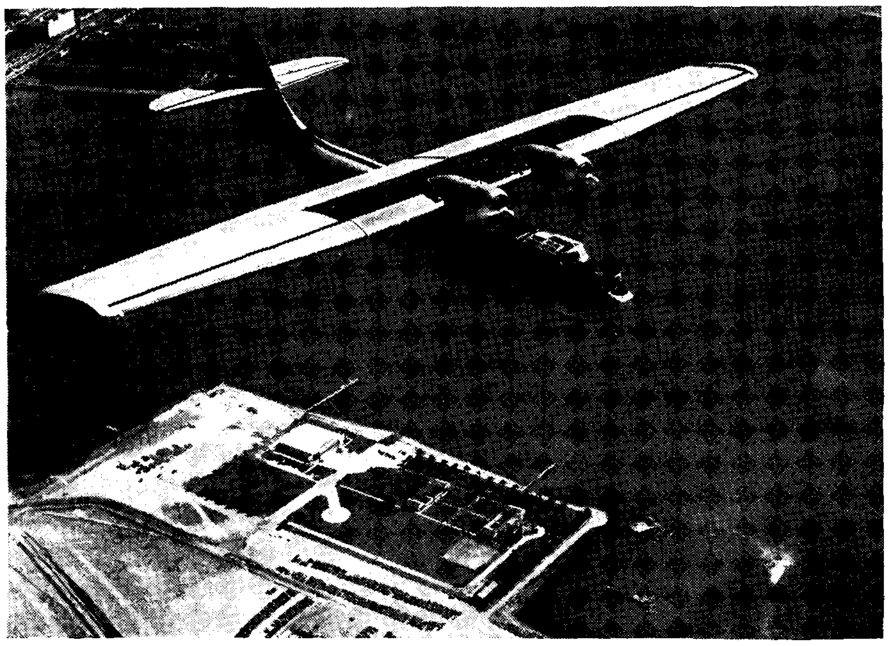
While you count landports in tens you can reckon sizable lakes in thousands. That's why any pilot worth his wings can start inland from either coast without misgivings in a plane equipped for water landings. Ten years ago the Federal Board of Maps and Surveys published a list naming the largest lake that lies entirely within each state, plus certain others of importance—159 all told. Only Kansas, Oklahoma, Kentucky and West Virginia were unrepresented, although there are several hundred square miles of water area in each; also each is either bordered or crossed by large rivers. It was not a total census—none such exists. Wisconsin officially estimates it has nearly 3,000 lakes; Minnesota claims about 7,000 named and thousands of smaller ones unnamed.

AIRMEN want to know: If the Panama Canal is vital to our Navy's surface freedom of movement to protect both coasts, can the great inland lakes and reservoirs be less than a godsend to the mobility, effectiveness and striking power of its air squadrons? Take Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam—the largest man-made lake on earth. All the naval planes of all the world's powers could alight there and not shade its waters. Great Salt Lake is as big as Delaware, Lake-of-the-Woods bigger than Rhode Island. Lake Michigan is as large as Maryland, Connecticut, and New Jersey combined. All these huge lakes are strategically placed to help our air defense confound invaders from one ocean or both—if that remote peril ever comes.

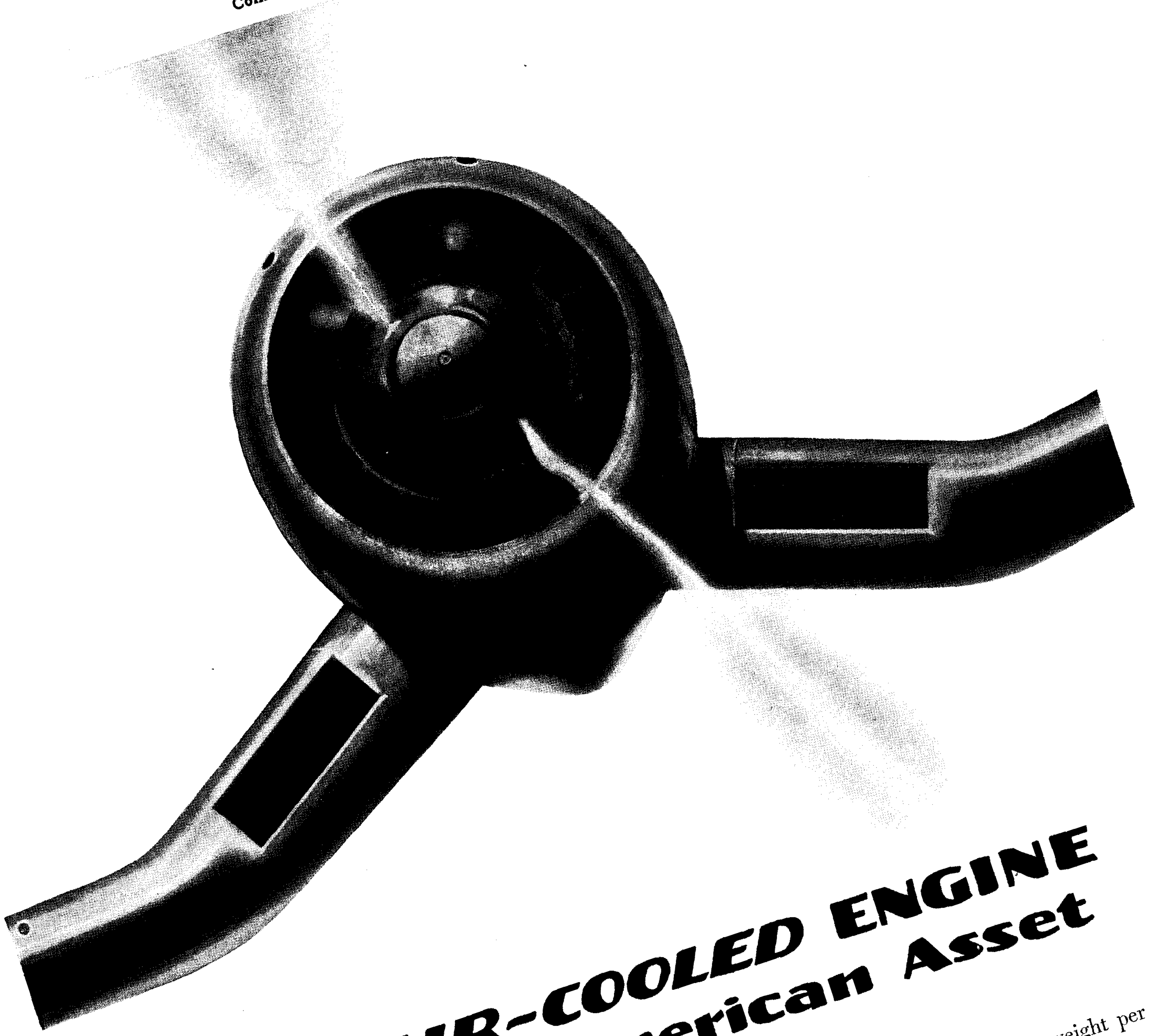
A lake five miles in diameter could be used to base fleets of our largest flying boats, with necessary supply and overhaul shops and barracks spaced around it each more than a mile from the next. The buildings represent the major expense. A comparable landfield with clearing, grading and surfacing would cost millions. A landport can be chewed beyond usefulness by air attack: bombardment of water landing area is a waste of time and TNT.

Experts, therefore, are now saying that while no other phase of landport or

(Continued on page 41)



A Consolidated flying boat in the U. S. Coast Guard service



THE AIR-COOLED ENGINE Priceless American Asset

First 500, then 1,200, and now 2,000 horsepower! The whole progress of military aviation centers around the ability of airplane engines to develop POWER.

America alone has 2000-horsepower engines in production.

Through each successive advance in power production, American radial air-cooled engines have led the way. With the development and actual production of the new 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engine, America lengthens her lead.

Long the envy of the world in low weight per horsepower, dependability, performance, and economy, the American air-cooled engine is now bringing to our flying forces the advantages of maximum speed as well.

In these engines our country possesses a priceless asset.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
East Hartford, Connecticut

PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

Joe!..in the HOSPITAL?
...why, he only had the sniffles when we went dancing Saturday!

YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tissue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

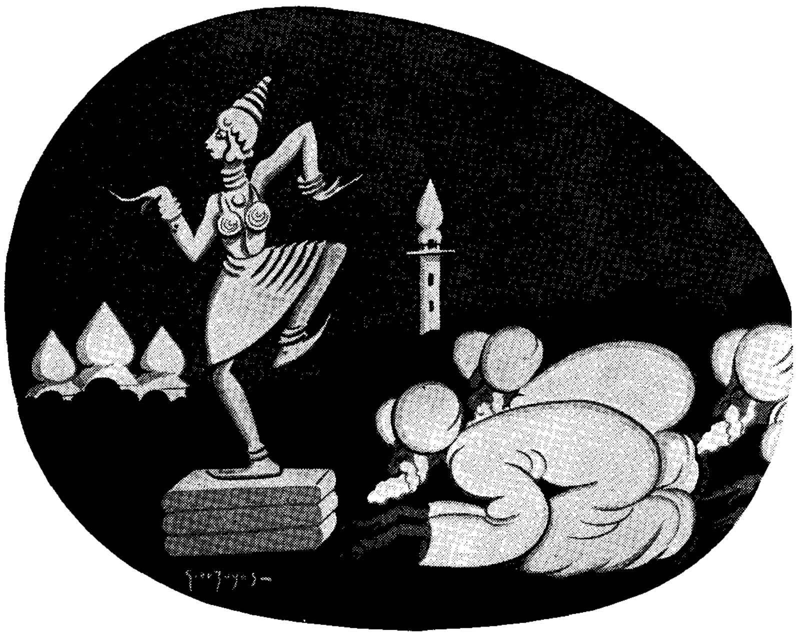
We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Mothers!
GET THIS AMAZING
Listerine Throat Light
Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
75¢ LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
BOTH FOR 98¢
$1.50 Value
DEPRESSES TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT
CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY
LISTERINE

Offer good only in continental U. S. A.

At the first symptom of
COLD or SORE THROAT **LISTERINE—QUICK!**



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Most images of the millions of Hindu gods and goddesses are shown in a dancing pose because the religion teaches that the chief activity of these deities is dancing and that few are worthy of worship unless they have the ability to express their infinite souls through the movement of their bodies.

In the few seconds that elapse between dialing a telephone number and hearing the ringing machine, more than 1,800 electric circuits have either opened or closed.—*By Norman S. Partman, Iowa City, Iowa.*

American Negro society maintains country clubs such as the Sunset Hill in Chicago, golf clubs such as the Royal in Washington and dude ranches such as Murray's near Los Angeles. These colored socialites also give famous dances such as the annual Commissioners' Ball in Philadelphia and horse shows such as that presented by the Utica Riding and Hunt Club in Detroit.

Using color film and telephoto lenses, Army aviators can take photographs at an altitude of 25,000 feet that show submarines, mines, camouflaged buildings and individual animals. From an elevation of 10,000 feet, another mapping device produces stereoscopic pictures that tell the height of an object within an accuracy of eight feet.—*By Henry W. Moreland, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

The thousands of Americans who hunt with bow and arrow are not very successful. For example, only four of the 43,000 deer killed in Michigan last year were shot in this manner.

About a century ago in the Capitol in Washington, neither the president of the Senate, the Speaker of the House nor anyone else had any jurisdiction over the rotunda in the middle of the building. Consequently, this great circular hall was packed with peddlers who sold a variety of commodities, including mouse traps, buggy whips, kitchen utensils and snake oil.

James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture from 1897 to 1913, under McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, holds the record for the longest Cabinet service.—*By Mary Schuster, New York, New York.*

The North and South poles not only vary in geology, temperature and plant and animal life, but also in the number of hours of daylight and darkness in every year. At the North Pole, the sun is above the horizon 186 days and below it 179 days, thus making the "day" seven days longer than the "night." At the South Pole, the opposite exists, "night" being seven days longer than "day."

Simon Bolivar (1783-1830) was the only man in history who liberated and helped to establish a group of countries. Thus these nations—Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Panama and Venezuela—not only bear his name collectively as the Bolivarian Countries, but each also honors him as its national hero.

In 1907, the Selby Smelting Works of San Francisco paid the Mohawk Mine of Nevada $574,958 for forty-seven and three-quarters tons of gold ore, this price of $12,041 per ton being the highest ever recorded in the history of gold mining.—*By J. W. Marshall, Represa, California.*

Feeling that evil spirits, like human beings, cannot resist the impulse to chase money, many Chinese peasants believe that they rid themselves of these devils by tossing a handful of imitation paper currency into a stiff breeze or a swiftly flowing river.

The medlar, a fruit of southern Europe resembling a crab apple, is not fit to eat until it begins to decay.—*By William Pomerance, Cold Spring, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

How not to please your typists

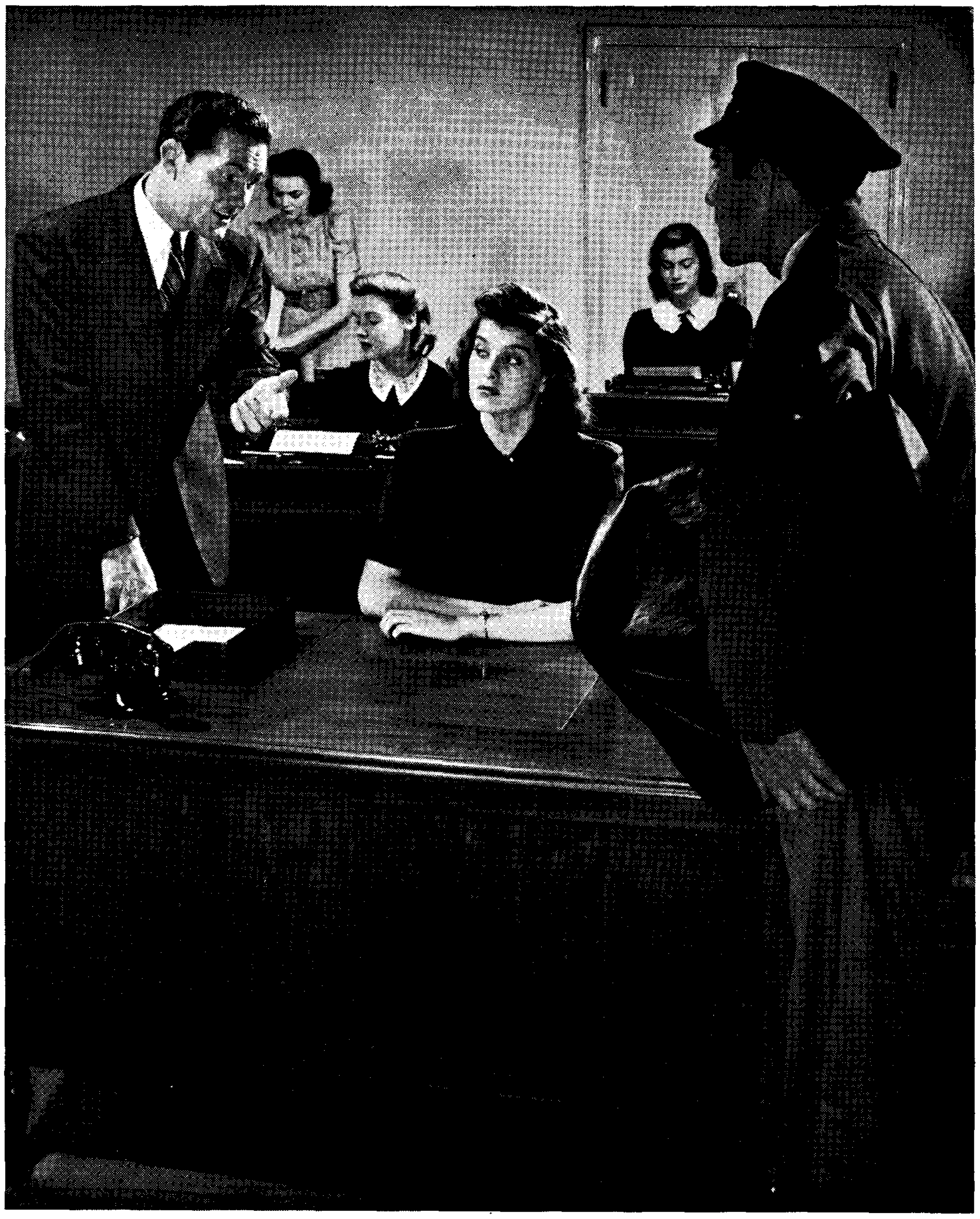
THIS EMPLOYER thinks he is doing his typists a favor by purchasing new typewriters for them.

He isn't — unless each girl happens to be getting the make of her choice.

For today's up-and-coming young career woman wants and deserves a voice in the selection of her typewriter. She alone knows what make suits her style of typing best, enables her to do better work for you—and do it faster.

So, if it's new-typewriter time in your office, let your typists decide. You'll be the winner in increased loyalty and respect from a happier, more efficient force.

Have we a *selfish* motive in making this plea for your typists? Of course! If they are graduates of modern business schools, they probably learned on a Royal, leading choice in over 20,000 schools. They probably know that a Royal stands up longer, is faster and easier to operate (the all-time speed record was made on a Royal). Finally, it's just natural that they should prefer to use the finest quality machine made. And that, in the opinion of most typists, is the Royal.



ROYAL

WORLD'S NUMBER 1

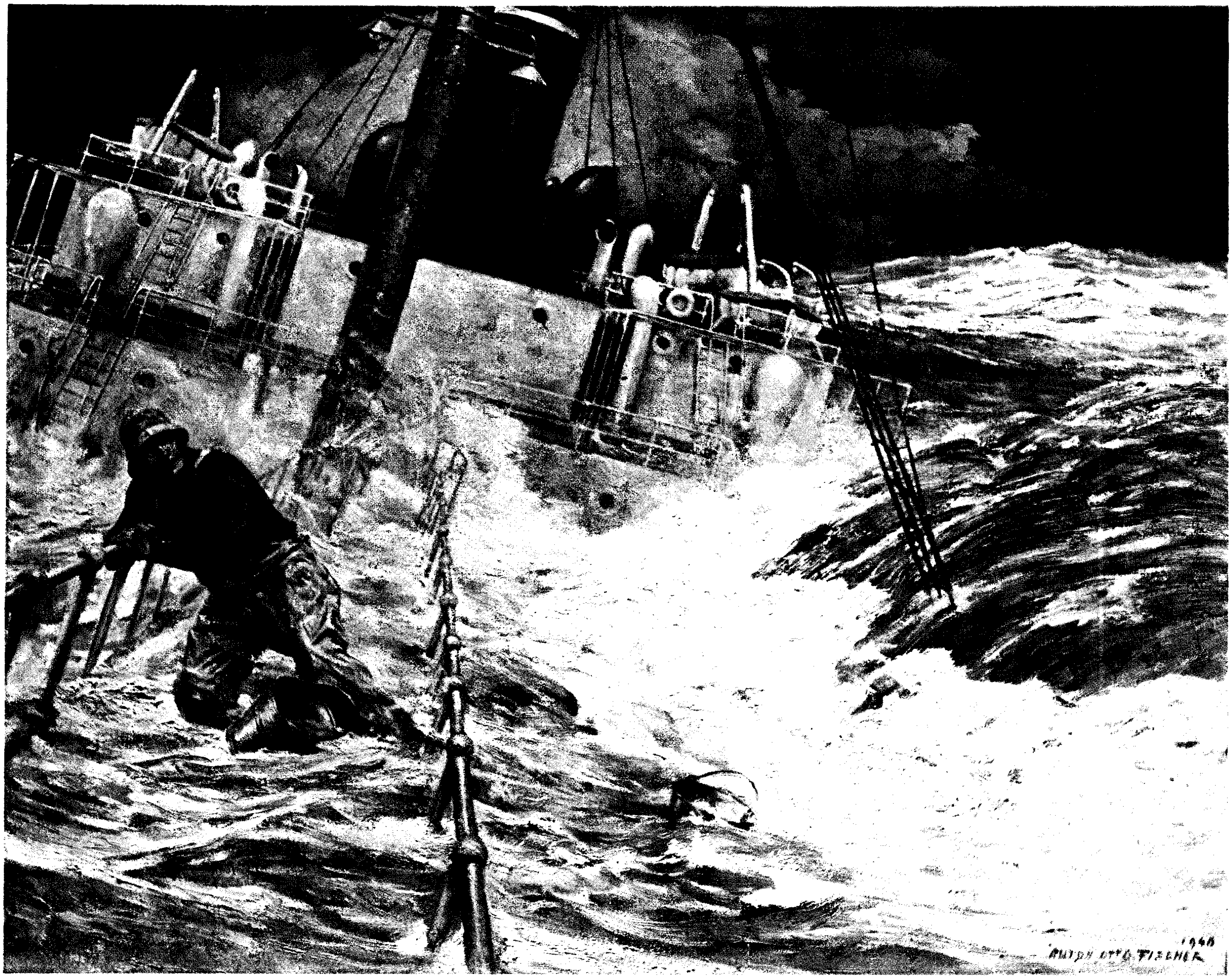
TYPEWRITER

Copyright 1940, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.
*Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Do your typists this favor. It costs you nothing. Phone your local Royal office—we're so confident of Royal's superiority that we'll gladly put a new Royal in your office for a free "desk test." Compare the machine with any other make—we're certain you'll find that a Royal will save your girls time and effort, will mean better work, will give you more typewriter for your money. Here are a few reasons why:

Easier to operate. Whether her touch is light or heavy, a simple twist of Royal's Touch Control* dial will adjust the keyboard to her exact pressure. Less finger *tension!* To *change margin stops, just flick* the MAGIC* Margin lever, and *click*—it's set! Changing ribbons, too, is only a matter of moments on a Royal. No messy fingers!

Easier on nerves and eyes. No flashing type bars to blur the eyes. On the Royal, they flash unseen. Nor does the carriage clatter and jump when the shift key is struck. The Royal has a quiet, locked, bob-less shift. Finger-comfort keys save broken fingernails. While Royal's no-glare finish eliminates dancing light reflections, saves eyestrain.



I learned my lesson from a big green wave

AN OIL TANKER, butting its way between Marcus Hook, Del., and Beaumont, Texas, is not the most romantic thing in the world.

But when, between my sophomore and junior years in college, I got the urge to go to sea, my only chance was aboard a tanker. So I signed on.

Now one way an oil tanker can be distinguished from many other vessels is by the "catwalk" that stretches fore and aft along her length. This "catwalk" is provided because a heavily loaded tanker, deep in the water, is often swept by waves. In fact, in a high sea, even the "catwalk" is not always safe.

I discovered this on our return trip from Beaumont. I was walking forward along the "catwalk" with a bucket of paint cleaner in each hand, when a mountainous green wave struck us. Only by dropping the buckets and grabbing the rail did I prevent myself from being washed overboard. When I reached the other end of the "catwalk," dripping and with both my buckets gone, the bosun was waiting for me.

What he said was short and to the point: "One hand for the ship—one hand for yourself!" And the way he said it I knew that next time I'd remember that seaman's rule-of-thumb and have one hand free to protect myself from danger and the other to keep from losing whatever I might be carrying.

"One hand for the ship, one hand for yourself!" How well those words have stood by me since my one trip to sea! I remembered them when I took on the not too grave responsibilities of my first regular job; when I got married; when I went into business for myself; and as our family has grown.

I've found that insurance was the rail of the "catwalk" through life. Many a time, I've been tempted to let go for a moment. But I've never forgotten the bosun's words.

As a result, fire or storm cannot take my home away from me. If I have an accident and have to go to the hospital, I know my bills will be taken care of. And when I finally pass on, I know that those I love will be able to live in peace and decent security the rest of their lives.

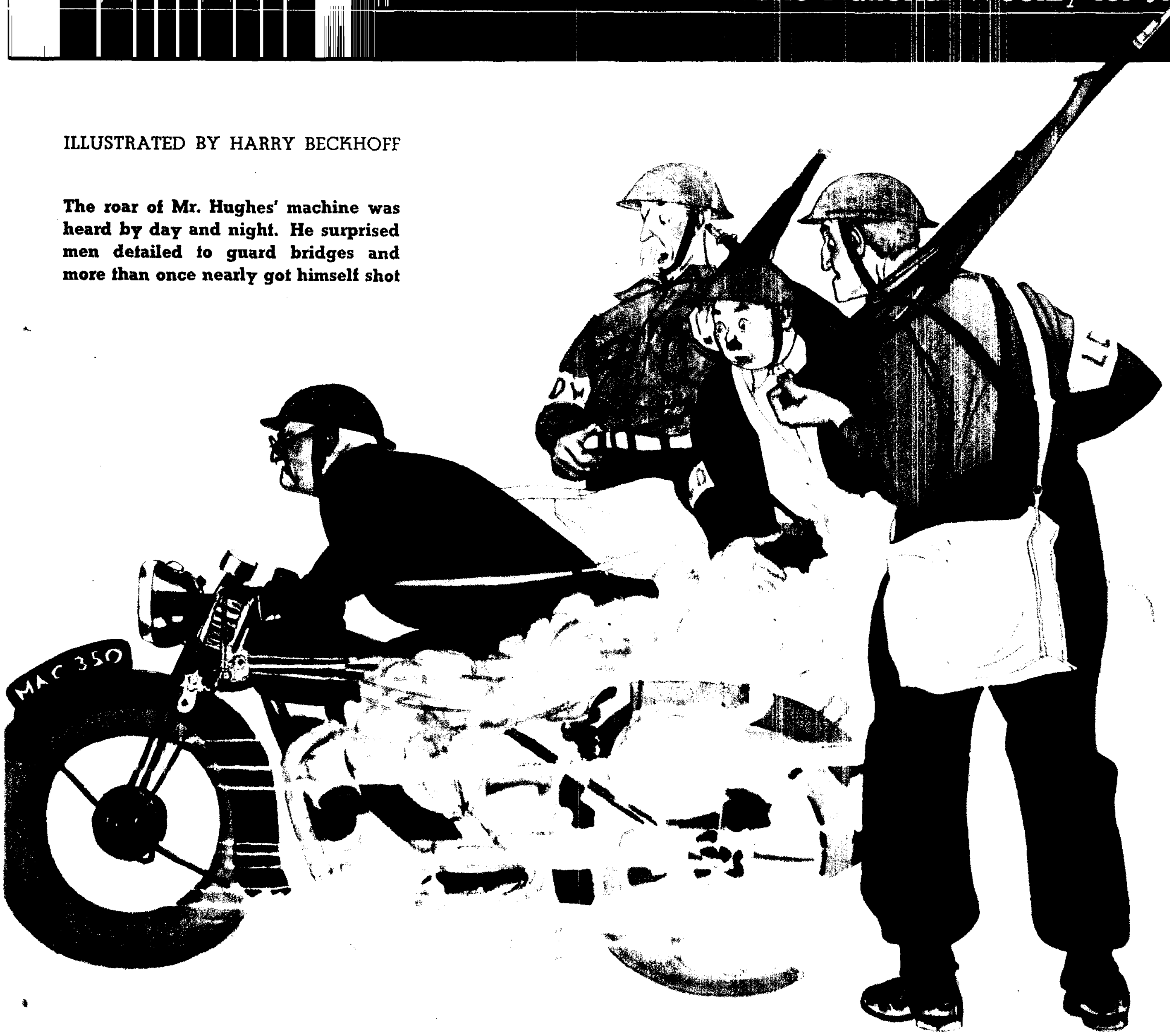
And by taking care of my own and myself I've not thrown any burdens on other people. No one has had to risk anything trying to rescue me from my own troubles I should have prepared for, but didn't. And I don't intend that anyone ever shall.

The principle of "one hand for the ship—one hand for yourself" is not a hard one to apply. But it is often a very easy one to neglect and forget. Why not get in touch with a Travelers agent or representative tomorrow? His training and experience have made him especially well-fitted to advise you on the kinds of insurance you need and the amounts you should have.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for January 25, 1941

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



The roar of Mr. Hughes' machine was heard by day and night. He surprised men detailed to guard bridges and more than once nearly got himself shot

THE STARTING HANDLE

By Roland Pertwee

Britannia rules the waves and Mr. Hughes' son-in-law has things firmly in hand at Tidmarsh. It's a cinch

TO THE Hughes family the advent of war was the cue for a diversity of patriotic expressions. Behold the transition of Mrs. Hughes from customary suits of solemn brown into a pair of slacks and a striped shirt; her courageous attempt to read the editorials in the Times, her arrangement of red, white and blue crinkly paper in the grates of the dining and drawing room.

Her daughter, Molly, who already possessed a leash of slacks in beige, navy blue and terra cotta—she looked extraordinarily nice in them, if rather funny behind, being built on those chubby lines which inspire slaps and pinchings—turned her thoughts to graver matters; took a course in first aid and home nursing; put in three evenings a week at the food office and became secretly affianced to Alan Sinclair.

Mr. Hughes, a retired building contractor with funny eyebrows, bought himself a motorcycle as a measure of economy and an example to car owners, and, on his first day out, came into collision with a military car, through no fault of his own, and was laid up for three weeks with a broken rib and a greatly increased critical faculty. Of Mr. Hughes it would be no injustice to say that he was both a cross and critical man who clearly perceived the shortcomings of governments in general and Alan Sinclair in particular. Confident in the rightness of his judgments, he pronounced Alan to be an ass, employing a variety of censorable adjectives before the word. This conclusion had been provoked by the young man's tendency to eschew all normal procedure and pursue courses of unusual and disastrous subtlety.

For Alan was an original youth who never approached an object by the direct route if there was any possibility of reaching it around the corner. His mind, if it may be so described, moved in a manner almost impossible for an average intelligence to follow or endure. He was a man who would rather reach an attic by climbing the ivy than by using the stairs. He was interested in the detection of crime and evolved novel, if seldom successful, methods for bringing malefactors to justice.

A CASE in point was when Mr. Hughes indignantly stated that some dashed person was paying nightly visits to his orchard for the purpose of pinching the Blenheim oranges. Eager to earn Mr. Hughes' respect, Alan, without confiding his intention, cunningly mounted a shotgun in the branches of an apple tree, connecting the trigger with a wire that ran through the grass.

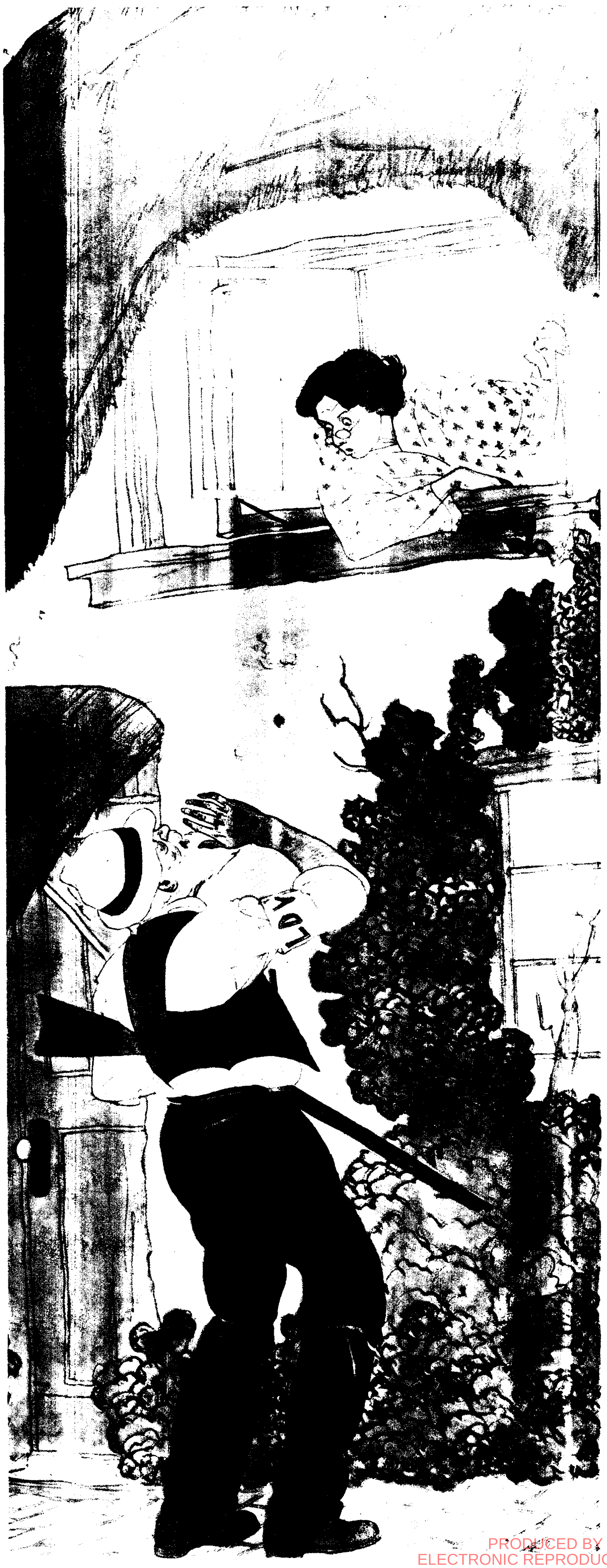
The ruse might well have resulted in the capture of the raider had not Mr. Hughes, with the laudable intention of keeping the doctor away, stepped forth that same night into the orchard, whereby the piece was discharged within a couple of feet of his right ear, producing a violent singing that deadened the sound of Alan's approach and left him at the mercy of a blow from a bag of salt.

The event was unhappily timed, for Alan had intended to follow up his success by asking Mr. Hughes for the hand of Molly. That this request would be made in vain was clearly revealed when Mr. Hughes recovered consciousness and bade him leave the premises nor ever return.

Belonging to a generation born to adversity, Molly neither wilted nor despaired. She perceived that, from her father's point of view, what Alan had done was grievous, and experienced some private misgivings in regard to his intelligence. These, with loyalty born of love, she forebore to utter, and remarked that her father simply would not try to see good in anybody. To this he replied that he was not such a fool as to fail to recognize a congenital idiot when he saw one.

"That young fellow has never done a useful day's work in his life. I doubt if he's enough sense to write his name on a wall with a piece of chalk."

Molly replied that nobody with a



"What do you want?" Miss Fishpingle said. "Go away." "I got to use your telephone. There's Germans about," Edward shouted

sense of propriety would dream of writing his name or anything else on a wall and, warming to her subject, propounded the hypothesis that Alan was a genius and one day would startle the world.

"Well, he won't startle it from this house," said Mr. Hughes, and went to bed to the singing of violins.

THESE events occurred before the declaration of war, and had it not been for the war and Alan's immediate enlistment, and the fact that he looked like "a sweet little convict" in his battle suit, the young couple might have been permanently divided.

Meeting in a disused pigsty, this being chosen as a place where interruptions were unlikely, Alan pleaded his cause and, following a period of probational petting, in which he acquitted himself most effectively, he was accepted.

"I look on the war," he said, "as my great chance, Mollypie," that being the name he had for her. "Civilian life never offered me any scope, but now I shall find just those opportunities for self-expression I've always been looking for. Yes, old thing, I can see myself outwitting Adolf at every turn. I can hear the general staff saying, 'Get hold of that fellow Sinclair, he's always got the answer up his sleeve.'"

"The answer to what?" she asked.

"Whatever's puzzling 'em, of course. For all you know I may be the future Lawrence of Arabia."

But although it seemed unlikely, Molly did not deny the fact, and even tried to look as if she believed it.

Before parting he inquired whether, since he had now joined up, his suit was viewed with greater favor by that excellent if austere man, her father. Molly said it wasn't.

Later, they went their several ways: Alan to his training, Molly to the office of the local food controller, where she made out lists of stocks and requirements and put in some brisk, defensive work against the food controller who, in her presence, was almost permanently out of control.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hughes, convalescent from his recent mishap with the motorcycle, prosecuted a critical campaign against every government department—national and local—the general staff, the press and public, with increasing severity. It was an occupation that excluded him from practical participation in the civil-defense services springing up throughout the country. But let it not be supposed that his devotion to England was the less on this account. He withheld himself because he perceived the futility of other men's actions and the inefficiency of their performance. Time that might otherwise have been usefully, if dully, employed with the A.R.P. or the A.F.S. was spent telling his wife, who was in no position to remedy the evil, exactly what the general staff and the cabinet ought to have done, but hadn't.

IT WAS not until the collapse of France and the withdrawal of the B.E.F. to defend their own shores that Mr. Hughes, reversing a policy of words speaking louder than deeds, plunged into the lists. He joined the Local Defense Volunteers and, as a natural leader of men, in possession of a motorcycle, was created commandant of the Tidmarsh area. From that moment there was no peace and the roar of his machine was heard by day and night. He surprised the men detailed to guard bridges and more than once nearly got himself shot for his pains. His keenness was an inspiration and a menace. He exhorted his men to be unsparing in observation and ruthless in the prosecution of their duties. Under his leadership, it was commonly held that any parachutist so foolish as to descend at Tidmarsh or its environs would get short shrift.

Came a morning when Molly found beside her breakfast plate a typewritten envelope on the back of which, in red ink, was: *Alice Through the Looking-Glass.* Her curiosity titillated, she broke the seal to find that the letter was from Alan. She had always known that he believed in miracles, and the contents of his letter proved that his faith was not misplaced, for, following an abundance of endearments, it informed her that he had been granted a commission and would be posted in a week's time to one of the departments of Military Intelligence.

Molly was so delighted that she announced the fact over the breakfast table, exclaiming: "Goodness! Oh, Mum, Dad, listen to this!" Then reading the passage aloud, added: "So there you are, Dad."

"Exactly! There you are!" was the grim rejoinder. "And it just bears out my opinion of those chaps at the top."

THERE being no doubt as to the implication of his words, Molly went from the room in dudgeon and, turning the page of Alan's letter, found the back of it was covered in what appeared to be gibberish. The first line—which read: "etarudbo llits si nam dlo eht fI"—pointed to the conclusion that what few brains he had once possessed had deserted him, and it was not until she remembered the mysterious words on the back of the envelope that hope revived. Holding up the letter to a mirror she perceived how clever and subtle he had been. For the gibberish was translated into the words:

"If the old man is still obdurate we must meet privily and apart. I'm putting in a few days in town, getting together my kit, after which I'll have twenty-four hours' leave when, with or without the parental consent, I propose to reveal my undying passion. A pal has lent me a car and if you will trundle along to the crossroads at nine forty-five P. M., Thursday prox., you will find your devoted, proud and palpitant and eager to clasp you to his manly bosom.

"ALAN"

It is a reflection on the inventive genius of mankind that means have never been discovered for shortening the period between making and keeping a lovers' appointment. Everything, in fact, conspires to increase rather than diminish those agonizing hours. It seemed to Molly that ages had passed when eventually she hurried along the Cadwell road to keep the tryst. Alan, in his new uniform, sprang from a parked car to greet her and it is to Molly's credit that even in a moment of ecstasy she could keep her head.

"No, darling, not here, anywhere but here," she gasped.

He could not see the point until Molly, breathless for need of love, informed him that it was a practice of the police or military to erect a temporary barricade on the crossroads at ten P. M.

"If we were seen together Daddy would be bound to hear of it," she added, "then there'd be trouble."

So they jumped into the car and Alan pressed the self-starter, which refused to work.

"It's the battery," he said, with a shrewd grasp for mechanical defects. "Sit tight, darling, and I'll give her a swing with the handle."

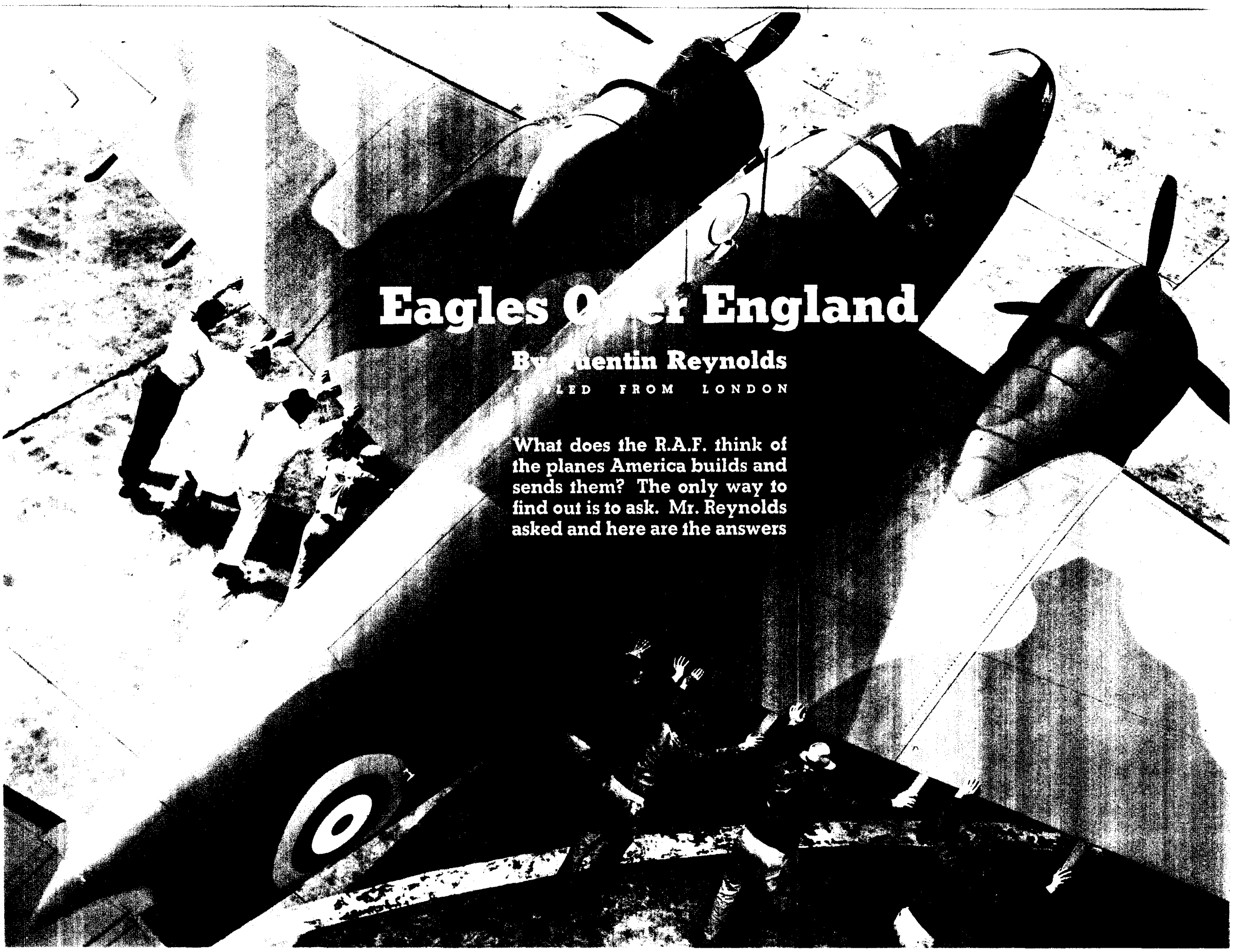
(Continued on page 36)

Eagles Over England

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

What does the R.A.F. think of the planes America builds and sends them? The only way to find out is to ask. Mr. Reynolds asked and here are the answers



JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Complete with R.A.F. insignia and camouflage, a Lockheed-Hudson twin-motored bomber leaves the factory at Burbank, Cal., to be flown eastward on the first leg of its journey to England

I LIKE Beaverbrook. You don't have to make appointments to see him, for one thing. He's too busy to make appointments. You just walk into the big Ministry of Aircraft Production building and tell one of his secretaries, "I want to see Lord Beaverbrook. It's important."

Beaverbrook sat behind his huge desk, smiling, and we talked about this and that. Then, because I know you don't have to be evasive and too polite with Beaverbrook, I decided to give it to him.

"I have a clipping from a New York newspaper," I said. "It says that the American airplanes sent over here are no good. It says they are used only in training; that the pilots don't like them; that they are no good in combat and—"

"Let me see it," Beaverbrook said tersely. He read. He put the clipping down on his desk. He was ominously quiet.

"I didn't write it," I said hastily. "Don't blame me."

"It is a scurrilous article," he said angrily. "Not a word of truth in it. They are magnificent aircraft. Come and look at them. Talk to the pilots. Fly in them yourself. Go to the factories where they are assembled and tested."

"There is a ban on visiting those factories," I reminded him.

Beaverbrook brushed the thought of the ban aside with a quick gesture. "Can you go tomorrow? Good. I'll tell you where every American aircraft in England is at the present moment. Go wherever you want. If the airplanes are no good, write that they're no good. But see for yourself. See for yourself."

I did. . . .

I visited a coastal command station that uses only American airplanes. For months they have been flying over Norway and the Channel ports; they have patrolled the North Sea looking for (and finding) German submarines. This squadron uses only the Lockheed Hudson. The Hudson is well armed. Originally it was used only for reconnaissance but when Dunkirk came along every aircraft available was pressed into service. The Hudson made its debut as a dive bomber, harrying the German advance. It was a Hudson from this squadron that located the Altmark.

A Plan for Punishment

Most of the squadron was out on a daylight raid over Norway when I visited the station. That's about the nastiest job a pilot has to face. Vital targets in Norway are well protected with antiaircraft guns and with Messerschmitts. One by one the squadron straggled back. Twelve of them had left six hours before. Eleven landed and we waited on the field for the twelfth. It was a brilliant day and finally the cold sun found a black speck in the distance. It grew larger and we noticed that it was wobbling a little bit. A Hudson is a clean-limbed aircraft but this one seemed frying at the edges. It circled the field once, flying rather uncertainly.

Something very obviously was wrong and yet the pilot had sent no wireless message that he was in difficulty. The commanding officer gave a crisp direction; two pilots went running and almost immediately two automobiles shot out of a hangar. One was an ambulance; the other a fire engine. The wounded airplane above wiggled its wings when it saw the two cars out on the field. Then it came down to land. We stood there quietly, a little tense. We noticed that the landing gear hadn't been lowered. His flaps were down and he swayed slightly then bumped agonizingly on the winter-hardened dirt of the airport, bumped again, leaned over, recovered and then stopped. The ambulance and the fire engine were right beside the Hudson when it landed but neither was needed. Five men hopped out, all grinning. The pilot, a huge, blond-haired lad, came over to his commanding officer.

"They kicked us around a bit over Stavanger," he said cheerily. "We caught a lot of *flak;* couldn't get away from it. Then two Messerschmitt 110's came out of a cloud and gave it to us. We had quite a scramble and we got one of them. Then I went into a cloud and got away."

We walked over to inspect the aircraft. There was a huge, gaping hole in the fuselage. There were a hundred smaller holes. Miraculously, none of the men had been hit.

"Did your landing gear stick?" I asked the pilot. "Stick," he laughed. "Hell, it was shot to pieces. Pretty near everything else was shot to pieces. Look at the rudder. Not much left of it. But the old kite brought us home 350 miles on one lung. Not another aircraft in the world could take the punishment this one did today, and yet make its landfall. You don't come from California, do you?"

I told him I didn't.

"Well, if you ever get out that way," he said earnestly, "drop into the Lockheed factory and tell them thanks for me. This is a kite that doesn't know when it's licked. I've flown it about three hundred hours and we've been kicked around a lot but we always got back."

That night we sat around and talked of aircraft. These pilots had flown everything that was heavy—Wellingtons, Blenheims, Whitleys, Douglases.

"What about that Douglas Boston?" I asked.

"Most controllable twin-engined aircraft I ever flew," the squadron leader said. "It can do anything. It takes off like a scalded cat. It handles like a cub. It's marvelous for dive-bombing and I might add there are a lot of them in action right now. I can't say where but you read the papers, don't you? Yes, sir, I wish we had a thousand of them."

(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Clowning is only one of the talents Lou Novikoff will bring to the Chicago Cubs next season

All Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, wants is a bat and somebody to throw that ball up to him. He's so ponderous that even if he nicks the pellet it's likely to take a leg off someone

LOS ANGELES is always nuts about something and last summer the Shrine of Fantasy was squirrelly over a broad-looking gentleman known as Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, who played left field for the Angels, led the Coast League in everything connected with hitting and presented a personality only slightly removed from the fabulous.

Among other things, they had a Novikoff Day at which he was awarded the Sporting News trophy for the Number One Minor Leaguer of 1939. He had led the Texas League with .368 (fifty points ahead of old Nick Cullop who was next best) and had then been recalled by Los Angeles for the last six weeks of the season in time to knock bricks out of every wall in the circuit and end with a percentage of .452.

Ordinarily, on such occasions the recipient of the honor goes into a fog and recovers only after he has dropped three pop flies and struck out so often that people think he is swinging on a gate. Not so out here. In the ninth inning of the first game of the double-header against San Diego, he reached up over his head and whammed the ball as if he were beating a water moccasin with a plank. It went nine miles over the center-field fence and three runs scored. In the last inning of the second game he broke up a scoreless tie by lunging across the plate and walloping one that was almost in the dirt. That also took flight over the distant barriers and the game was done.

"If I can get to 'em with a bat," says Lou, to all complaints about his hitting, "they ain't bad balls no more."

Between games they gave him the trophy. He answered the quick cracks of Joe E. Brown, the master of ceremonies, with nifties of his own. He did imitations, at which he is very good. Then Mr. Brown announced that the Mauling Muzhik would respond to the words of laudation in song. He would depict the Sad Soul of the Steppes in melody so pathetic that hardened souls would crack and weep. Mr. Novikoff took a strangle hold on the microphone. He cleared his throat. He began to bellow in a voice that could be heard in Vancouver, British Columbia. He sang My Wild Irish Rose.

Although Lou was born in Glendale, Arizona, he spoke nothing but Russian until he was ten, being one of twelve children of a family that had originally come from Kavkaz in the Caucasus. They landed in Washington, D. C., and worked their way to Los Angeles by gentle stages and proceeded to starve in a very decisive way. When Papa Novikoff died about seven years ago, conditions were so bad that the family was on county relief. What helped them then was Louie, who did very little about his schooling and concentrated on softball.

The Softball Sensation

After breaking into softball with the Inglewood Park Florists, Lou hitch-hiked up to Bakersfield, went without food for two days and finally landed a job pitching for Ralph's Grocery, knowing the value of proper provisions. He subsequently played for Visalia and Huntington Park, where he came under the guidance of Joe Rodgers, who has since been his mentor, foster father and principal support. He played under the name of Lou Nova because he wanted to preserve his amateur standing and eventually did get in one year at Roosevelt High in Los Angeles.

As a softballer, Lou was a sensation. He was known as the Babe Ruth of the sport and there are experts who will tell you no man ever played the game as well as Novikoff. In a play-off game against Santa Ana, Lou struck out twenty-two men in eight innings, enjoyed a lead of three runs and went out to play right field for the hell of it. A fly ball hit him full on the conk out there, three runs scored and Rodgers took a bat menacingly in hand and rushed the Cossack back into the box. He finally won in twelve innings.

In the same series Louie hit a home run so viciously and so far that Joe Rodgers later had it measured. It had gone 325 feet on a straight line, which, according to Joe, would be approximately 500 feet in hard ball.

"All right," said Joe, then. "That's enough of this. You're going into the real game."

He got a tryout with Hollywood in the Coast League, hit everything thrown at him and had still to catch or stop a ball hit at him in right field three weeks

(Continued on page 44)

Fourteen in All

By William Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

QUAIL were scarce that fall. Most of the old-timers in the valley, including Warden Tickie himself, weren't hunting at all this season—giving the birds a chance. It was an unspoken gentleman's agreement.

Old Pop Jameson managed to keep this agreement, too, for a while. But by December he just couldn't deny himself the sound of a gun any longer.

Pop and old Don, his pointer, moved slowly up through the woods now. The old man was more tired this afternoon than he'd expected to be but he kept right on. He wanted to stand on the ridge a minute and look at Palmer's hollow before turning back home. Seeing the hollow, in December, was a part of hunting.

At the top of the ridge Pop eased his single-barrel to his other arm and blew on his mittened hand. Below, Palmer's hollow lay in picture stillness, its narrow, frozen creek a length of jagged glass between the willows. A blue crane rose suddenly from the weeds along the creek bank and flapped its awkward, sidewise flight upstream. With far-seeing eyes the old man watched the bird out of sight, then he whistled old Don to heel.

The old dog suddenly took on new life, barking and wagging his tail. They couldn't go home now! There were always birds in *this* hollow.

Pop smiled a little and sighed and then pushed his heavy feet slowly down the hill. He couldn't say no. This was a part of hunting, too—seeing your dog pleased.

Old Don yelped approval and ran gingerly downhill and into a clump of willows, out of sight. A second later he came out on the other side, head lowered, tail apprehensive. Then he froze into a statue.

Pop walked slowly to the old dog's haunch. A single bird whirred up in a flash of brown and white. Pop raised his gun and fired. The bird wheeled, unhit, and sailed low along the brown curve of the hillside beyond the creek.

A gun boomed on the hillside behind Pop and he saw the bird jolt in midair and drop. Old Don yelped and started across the creek after the bird.

Pop looked back up the hill at a big, square-set man in a red hunting jacket. "Good shot, son," the old man called.

The big stranger didn't answer. He was busy clodding his brown-and-white setter to fetch the bird. The setter came down the hill whimpering and limping in both hind legs. Pop noticed the red mat of hair on the setter's hind quarters.

The setter met Don in the middle of the creek, coming back with the bird, and he followed the old dog back to Pop's side, whining guiltily. Pop turned the bird over in his hand, then patted Don's head.

The stranger came scuffing down the hillside in a hurry, with his hand out. "That's my bird, old fellow," he said challengingly.

"Sure is, son," Pop answered mildly, and handed over the bird. Old Don whined, and Pop touched his head and said, "But I got him too, Don. Got him as he turned."

THE stranger stuffed the bird into his red coat. "Okay, old fellow," he said indulgently, "you got him, too." He motioned the setter to heel.

The setter crouched, whimpering. Pop shook his head. "You're huntin' a mighty lame dog, aren't you, son? Looks like he's been peppered bad."

The stranger's eyes cut sharply toward Pop. "I let him have a load this morning for dragging tail on me," he said impatiently.

"That so?" Pop said. Pop didn't say son this time. Pop asked, "Reckon you could hunt along with me for a spell and give your dog a rest?"

The stranger glanced over at old Don speculatively. "He'll be slow," he said appraisingly, "but the setter's about through." He fished in his inside pocket for his watch. "I'll give you a dollar an hour, old fellow. Okay?"

Pop looked down at the setter. "I'm glad to do it free," he said slowly.

"Okay, let's get moving, old fellow. We're wasting time." He dragged the setter by the collar to a willow and tied him up. "I'm George F. W. Burston," the stranger said significantly, and then he took charge. "You take your shots, old fellow. I'll take mine. You work on the hill. I'll take the creek bottom." He walked past Pop and into the weeds along the creek.

Birds were scarce. But at the creek bend, old Don made a point. Pop moved his coat aside, waiting. The stranger, gun poised, walked briskly up to old Don and kicked the weeds. Three birds roared up in a burst of wings. One bird flared toward the hill. Pop upped his gun and fired. The bird skimmed on.

The stranger's gun boomed and the bird fell. Then the stranger pivoted and fired twice more. The other two birds dropped. It was beautiful shooting.

The stranger picked up the last two birds. Old Don made for the bird nearest Pop. Pop walked up the hill a little way and sat heavily down on a log. He was about tuckered out.

Old Don came up to his knee with the bird. The stranger hurried up the hill, smiling. "That's three for me, old fellow. You missed." He held out his hand.

Pop handed over the bird and said with mild dignity, "It's your bird, but I didn't miss. I got him on the rise."

The stranger smiled broadly. "Okay, old fellow, you got him, too." He dropped the three birds on the ground, leaned his gun against the log, and started digging in his bulging coat and dumping out birds. "What's happened to 'em this year, old fellow?" he asked. "I was down here in '38 with a party of three and we got over two hundred birds in three days!" He dropped the last bird on the pile at his feet and patted his empty pockets. "This is all—fourteen."

"The limit's twelve," the old man said quietly, "you've taken two over."

The stranger's eyes went sharp. "You a game warden?"

"I don't believe in wardens," the old man said quietly. "It ought to be between a man and himself what he does when he's got the upper hand."

The stranger grinned knowingly. "You're having a bad day, old fellow. Take a couple of birds. No hard feelings. I'm using your dog."

THE old man's calm reserve made the stranger color. He shrugged and said, "You shoot 'em or I shoot 'em. What's the difference?"

Pop looked up. "No difference," he said quietly, "if you haven't a mind to see a difference. . . ." And then he stopped. He had lived too long to hope any more that you could change a man's heart with a few words.

It was the stranger who spotted Warden Tickie Fisher first, in his green uniform, coming up the hollow on their side of the creek. Then Pop saw the warden, too. The stranger glanced quickly down at the birds—twelve at his own feet and two between Pop's old-fashioned boots. For a long second the stranger looked into Pop's clear eyes and he saw in them what he wanted to see. He knew that the old man would say nothing.

The stranger smiled. Warden Tickie strolled up and took out his pipe. "Howdy, Pop."

"Hello, son," the old man replied.

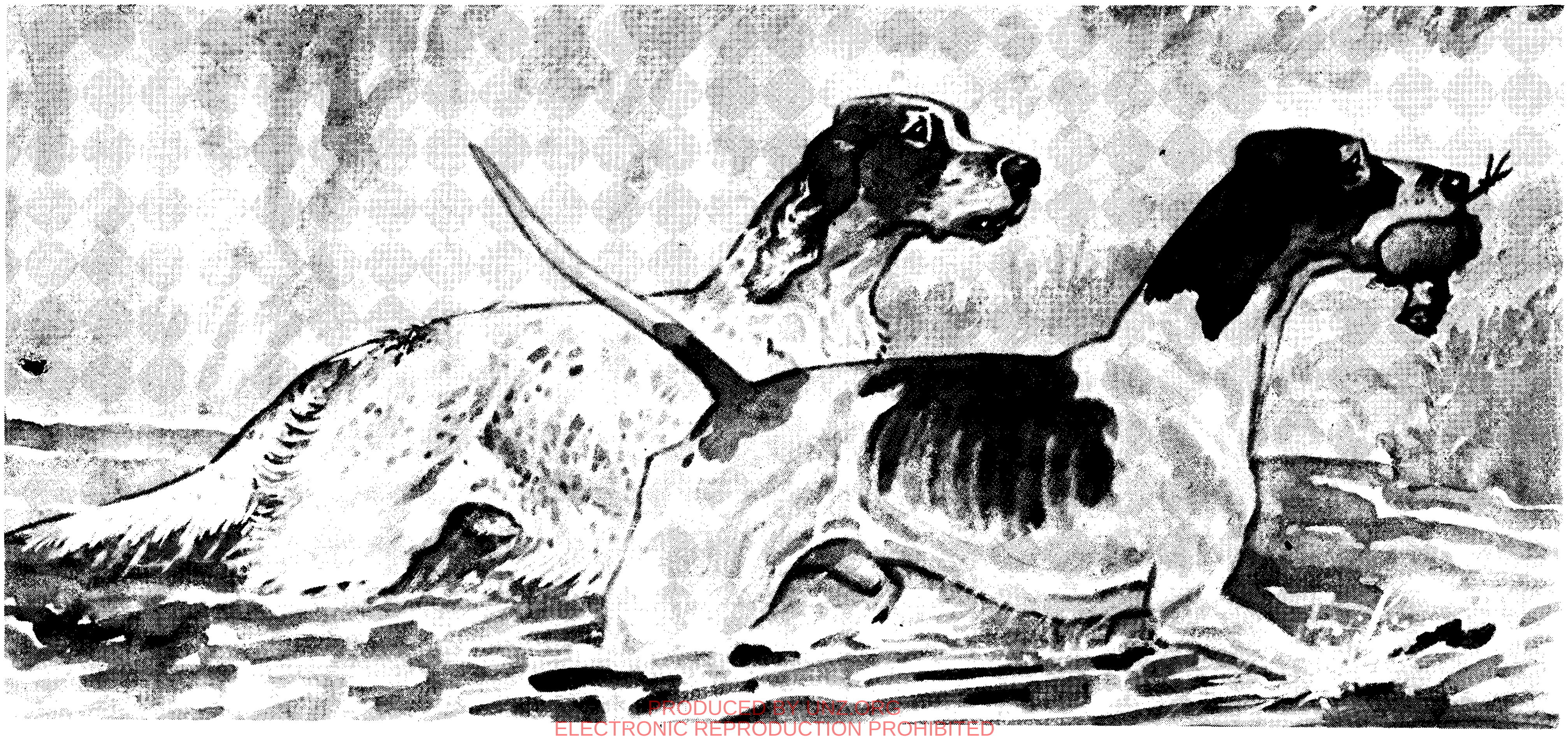
Warden Tickie turned. "Got to check your birds, mister. State law."

The stranger nodded. "Go right ahead, Warden. Here's the lot. Fourteen birds together. The old gentleman's been kind enough to let me hunt behind his dog. I'm George F. W. Burston," he added.

Warden Tickie counted the birds with the stem of his pipe. "Twelve and two makes fourteen," he said. He turned to Pop. "Can I see your gun, Pop?"

"Sure can, son." He handed up his single-barrel. The stranger lighted a cigarette, watching.

Warden Tickie stepped back a pace and aimed the gun at the two birds between Pop's feet. The gun roared. Not a feather moved. He turned on the stranger, "I'm takin' up your license for the season, Mister Burston. You took over the limit. Everybody hereabout knows Pop is shootin' empties this year and hunting in his head—giving the birds a chance."



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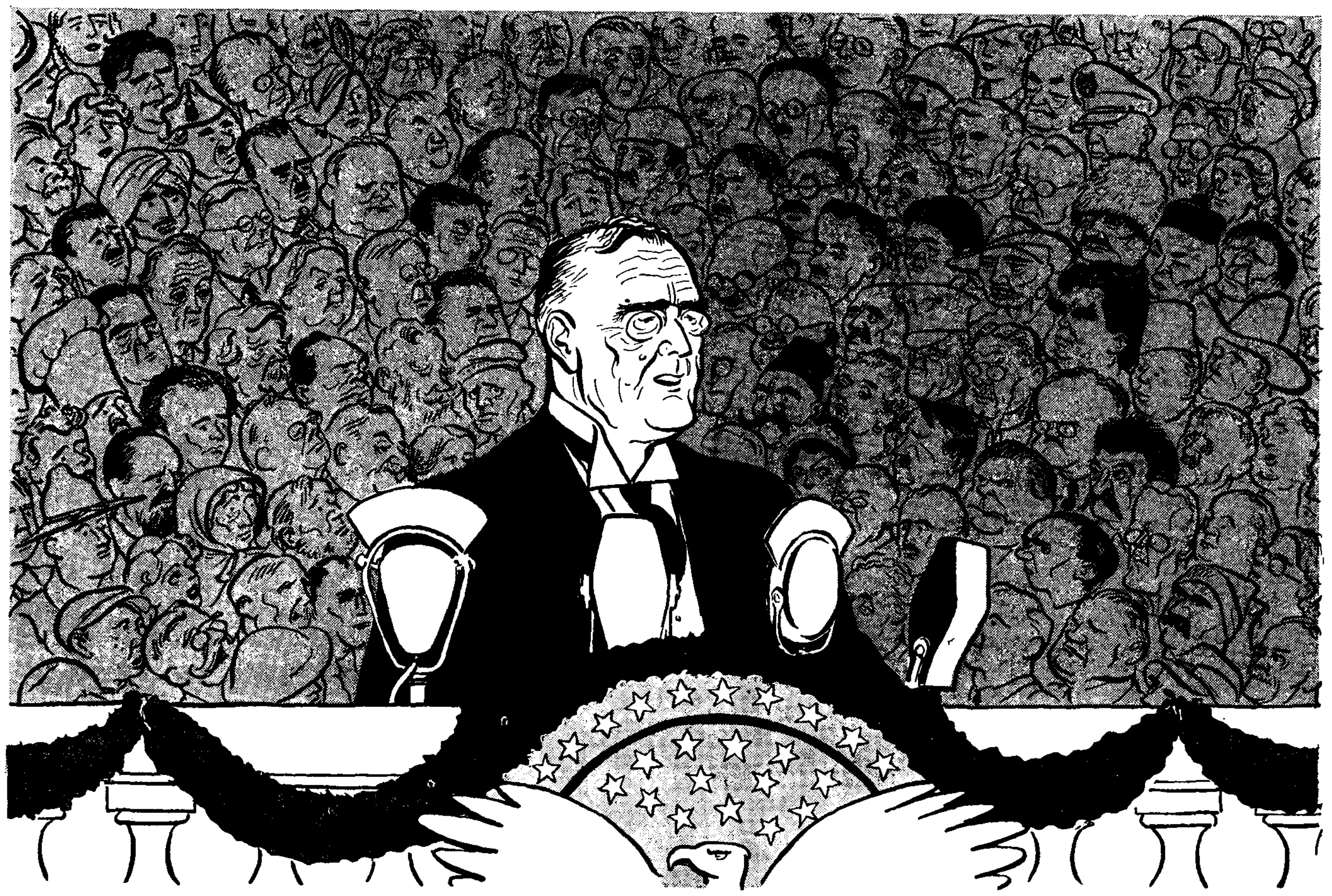


In a few days, a harassed man will speak from Capitol Hill and the world will listen

Taps for the New Deal

By Walter Davenport

CARTOONS BY CARL ROSE

There was more than one joker in the pack the New Dealers were shuffling for their third round—a new Education Administration administering federal schools, a new Alien Administration that would make our current alien laws obsolete, a Federal Press Bureau and other revolutionary cards. But the hand was never dealt. *Europe's war and our national-defense cyclone swept it aside*

THE New Deal was America's first war casualty. What its successor will be depends upon who wins—Democracy or Dictatorship. The Forgotten Man and the Economic Royalist are in overalls and uniforms. They're as awkward as Newfoundland pups; but almost overnight they've discovered that they had better march together if they want to save what they've got, little or much.

This is no theory. And it isn't propaganda. Washington, from the White House down to the last crowded street corner, is scared dizzy. They're afraid that we're going to get into this war; that if England's need doesn't do it, Hitler's fury will. They're afraid that we're already in and don't know it. But they're even more afraid that if it hasn't come, catching us defenseless, it will come and we'll still be unarmed.

But whatever happens, none contend that the New Deal still lives. The more pessimistic are fearful that while it lived it sapped national vitality, leaving us with no will to fight for "The American Way of Life." If any of you yearn to be demoralized, spend a few days in the capital. In a few days, a harassed man will speak from Capitol Hill, while the entire world listens. Only a few in the crowds that have gathered to listen pretend to believe that his third inaugural address will contain his real fears. The common belief is that he will tell us in effect that the New Deal, what he has fought for since *1932*, is deathless, that it is the thing that Americans will make sacrifices for and that those sacrifices will preserve liberty and democracy.

It's a Revolution

Whatever it will be that Mr. Roosevelt says, only the most loyal of his surviving New Deal generals contend that the crusade is still on its feet. And these are admittedly a trifle left-handed in their argument, saying that if America is forced to fight it will be to preserve the New Deal. But if you insist that they be realistic they, too, will tell you that as a revolution, as a wholesale revision of government processes, the New Deal has been blasted into abeyance.

No one worth listening to tells you that the New Deal, as such, collapsed under its own weight. It is merely that a choice had to be made between gratuities and guns. There won't be enough money for both. The billions already appropriated for rearmament are just a beginning. The billions we devoted so liberally to dams and reclamations must now go to help England, directly and indirectly. The huge sums that financed peaceful projects and happiness-promotions must now buy planes and battleships, cantonments and tanks. And Washington is agreed that the sooner we realize that this is a part of the sacrifices we shall have to make and like, the better.

Not that it will happen without a fight. Capitol Hill, politically farther away from the White House than it has been for eight years, is traffic-jammed with lobbyists. They're demanding everything from war profiteering to unions of soldiers and sailors.

Push your way around. Here's a group that tells you that Hitler can't be stopped under the Wagner Act. Another is prepared to prove that the 30-hour week is our only salvation. Firebrands from Mr. Dave Lasser's Workers' Alliance are trouping the House office building with warnings of strikes and industrial paralysis if relief appropriations are revised downward. They curse the American Federation of Labor and Mr. Bill Green, its twenty-thou*sand-dollar president, for its no-strikes*-in-defense-plants policy.

Tender young men and women, shepherded by Youth Congress leaders, are seeking audiences with senators who'll be told, when cornered, that the Na*tional* Youth Administration must *have* larger appropriations and damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!" Better-dressed are the ladies and gentlemen who have appointments to argue for the repeal of the Johnson Act that forbids loans to governments that haven't paid what we lent them in the first World War.

Shoulder through. That group that's asking directions to Senator Barkley's office wants more flood-control money and a $10,000,000 munitions plant. They have much more chance of seeing the Senate majority leader than that other crowd—the one that wants to warn him that the American people want relief, not war, and that charity begins at home and ought to stay there. Every representative's and every senator's waiting room is crowded. But there is none of the usual congressional dodging; everybody's getting a hearing—sooner or later.

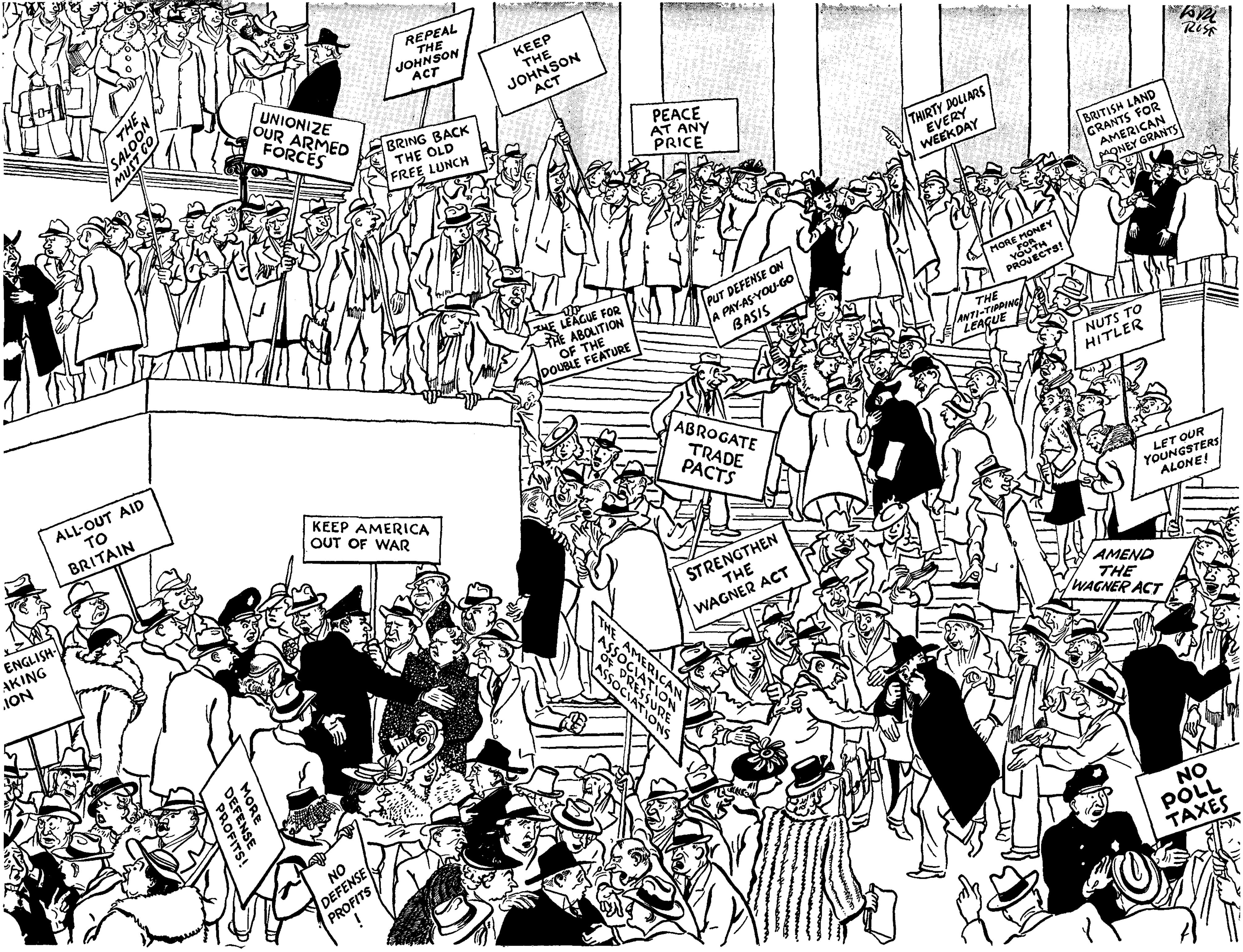
Congress Looks at the Vote

Even if England weren't begging for help, even if there were no threat of war for this side of the Atlantic, that election in November would have been bad news for the New Deal. Twenty-two million anti-Roosevelt votes changed the political map a lot. Senator Barkley and Representative McCormick, the Democratic vote herders in Congress, won't admit it publicly, but all you have to do is listen and look to know that Congress has bolted. Wait until millions are asked for swimming pools, roller-skating rinks, air-conditioned sewing rooms, WPA theater and symphony orchestra projects, dietary kitchens for Blackfeet Indians, for Passamaquoddies, for dams on dry creeks, for things like that. Just wait until some MUST legislation comes along. Congress was getting *hard-boiled. Or so they told us.*

Anyway, Congress will have plenty of chance to prove it. Its corridors choke with foreign delegations—South American, Chinese, Greek, British, Spanish, Canadian, Mexican, Australian, Irish and so on. *They ask arms*, money, food, credit, guarantees. The Capitol police, reinforced by District cops, F.B.I. men, Dies Committee investigators, British intelligence agents, bodyguards, detectives and unidentified sleuths, prevent many clashes.

A rawboned fellow with an Iowa quack stops a group that looks foreign. He tells them that ten thousand American farmers will march on Washington if so much as a dollar of the American taxpayer's money is lent to a debtor nation. Two uniformed police move in on him and two plain-clothes men.

Capitol cops are polite but you can't do any loitering


REPEAL THE JOHNSON ACT
KEEP THE JOHNSON ACT
THE SALOON MUST GO
UNIONIZE OUR ARMED FORCES
BRING BACK THE OLD FREE LUNCH
PEACE AT ANY PRICE
THIRTY DOLLARS EVERY WEEKDAY
BRITISH LAND GRANTS FOR AMERICAN MONEY GRANTS
MORE MONEY FOR YOUTH PROJECTS!
PUT DEFENSE ON A PAY-AS-YOU-GO BASIS
THE LEAGUE FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE DOUBLE FEATURE
THE ANTI-TIPPING LEAGUE
NUTS TO HITLER
ABROGATE TRADE PACTS
LET OUR YOUNGSTERS ALONE!
ALL-OUT AID TO BRITAIN
KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR
STRENGTHEN THE WAGNER ACT
AMEND THE WAGNER ACT
ENGLISH- AKING ION
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF PRESSURE ASSOCIATIONS
MORE DEFENSE PROFITS!
NO DEFENSE PROFITS!
NO POLL TAXES

The Capitol is jammed as never before with lobbyists, demanders and pressure groups

They're very gentle, but equally persistent. *Move on, sir, move on.* Please don't block the passages. Thank you. He moves on but not before he tells them who he is and that Europe can go to the devil for all he cares. They thank him for the information, but he moves on and they move off to find out what the trouble might be over there among those ladies. Some of them want to go to war for England. The others don't want to go to war for anybody, the United States included. Both sides have appointments with members of Congress. They're easy to handle. Senator Bridges? Certainly, ladies, this way please. Mr. Martin of Massachusetts? His office is at that end of the Capitol. Straight ahead and turn down to your left. Give your names to the attendant in uniform. Thank you.

But sometimes it isn't so easy. Apparently the entire country understands that something violent has happened to us, that the early days of the New Deal are as dead as the days of Coolidge and Hoover and that what's to follow them is any man's guess. Mix in with this crowd. You gather that they're afraid that they've lost something. Perhaps it's the hold they felt they had upon the government. If you'll notice that tall, leather-faced man with his arms folded—the one near Old Bob LaFollette's statue; well, he's a World War veteran and he's feeling mean. When he came in there were six or eight other veterans with him, but the cops, a little leery of them, separated them, scattered them without their knowing it. These Capitol police are pretty clever guys, not like the average flatfeet with their "Break it up, buddy, break it up!" These guys have technique.

The Veterans Fight Again

These veterans of 1918 are afraid that they're going to get lost in the new shuffle. They've got the idea that all this new war preparation (and maybe a new war) is going to see a new push of veterans come up and shove the first World War vets out of the road just as the A.E.F. lads did the old-timers before them. These middle-aged vets think that all this is going to cut off their pensions and privileges—or at least cut them down. The cops have to handle them awfully sweet because Congress is full of their friends. Lots of congressmen have made a career of these 1918 veterans, winning elections by promising more and more in allowances, compensations and pensions.

But the order is out that nobody may loiter or stand around glowering. So they speak to the guy at Old Bob's statue. Can we do anything for you, buddy—show you anywhere? Anybody you want to see? Naw, buddy don't want to see nobody in particular. Buddy just wants all these punks to know that he and the other A.E.F. vets ain't going to be pushed around by nobody—especially these new punks in this new army they're mustering in. Okay, buddy. Nobody's going to push you around—you and me both. I'm an A.E.F. vet myself, chum. And listen, it's worth my job to let folks stand around. Okay. Thanks, buddy. Take it easy. Nobody's going to shove us around. Atta boy.

Maybe we're wrong but the more evidence we found of the New Deal's retreat, the easier it was to believe that Congress—Republicans, Democrats, Liberals, Tories—hope that the retreat will become a rout. Some of them are pretty outspoken about it. Not a few of the realists among the New Deal's executives—the practical men who managed to squeeze the tears out of their jobs and who didn't catch the Messiah fever—are likewise hopeful although not so outspoken. They believe that even if the war had not intervened, the New Deal's crazy-quilt pattern was about to be replaced by a soberer design, sacrificing none of its warmth but adding nothing to its dimensions. The whole business got out of hand.

Nobody in Washington is prepared to predict what would have happened had the world retained its sanity. The commonest guess is that with no war to worry us, Mr. Roosevelt would not have sought another term and that Mr. Willkie would have been elected President. Even the most incurable of the New Deal officials will admit without much coaxing that Mr. Willkie would have made hash of any opponent but Mr. Roosevelt. And they'll confess without pausing that the rational Mr. Willkie would have put an end to the pretty pink fripperies although saving the solid red meat of the New Deal.

We talked to a number of the realists. Several of them went so far as to say that the New Deal's tendency toward the unmanageable had worried even so doting a parent as Mr. Roosevelt.

Some Divided Opinion

No one in Washington is foolish enough to predict that the President's third inaugural address will be the New Deal's funeral oration. Even those to whom such phrases would be delicious music are prepared to hear him reassure the country that the New Deal, far from being a corpse, is the true spirit of our democracy and of the loin-girding we are undergoing to save the same. But there are going to be more skeptics listening in than ever before in the past eight years.

(Continued on page 40)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

VII

THEY went next into Linda Marshall's room. It faced east, looking out over the rocks down to the sea below.

Weston gave a glance around. He murmured: "Don't suppose there's anything to see here. But it's possible Marshall might have put something in his daughter's room that he didn't want us to find. Not likely, though. It isn't as though there had been a weapon or anything to get rid of."

He went out again.

Hercule Poirot stayed behind. He found something that interested him in the grate. Something had been burnt there recently. He knelt down, working patiently. He laid out his finds on a sheet of paper. A large, irregular blob of candle grease—some fragments of green paper or cardboard, possibly a pull-off calendar for with it was an unburnt fragment bearing a large figure 5 and a scrap of printing . . . *noble deeds*. . . . There was also an ordinary pin and some burnt animal matter which might have been hair.

Poirot arranged them neatly in a row and stared at them.

"*'Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,'*" he murmured. "*C'est possible*. But what is one to make of this collection? *C'est fantastique!*"

And then he picked up the pin and his eyes grew sharp and green. "*Pour l'amour de Dieu!* Is it possible?"

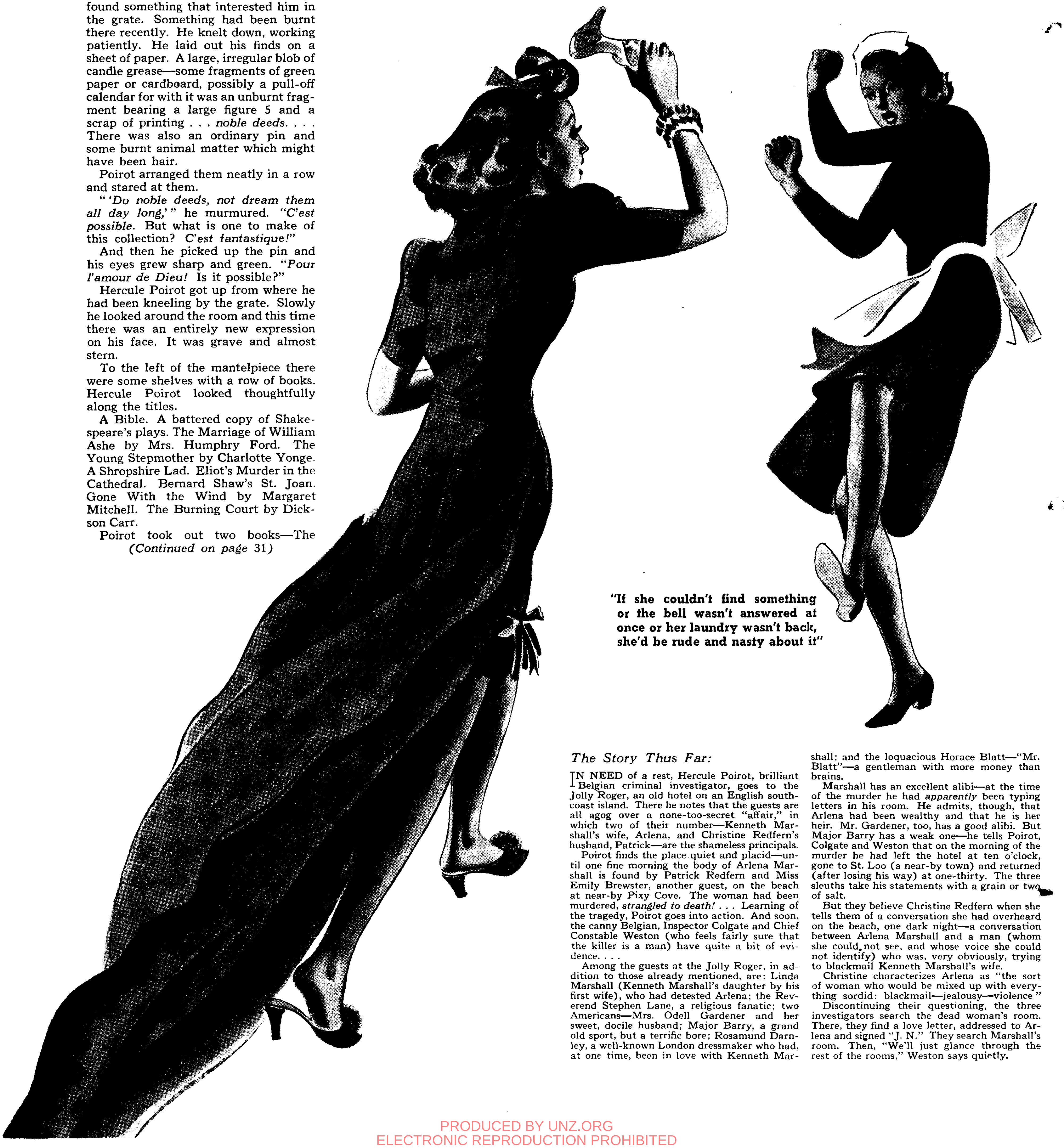
Hercule Poirot got up from where he had been kneeling by the grate. Slowly he looked around the room and this time there was an entirely new expression on his face. It was grave and almost stern.

To the left of the mantelpiece there were some shelves with a row of books. Hercule Poirot looked thoughtfully along the titles.

A Bible. A battered copy of Shakespeare's plays. The Marriage of William Ashe by Mrs. Humphry Ford. The Young Stepmother by Charlotte Yonge. A Shropshire Lad. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral. Bernard Shaw's St. Joan. Gone With the Wind by Margaret Mitchell. The Burning Court by Dickson Carr.

Poirot took out two books—The

(Continued on page 31)



"If she couldn't find something or the bell wasn't answered at once or her laundry wasn't back, she'd be rude and nasty about it"

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an old hotel on an English south-coast island. There he notes that the guests are all agog over a none-too-secret "affair," in which two of their number—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, and Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—are the shameless principals.

Poirot finds the place quiet and placid—until one fine morning the body of Arlena Marshall is found by Patrick Redfern and Miss Emily Brewster, another guest, on the beach at near-by Pixy Cove. The woman had been murdered, *strangled to death!* . . . Learning of the tragedy, Poirot goes into action. And soon, the canny Belgian, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston (who feels fairly sure that the killer is a man) have quite a bit of evidence. . . .

Among the guests at the Jolly Roger, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall (Kenneth Marshall's daughter by his first wife), who had detested Arlena; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her sweet, docile husband; Major Barry, a grand old sport, but a terrific bore; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker who had, at one time, been in love with Kenneth Marshall; and the loquacious Horace Blatt—"Mr. Blatt"—a gentleman with more money than brains.

Marshall has an excellent alibi—at the time of the murder he had *apparently* been typing letters in his room. He admits, though, that Arlena had been wealthy and that he is her heir. Mr. Gardener, too, has a good alibi. But Major Barry has a weak one—he tells Poirot, Colgate and Weston that on the morning of the murder he had left the hotel at ten o'clock, gone to St. Loo (a near-by town) and returned (after losing his way) at one-thirty. The three sleuths take his statements with a grain or two of salt.

But they believe Christine Redfern when she tells them of a conversation she had overheard on the beach, one dark night—a conversation between Arlena Marshall and a man (whom she could not see, and whose voice she could not identify) who was, very obviously, trying to blackmail Kenneth Marshall's wife.

Christine characterizes Arlena as "the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid: blackmail—jealousy—violence"

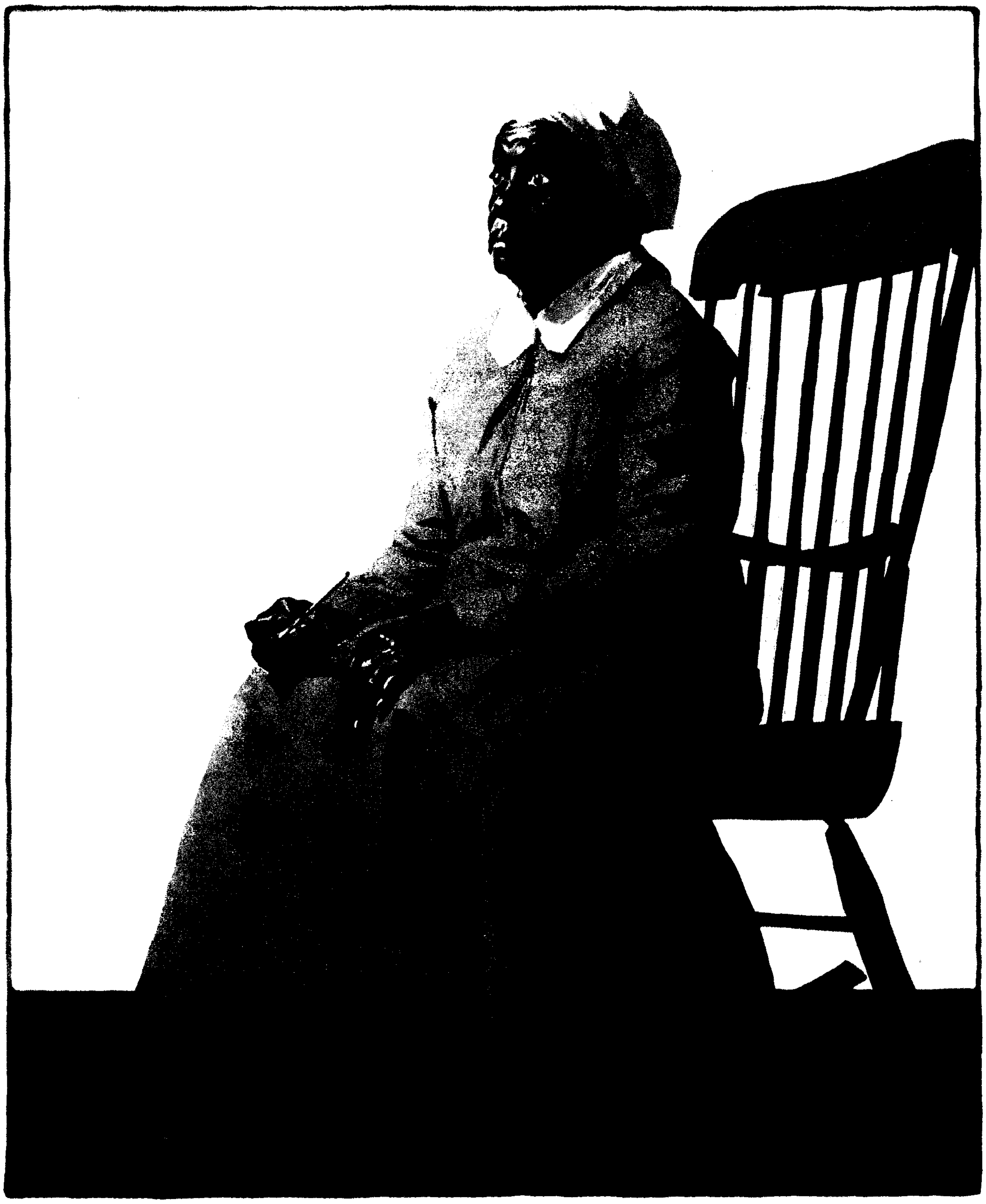
Discontinuing their questioning, the three investigators search the dead woman's room. There, they find a love letter, addressed to Arlena and signed "J. N." They search Marshall's room. Then, "We'll just glance through the rest of the rooms," Weston says quietly.

Go Down, Moses

By William Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Samuel Worsham Beauchamp comes back to his home folks in the South



"Roth Edmonds sold him," the old Negress said. She swayed back and forth. "Sold my Benjamin"

THE face was black, smooth, impenetrable; the eyes had seen too much. The Negroid hair had been treated so that it covered the skull like a cap, in a single neat-ridged sweep that had the appearance of having been lacquered, the part trimmed out with a razor, so that the head resembled a bronze head, permanent, imperishable. He wore one of those sports costumes called ensembles in the newspaper advertisements, shirt and trousers matching and cut from the same fawn-colored flannel, and they had cost too much and were draped too much, with too many pleats. He half lay on the steel cot in the steel cubicle just outside which an armed guard had stood for twenty hours now, smoking cigarettes and answering in a voice deliberately and consistently not a Southern voice the questions of the spectacled young white man sitting with a broad census taker's portfolio on the steel stool opposite.

"Samuel Worsham Beauchamp. Twenty-six. Born in the country near Jefferson, Mississippi. No family. No—"

"Wait." The census taker wrote rapidly. "That isn't the name you were sen—lived under in Chicago?"

The other snapped the ash from the cigarette. "No. It was another guy killed the cop."

"All right. Occupation—"

"Getting rich too fast."

"—none." The census taker wrote rapidly. "Parents?"

"Sure. Two. I don't remember them. My grandmother raised me."

"What's her name? Is she still living?"

"I don't know. Mollie Worsham Beauchamp. If she is, she's on Carothers Edmonds' farm. Near Jefferson, Mississippi. That all?"

The census taker closed the portfolio and rose. He was a year or two younger than the other. "If they don't know who you are here, how will they know—how do you expect to get home?"

The other snapped the ash from the cigarette, lying on the steel cot in the fine Hollywood clothes and a pair of shoes better than the census taker had ever owned. "What will that be to me?" he said.

So the census taker went away; the guard locked the steel door again. And the other lay on the steel cot smoking until they came and slit the expensive trousers and shaved the expensive coiffure and led him out of the cell.

ON THAT same hot, bright July morning, the same hot, bright wind that shook the mulberry leaves just outside Gavin Stevens' window blew into the office too, contriving a semblance of coolness in what was merely motion. It fluttered among the county-attorney business on his desk and blew in the wild shock of his prematurely white hair above the thin, intelligent, unstable face, above the rumpled linen suit from whose lapel his Phi Beta Kappa key dangled from the watch chain—Phi Beta Kappa, Harvard; Ph.D., Heidelberg—Stevens, whose office was his hobby, although it made his living for him, and whose serious vocation was a twenty-two-year-old unfinished translation of the Old Testament back into classic Greek. Only his caller seemed impervious to it although by appearance she should have owned in that breeze no more of weight and solidity than the intact ash of a scrap of paper—a little old Negro woman with a shrunken, incredibly old face beneath a white headcloth and a black straw hat which would have fitted a child.

"Beauchamp?" Stevens said. "You live on Mr. Carothers Edmonds' place."

"I done left," she said. "I come to find my boy." Then, sitting opposite him on the hard chair and without moving, she began to chant: "Roth Edmonds done sold my Benjamin. Sold him in Egypt. Pharaoh got him—"

"Wait," Stevens said. "Wait, Aunty." Because memory, recollection, was about to click and mesh. "If you don't know where your grandson is, how do you know he's in trouble? Do you mean that Mr. Edmonds refused to help you find him?"

"It was Roth Edmonds sold him," she said. "Sold him into Egypt. I don't know whar he is. I just knows Pharaoh got him. And you the Law. I wants to find my boy."

"All right," Stevens said, "I'll try to find him. If you're not going back home, where are you going to stay in town? It may take some time, if you don't know where he went and you haven't heard from him in five years."

"I be staying with Hamp Worsham. He my brother."

"All right," Stevens said. He was not surprised. He knew Hamp Worsham, but he would not have been surprised even if he had never seen the old Negress before. They were like that. You knew them all your life, they might even have worked for you for years; they might have different names, then suddenly you learned that they were brothers or sisters, or claimed to be, and you were not surprised.

He sat in the hot motion which was

not breeze and heard her toiling slowly down the outside stairs, remembering the grandson. The papers had passed across his desk before going to the district attorney five or six years ago—Butch Beauchamp, as the youth had been known during the single year he had spent in and out of the city jail, the old Negress' daughter's child, orphaned of his mother at birth and deserted by his father, whom the grandmother had taken and raised, or tried to. Because at nineteen he had quit the country and come to town, in and out of jail for gambling and fighting, and at last under serious indictment for breaking and entering a store.

Caught red-handed, whereupon he struck with a piece of iron pipe at the officer who caught him, then lay on the ground where the officer had felled him with his pistol butt, cursing through his broken mouth, his teeth fixed into something like grinning through the blood, then two nights later he had broken out of jail and was seen no more—a youth, not yet twenty-one, yet with something in him from the father who had begot and deserted him and who was now in the state penitentiary for manslaughter—some seed not only violent but bad.

"And that's who I am to find, save," Stevens thought. Because he did not for one moment doubt the old Negress' instinct. If she had also been able to divine where the boy was and what his trouble was, he would not have been surprised, and it was only later that he thought to be surprised at how quickly he did find where the boy was and what was wrong.

Edmonds' farm was seventeen miles away. But then, according to the old Negress, Edmonds had already refused to have anything to do with the business. And now Stevens comprehended what the old Negress had meant. He remembered that it was Edmonds who had sent the boy into Jefferson; he had caught the boy breaking into his commissary store and had ordered him off the place and had forbidden him ever to return. "And not the sheriff," Stevens thought. "Something broader, quicker in scope, than his would be. . . ." He rose, descended the outside stairs and crossed the empty square in the hot suspension of noon's beginning to the office of the county weekly newspaper. The editor was in—an older man, though with hair less white than Stevens', in a black string tie and an old-fashioned boiled shirt and tremendously fat.

"An old nigger woman named Mollie Beauchamp," Stevens said. "She and her husband live on the Edmonds' place. It's her grandson. You remember him—Butch Beauchamp, about five or six years ago, who spent a year in town, mostly in jail, until they finally caught him breaking into Rouncewell's store one night? Well, he's in worse trouble than that now. I don't doubt her at all. I just hope, for her sake as well as that of the great public whom I represent, that his present trouble is bad and maybe final too—"

"Wait," the editor said. He didn't even need to leave his desk. He took the press association flimsy from its spike and handed it to Stevens. "It just came in," the editor said. It was datelined from Joliet, Illinois, this morning: "Mississippi Negro, on eve of execution for murder of Chicago policeman, exposes alias by completing census questionnaire. Samuel Worsham Beauchamp. . . ."

STEVENS was crossing the empty square again in the hot suspension in which noon was now several minutes nearer. He had thought he was going home to his boardinghouse for the noon meal, but he found that he was not. "Besides, I didn't lock my office door," he thought. "So it seems I didn't mean what I said I hoped." So he mounted the outside stairs again, out of the hazy and now windless sun glare, and entered his office. He stopped. Then he said, "Good morning, Miss Worsham."

She was quite old too—thin, erect, with a neat, old-time piling of white hair beneath a faded hat of thirty years ago, in rusty black, with a frayed and faded black umbrella. She lived alone in the decaying house her father had left her, where she gave lessons in china painting and, with the help of Hamp Worsham and his wife, raised chickens and vegetables for market.

"I came about Mollie," she said. "Mollie Beauchamp. She said that you—"

HE TOLD her while she watched him, erect on the hard chair where the old Negress had sat, the rusty umbrella leaning against her knee. On her lap, beneath her folded hands, lay an immense old-fashioned beaded reticule. "He is to be executed tonight."

"Can nothing be done? Mollie's and Hamp's parents belonged to my grandfather. Mollie and I grew up together. Our birthdays are in the very same month."

"I telephoned," Stevens said. "I talked to the warden at Joliet, and to the district attorney in Chicago. He had a fair trial, a good lawyer. He had money. He was in a business called numbers, that people like him make money in." She watched him, erect, not moving. "He is a murderer, Miss Worsham. He shot that policeman in the back. A bad son of a bad father. He confessed it afterward."

"I know," she said. Then he realized that she was not looking at him, not seeing him at least. "It's terrible."

"So is murder terrible," Stevens said. "It's better this way." Then she was looking at him again.

"I wasn't thinking of him. I was thinking of Mollie. She mustn't know."

"Yes," Stevens said. "I have already talked to Mr. Wilmoth at the paper. He has agreed not to print anything. I will telephone the Memphis paper, but it's probably too late for that, even if they would. . . . If we could just persuade her to go on back home this afternoon, before the Memphis paper . . . Out there, where the only white person she ever sees is Mr. Edmonds, and I can see him and warn him not to tell her, and even if the niggers would hear about it, they wouldn't—. And then maybe in about two or three months I could go out and tell her he is dead and buried somewhere in the North. . . ." This time she was watching him with such an expression that he ceased talking; she sat there, erect on the hard chair, watching him until he had ceased.

"She will want to take the body back home with her," she said.

"The body?" Stevens said. The expression was neither shocked nor disapproving. It merely embodied some old, timeless, female affinity for blood and grief. Looking at her, Stevens thought: "She has walked into town in this heat. Unless Hamp brought her in in the buggy he peddles eggs and vegetables from."

"He is the only child of her oldest daughter, her own dead first child. He must come home."

"He must come home," Stevens said. "I'll attend to it at once. I'll telephone at once."

"You are kind." For the first time she stirred, moved. He watched her hands draw the reticule toward her, clasping it. "I will defray the expenses. Can you give me some idea—?"

He looked her straight in the face. He told the lie without batting an eye, quickly, easily: "Ten or twelve dollars will cover it. They will furnish a box,

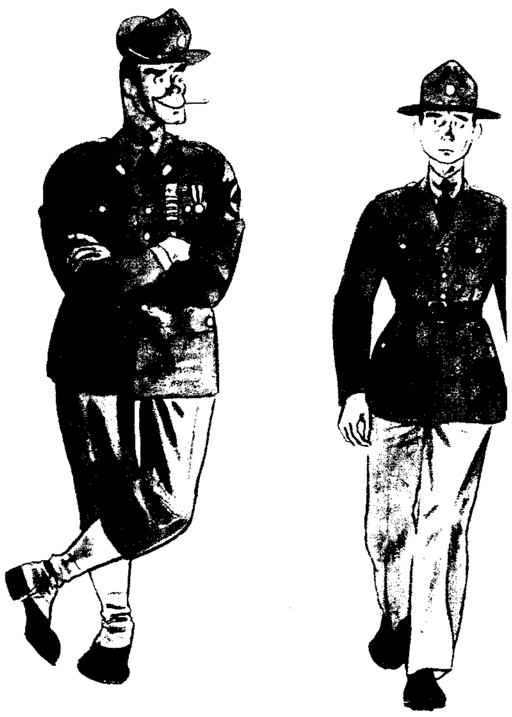
(Continued on page 45)

OU

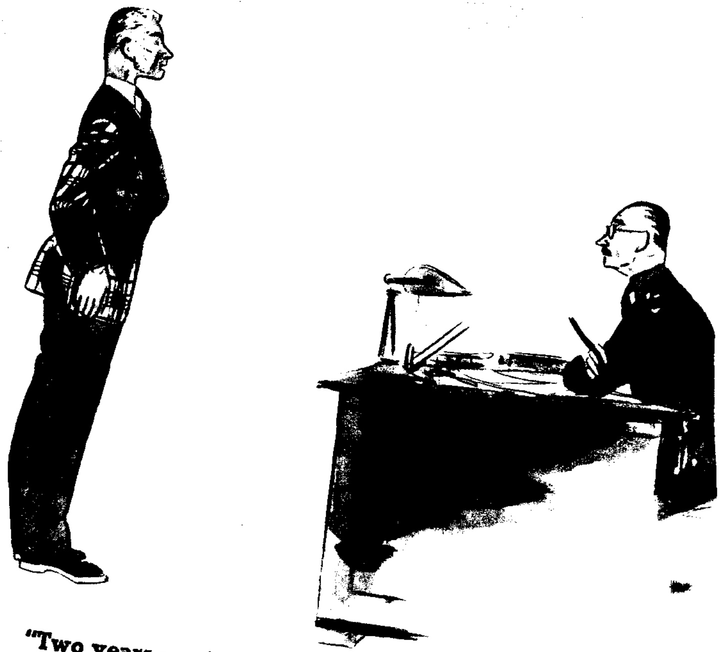
NEW

ARMY

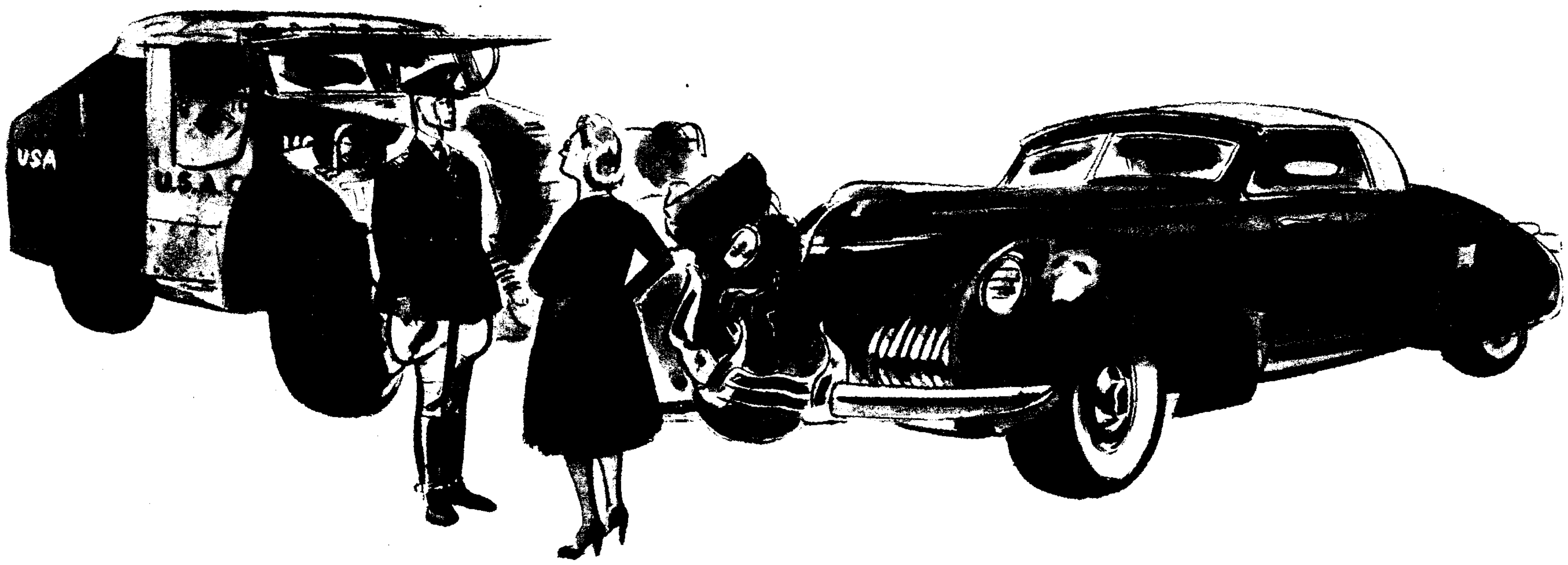
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RUGE



The old Army has a kindly scorn for everybody e



"Two years ago I was oberleutnant in a panzer division"



"Well, that's all right, Captain. You can call it our contribution to the defense program"

On this page, Collier's special correspondents continue to draw for you a picture of what is going on in America's new fighting force. This week there are high lights and incidents from camps on Long Island, New York; in Minnesota; in Maryland and New England.

As the scheme develops, it is becoming evident that the old Army and the new are beginning to understand each other; that recruits are taking their training cheerfully in their stride; that there still is some confusion, but that it is being ironed out without too much delay and in good temper in most cases.

Reports from other sections of the nation will be printed next week.

THE EAST: At Camp Upton on Long Island, the draftees and volunteers have discovered they can call National Guardsmen almost anything—except "Saturday Night soldiers." That nickname has been the cause of more fist fights than anything else around Yaphank. There is a reasonable amount of rivalry between the old Army, which has a kindly scorn for everybody else; the Guardsmen, who high-hat the draftees and the old Army; and the draftees, who have their notions about the Guard.

Interunit rivalry, even to the accompaniment of a few knockdowns and drag-outs, is nothing to worry about, old-line officers say. Keeps the boys interested and on their toes.

"When they first got started up here at Upton," drawled Corporal John Berg of Orange, New Jersey, an old-timer, everybody went on guard duty, even guys in the medical department, who don't handle guns. I'm out in front of headquarters and I see a medico marching six prisoners to the guardhouse. This medico-guard sees some pals across the street and shouts: 'Hi, fellas, look. They gimme a rifle and I haven't the faintest idea how to use it!' But he got the prisoners to the guardhouse, all right."

"I can beat that," said Private Aaron Gilman from Bell Harbor, Long Island. "While I'm in hospital they bring in a prisoner with an armed guard. Seems the prisoner left his post on guard duty to listen in on a prize fight. Serious stuff. We all get into an argument about how a rifle works—so the guard gives his rifle to his prisoner for a demonstration and the prisoner shows how to work it.... Wow! If an officer had come along!"

In the old Army, 'way back in '17 and '18, new soldiers tried on shoes until they found a pair that fitted—or they thought fitted. Then their company commander, usually, felt the rookie's toes through the shoe, to make sure the size was right. That's all changed now. A machine tells the quartermaster corps the scientific size each new man needs.

Sort of takes the joy out of life—no more bitter arguments with the quartermaster sergeant. Oh, well—he always won, anyway. Still does.

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NORTHWEST: Lieutenant J. A. Carlson of the Fort Snelling, Minn., recreation center was surprised lately by the request of an old sergeant. The sarge's digestion, skin, nerves and sensibility have been toughened by twenty years in the service. Still, he wasn't pleased. His company of regulars and a company of conscriptees eat at opposite ends of the same building.

"Lieutenant," said the sergeant, "I want to eat with the new men. They eat like civilians. They talk; they don't yell. I can hear the guy next to me the first time he asks to have the potatoes passed."

Lieutenant Carlson says it's true that regulars make an awful racket at mess. Yell at the top of their voices. Probably just to show they're in the Regular Army.

A draft registrant walked into the office of Lieutenant Colonel Norman Dean at Minnesota Selective Service headquarters. Whacking his heels together, he came to stiff military attention three paces from the desk.

"Sir," he said, "I wish to learn my exact status in this draft. Until two years ago, I was oberleutnant in a panzer division of the army of the Reich. I was in charge of a platoon of twelve-wheeled, fast reconnaissance cars. I lost my commission when I emigrated to the United States. In this country, I have my first papers. I make no objection to the draft but I think basic training would be uninteresting and dull. Is there a specialized branch I could enter? Also will officers and men be hostile to me because of my German army background?"

Colonel Dean replied that he would be required to enter basic training but if he showed special aptitude, his rise would be rapid. As to the officers and men, Colonel Dean assured him that if he showed the proper spirit, there would be no trouble. As a precautionary measure, the draft officers notified G-2. Publicity of the man's name might hamper the investigation or embarrass him if he is inducted.

SOUTHEAST: Carpenters, electricians, plumbers and other skilled mechanics helping rebuild Fort Meade, Maryland, get paid on Friday—and get paid plenty. Some of them get better than $75 a week. This is good money and the gamblers, flimflam artists and organized chiselers of Baltimore think so too. Just recently the police interrupted one crap game on the fort area and four others in the woods. Total haul: ten gamblers, a hundred or more disillusioned workmen and 150 pairs of dice—all loaded.

The Army has had a hard time naming the new draftees. They've also been called "conscripts" and "selectees." The regulars at Fort Meade refer to them as "one year wonders"—being careful not to let the draftees hear them.

Other additions to Fort Meade vocabulary:

Bing spot—a vaccination scar

Angel's whisper—the bugle call

Ah-ha treatment—getting fixed up for a cold

Butch—any surgeon

Chinese landing (One Wing Low)—any bad plane landing

Field Officer's Weather—fine weather, the only kind field officers are supposed to like for flying.

●

NORTHEAST: The six-ton armored scout car slithered around the icy corner. The young Army captain cursed and slammed on the brakes. The car skidded—and very neatly folded up the fender of a car which had been parked at the curb. "Damn!" cried the captain and he climbed out of the armored car and went up the walk to the old mansion. It was in Worcester, Mass., and a stern-faced middle-aged woman was already at the door awaiting him.

"Yes?" she said coldly. "Who did it?"

"First Reconnaissance Troop, First Division."

She looked puzzled, then smiled suddenly.

"You mean the government—the Army?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, that's all right, Captain. You can call it our contribution to the defense program."

●

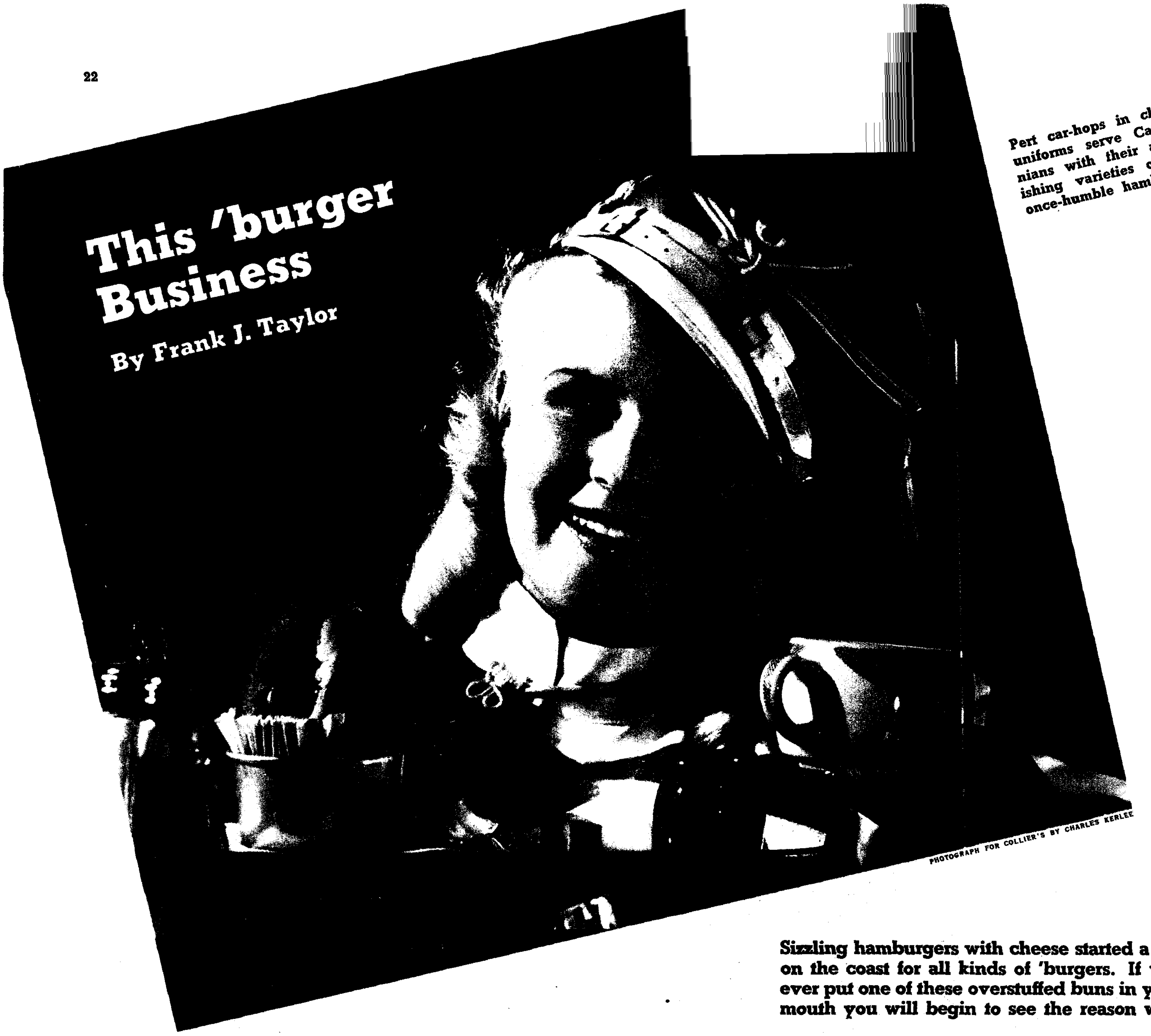
NORTHWEST: The draft board of Meeker County, Minn., recently got a penny postcard from Atwater, twenty miles away, in answer to their notification for a farmer to report.

Dear sir: He left for N. Dakota for Thanksgiving and won't be back till some time next week. I'll tell him as soon as he gets home.

THE HIRED MAN ★★★

This 'burger Business

By Frank J. Taylor



Pert car-hops in classy uniforms serve Californians with their astonishing varieties of the once-humble hamburger

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Sizzling hamburgers with cheese started a fad on the coast for all kinds of 'burgers. If you ever put one of these overstuffed buns in your mouth you will begin to see the reason why

FOR a stout, dark, ruddy young fellow in his early thirties, with a weakness for wine-colored shirts, we'd say that Mr. Lionel Sternberger of Pasadena had started something pretty terrific. All the way across that vast strip of U.S.A. bounded on the east by Miami, Florida, and on the west by Hollywood, California, we'd watched the 'burger business booming full tilt. We'd seen, day after day, how a million-plus motorists nosed their cars into drive-ins regularly to tackle their appointed task of downing a million-plus 'burgers — cheeseburgers, nutburgers, twinburgers, chickenburgers, squareburgers, porkburgers, royalburgers, all kinds of 'burgers.

This latest fad in eating may never have been but for the whimsy of Mr. Sternberger's eccentric jaloppy which stalled in the mud in front of that hamburger stand on the edge of Pasadena, a dozen years back.

At the time, Mr. Sternberger was barely twenty, which gives you an idea of how briefly the 'burger industry has been a-building. Returning from a youthful argosy to New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and way points, Mr. S. had reached the edge of Pasadena with this old jaloppy, a thimbleful of gas in the carburetor, and thirteen cents in his pocket. The gas whiffed out just as he arrived at the wayside stand and he coasted to a halt in the middle of a mud puddle.

"How's business?" he called to the man behind the counter.

"Not so hot," replied the hamburger merchant. "How's travel?"

"Not so hot, either."

"Tell you what I'll do," propositioned the man behind the counter. "I'll trade you the key to this hamburger joint for the key to your lizzie."

"It's a deal," agreed Mr. Sternberger, who knew the lizzie.

"Shake," said the other, who knew the hamburger stand.

Man Bites Idea

While the ex-counterman hustled down the road for a tow car to pull the jaloppy out of the mud, Mr. Sternberger took stock of his new larder. It totaled one bun, enough meat for one hamburger sandwich, a slice of cheese, half a bottle of relish and some coffee. Mr. Sternberger peered up the highway, then down the highway. No customers looming on the horizon, he sizzled the last lone hamburger for himself. It was a skimpy lunch for a hungry young feller, so he slipped the slice of cheese between the meat and the bun. When he bit into the sandwich, with the cheese half melted by the hot meat and the toasted bun, a wave of gustatory gratification swept over his face.

"A cheeseburger!" exclaimed Mr. Sternberger, who knows a merchandising idea when he bites into one.

Hastily locking up the stand, he hustled over to Pasadena, where he hunted up sundry old school friends from whom he begged, borrowed and wheedled until he had accumulated a hundred dollars cash. With this capital he repainted the stand, stocked the icebox with ground steer meat, cheese and relishes, bought buns and coffee and paper napkins and opened up for business. The name over the stand was "The Boulevard Stop." One of his first customers was a traffic cop.

"Gimme a hamburger sandwich," said the cop.

Having great deference for cops, Mr. Sternberger debated, as he broiled the meat and toasted the bun, the wisdom of experimenting upon the law by adding a slice of cheese in the sandwich. While he wavered, the law spoke up.

"Son, every time a motorist sees a boulevard stop, he doesn't like it," he said. "You ought to get a better name for this joint."

"What is a good name?" asked Mr. Sternberger, hastily slapping a slab of cheese on the sizzling meat.

"I'll think one up for you while I'm cruising around," promised the cop, sinking his teeth into the sandwich. "That's good. What is it?"

"A cheeseburger—cheese and hamburger."

"You've got something, boy."

It Hasn't Stopped Yet

The next day the officer returned with three other speeder-chasers. All of them wanted cheeseburgers.

"Why don't you call your joint the Rite Spot?" asked the first cop. "The Rite Spot for hamburgers-with-cheese-in-them, see?"

Not long after the patrolmen left, a carload of men rolled up and the driver craned his neck out.

"Is this the joint where you sell hamburgers with cheese in them?" he demanded.

"Yeah, who told you about them?"

"A cop up the street. Make us two."

(Continued on page 42)

Conclusion

Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

POP MALLORY—who has been managing Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight, and whom Eddie adores—dies in Birmingham, Alabama. Whereupon, Max Ellison, a noted *New York fight manager, sends Joe Barton* (who is in love with Max's frisky young daughter "Babs") to sign Gordon up.

Unsuccessful in his mission—because, in accordance with the terms of Gordon's contract, *he must accept Mallory's daughter, "Pat," as his manager!*—Barton returns to New York. He says nothing of a wild evening when he had shot a pick-up acquaintance, Nick Bellis, to death near Birmingham; he says nothing of an encounter with a possible witness, *Eddie Gordon,* who, without seeing his face, had gained possession of a revolver registered in the name of Joseph Barton! . . .

Gordon goes to New York City. There, managed by Pat Mallory (who is secretly in love with him), he fights his way up to a match with Dixie Grogan, middleweight champion of the world. Unfortunately, he meets Babs Ellison, who is soon infatuated with him; and, in a frenzy of jealousy, Joe Barton goes into action.

Barton's first step, he is well aware, must be to regain possession of his revolver. His second, *once he has the weapon, is to employ* Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to murder the newcomer from the South. By resorting to a clever stratagem, he succeeds in securing the revolver. After which, he tells Oakes exactly what he is expected to do.

Barton, it appears, is giving a party, immediately after the fight, at the Penguin Club. His guests will be: Babs, Pat Mallory, Eddie Gordon and Cliff Halliday (a brilliant sports writer who admires Eddie and is in love with Pat). He tells Oakes this; and he "suggests" that Oakes, taking advantage of the inevitable noise and confusion at such affairs, shoot Eddie Gordon on the crowded dance floor.

The great evening arrives. Eddie finds Grogan a tough customer. At the end of the fifth round Cliff Halliday and Pat realize that Eddie is off form.

BY THE tenth round, Eddie was beginning to tire. He had fought hard. The crowd was sensing an upset and howling for it. They applauded virtues in the champion which they had never before suspected. They declared loudly that Eddie Gordon was a bum. . . .

The tenth round. The eleventh. The twelfth. Feets was beside himself. He said, "I might as well tell you, Mistuh Eddie—you got to do somethin'. . . . You is 'way behime on points."

Eddie nodded. He wasn't wasting precious breath on words any more. *Three more rounds; three more eternities.* Dixie could take it . . . he was good, that boy.

Eddie was tired as he shuffled out for the thirteenth. Dixie was boxing gorgeously; coasting in on points under Max Ellison's expert handling. Eddie hunched his shoulders and tensed his muscles. He was waiting for Dixie to come to him now, almost too weary to chase the elusive champion.

He caught a glimpse of Pat's agonized face . . . and then it seemed to dissolve, and Pop was sitting there. Pop was kindly and understanding and sorrowful. Pop seemed to be saying, "I don't mind your losing, Son . . . anybody can lose. But you're not giving all you've got."

Something happened to Eddie Gordon. He became angry . . . not with Dixie Grogan, but with himself. He was making a bad showing: no one knew it better than he . . . but he was tired and hurt and worried. . . .

Dixie slammed a hard, punishing right to the body, a left to the jaw, another right to the body.

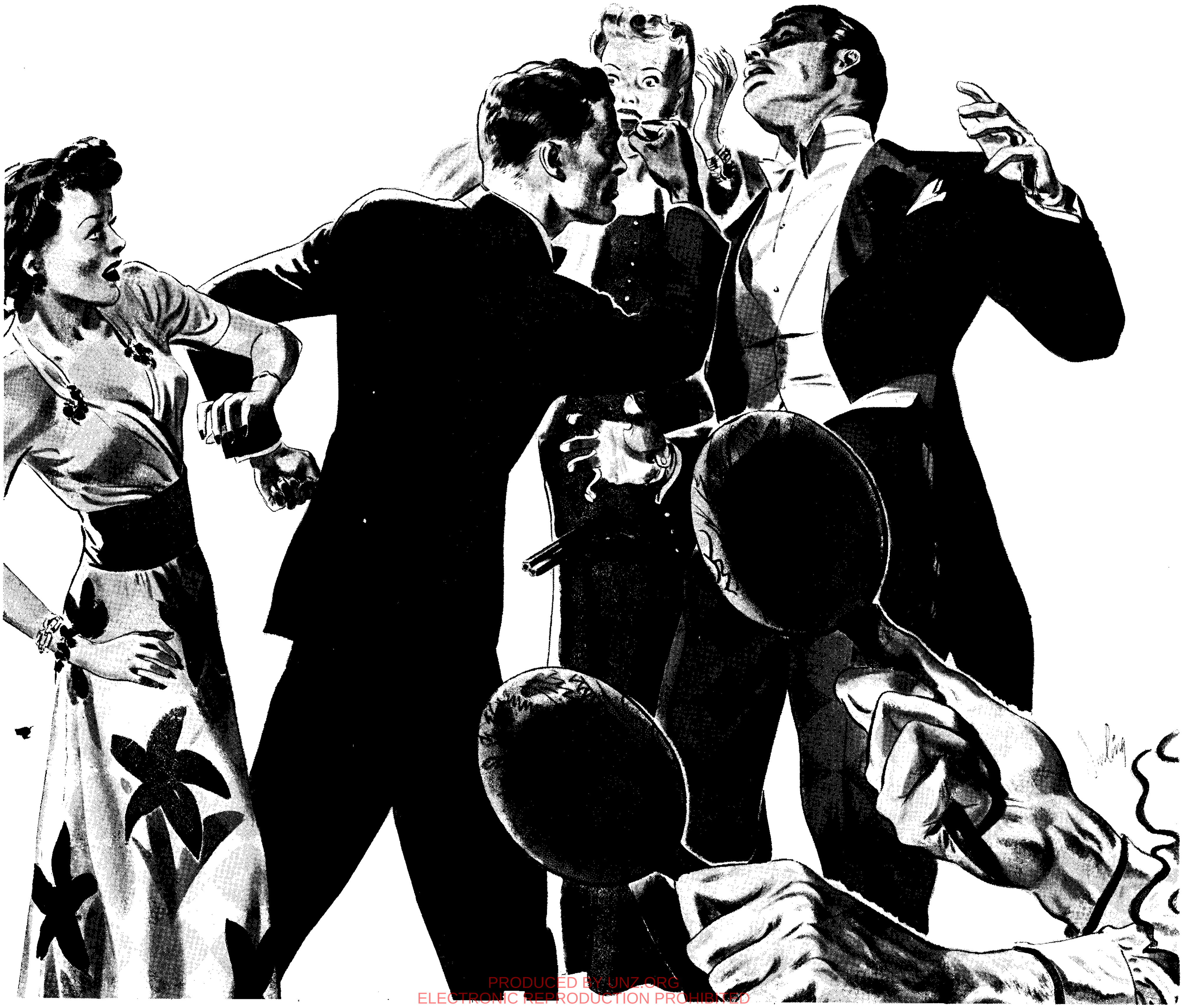
But this time Eddie didn't clinch. He didn't wince. He didn't even know that *he was badly hurt.*

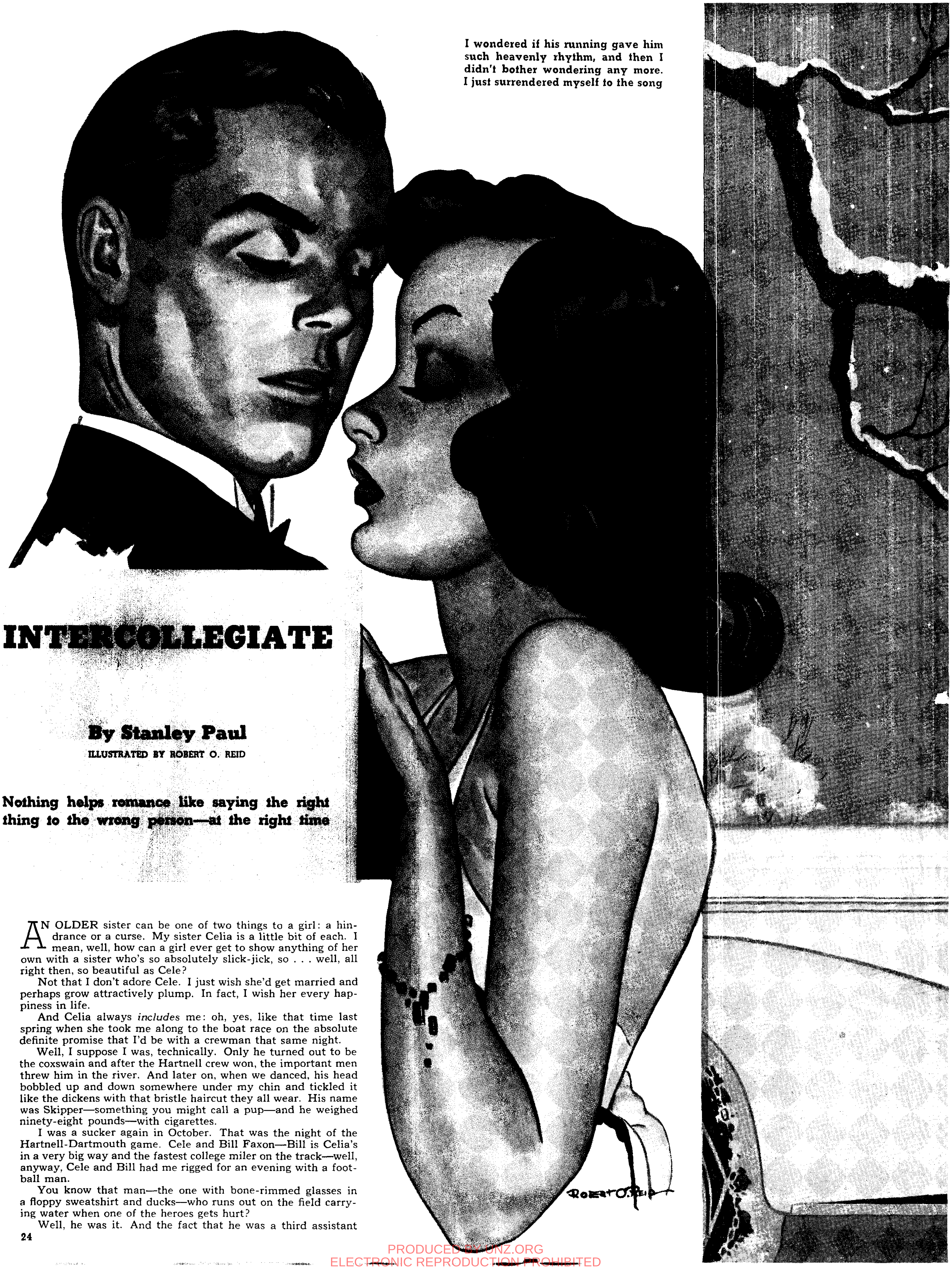
He took those punches. And his right came from nowhere at all. It was his prize punch, and it carried everything. It didn't travel more than six inches.

Dixie was flat on his back, blinking

(Continued on page 50)

Eddie's right fist flashed up. It landed on the side of Morrie's jaw. It landed square, and hard. The big man went down





I wondered if his running gave him such heavenly rhythm, and then I didn't bother wondering any more. I just surrendered myself to the song

INTERCOLLEGIATE

By Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Nothing helps romance like saying the right thing to the wrong person—at the right time

AN OLDER sister can be one of two things to a girl: a hindrance or a curse. My sister Celia is a little bit of each. I mean, well, how can a girl ever get to show anything of her own with a sister who's so absolutely slick-jick, so . . . well, all right then, so beautiful as Cele?

Not that I don't adore Cele. I just wish she'd get married and perhaps grow attractively plump. In fact, I wish her every happiness in life.

And Celia always *includes* me: oh, yes, like that time last spring when she took me along to the boat race on the absolute definite promise that I'd be with a crewman that same night.

Well, I suppose I was, technically. Only he turned out to be the coxswain and after the Hartnell crew won, the important men threw him in the river. And later on, when we danced, his head bobbled up and down somewhere under my chin and tickled it like the dickens with that bristle haircut they all wear. His name was Skipper—something you might call a pup—and he weighed ninety-eight pounds—with cigarettes.

I was a sucker again in October. That was the night of the Hartnell-Dartmouth game. Cele and Bill Faxon—Bill is Celia's in a very big way and the fastest college miler on the track—well, anyway, Cele and Bill had me rigged for an evening with a football man.

You know that man—the one with bone-rimmed glasses in a floppy sweatshirt and ducks—who runs out on the field carrying water when one of the heroes gets hurt?

Well, he was it. And the fact that he was a third assistant anager didn't impress me one bit. And hile he weighed more than the coxwain, he was the type who tries to res-ue you from drowning while dancing, nd the added weight gave him clutch.

So when Celia propositioned me again ne afternoon in January I went back remembrance of things past, and said, No," very shortly to her before she ould even get it out.

"But, darling—" Cele darlings the ickens out of me when she's after omething she wants—"Bill Faxon is epending upon me to get a date for this an to go dining and dancing with us to-ight."

"Where?" I asked, not caring, but only ecause a girl likes to know.

"The Salle Moderne," said Celia.

I knew that was Bradshaw's Band and [illegible]'re fairly terrific; just the same I ept right on signing off.

"But this man is on the track team," elia insisted. "He's a miler, the same s Bill."

Well, I had a way of checking on that. ad is a nut on track meets. He used to e *in them when he* went to Hartnell. I ink he used to shoot the pot.

So I said: "What's his name?"

"Spike Jones," Celia told me.

Well, there *are* names in track. Nice nes like Cunningham or Venzke. A irl could picture herself, for instance, ying: "This conga, Mr. Bonthron? d adore it!"—and giving it quite an air.

But Jones! And Spike to go with it! onestly, if I ever went to a winter rnival I'd wind up with a moose amed Joe Snow.

But, anyway, I led the way to the brary and the fire and Dad's favorite air. "Who's running for Hartnell to-orrow night," I asked him, "in the in-rcollegiate mile?"

"Bill Faxon, of course." Dad was roud of Bill, or of Celia's having him round. "Bill's last time was four . . ."

"Who else?" I asked him.

"Someone named Jones," Dad said. Time's something like . . ."

WELL, Celia *had* told the truth. Just the same I should have kept on sign-g off instead of asking Celia if I could ear her white crepe.

"Good Lord!" said Celia. "Do I have [illegible]*ribe* you? We *could* get along with-ut you. I think I'll try Marge Hart."

I have a philosophy where Marge art is concerned. Always see a new an first. Marge is revoltingly attrac-ve with an ice-cream-and-strawberry mplexion and a head of impossibly te blond curls. Men can say the sil-est things about her.

So I jumped in all over. "I'll go," I aid, "*if* I can wear your white crepe."

Well, Bill Faxon came out for us at ven. I had to stand around, of course, hile he and Celia impressed one an-ther. Celia likes coming down late. he descends upon her men, giving them me, and an angle, for appreciation of er charm. She had it all right. She oked devastating in a satin of mid-ight blue.

Bill was smoothly Joe College. Hello, Late and Luscious," he said in at sickening way that strong men use hen the sight of Celia softens them up.

"Bill-ll-ll!"—Celia dragged his name ut like a slow, melodic caress. If she ver has a man named Montmorency, reeting him's going to take about all ight.

As an afterthought, Bill deigned to ot[illegible]e me there. I thought I was worth ne good look. I mean, Celia's white repe is a rhapsody, especially if you're ividly dark. It has a fringe below the ips that does things to a walk and a ad sort of fringy fichu.

But all I got was: "Hello, there. You on't look so stinko yourself."

I was stowed in a corner of our road-ter. Bill had borrowed it from Cele. I asn't even asked if I'd be warm nough. Those two went into a huddle nd called signals under the wheel.

I had to listen to those banal: "I'll et you don't's!" and "I *do's!*" and "Not *eally's?*"—that two cooing people use—absolute drivel, of course—and worry all the way into town.

Worry about this Spike Jones job, and whether he was another Singer Midget or a bespectacled boyish blimp.

I had an awful few minutes when we got there. I mean, the lobby simply swarmed with close-cropped skulls and directional ears and split-faced grins with air-conditioned teeth, any of whom, by past experience, might very well have been *it*.

But then, and you could have slain me with a slipper, I heard Bill call somebody "Spike," and he wasn't tall, nor was he short—just nicely medium with good shoulders and a haircut that wasn't trick.

I KNEW at once that I could dance with him and not strain to murmur in his ear, if things ever got as far as murmuring, and the more I looked at him the more certain I felt that perhaps they could.

He had an easy smile that wasn't oily; on the other hand, neither did it creak. *In dinner clothes he looked like most* men *think* they look when they've been consulting some stag magazine.

Bill said, "This is Spike Jones, Kit Cavendish,"—and I took a mild shot of amperage up one arm. Not that he held my hand too tightly, or didn't know when to let go, but his was a nice, square hand with lots of gimph in it, and he said: "You were very nice to come."

My heart was racketing around, but I remembered to keep my eyes lazy, and tilt my head back—it gives my throat a rather nice line. I said, "Was I?"—and let it hang there. You mustn't go googly all at once.

Then a perfect mob of us spilled down the stairway and flowed out on the Salle Moderne floor. Spike Jones and I flowed anyway; he could butter a slow number all up. I wondered if his running gave him such heavenly rhythm, and then I didn't bother wondering any more.

I just surrendered myself to the song of the reeds and the rumble and boom of the skins, and that floating mood that overtakes you when the music and man are just right.

He said: "Listen, we meld."

I said: "Well . . . could be."

Both of us, brilliantly inane. But you get that way sometimes so easily. You just make noises. You really don't talk.

On the way to our table he veered me off and I had a bad moment or two, for he was heading right for a table where Marge Hart sat with a man. Marge looked disgustingly divine in a polka-dot swiss. But it wasn't Marge that Spike wanted to see, it was her man.

Spike said: "Miss Cavendish, Tony Bissell of Dartmouth. Next to Bill Faxon, Tony's the fastest miler in the Ivy League."

This Tony Bissell—who really wasn't bad-looking, but nothing that would ever interest *me*—stood up and looked appropriately modest, and introduced Spike to Marge. Then the two men went on being bluff and hearty or whatever men fancy they are, and Marge said to me: "He's cute, Kit. Where did you get *him?*"

I patted my back hair. "He just happened along in my life."

"Maybe we'll trade a dance later?"

"Maybe. We're with a party, of course."

Then we went back to our table and I dropped my chin in my hands and shut out the others and kept my eyes in his—his were a very nice brown—and asked him all about himself.

Most men, given that encouragement, put a record on the phonograph of their ego and let it go round and round. Not Spike. He covered his life as far as me in not more than three thousand words. And most of it was all about Bill Faxon.

Bill was the world's greatest guy. Bill had taught him all he knew about form and pace, and didn't I think Bill was positively grand?

I said: "Spike, I've been helping Celia admire Bill Faxon for years and I'm a little bit tired of the job. It'll do my soul good to see him beaten tomorrow night. Especially," I added, "by *you*."

Spike frowned. "But it doesn't work that way."

"What doesn't work which way?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Bill and I work it like this: I've trained myself to set a terrific pace to the three-quarter post and hit it on the split second. I'm bait. I draw other men out. Men like Tony Bissell, for instance. They get over-extended; then Bill moves up in the last quarter mile and kills 'em off."

I swallowed. "You mean you *never* win?"

He shook his head. "I completely *shoot the works getting out there. After* I've done it, I'm blown. But wait till you see Bill's finish drive—it's *something!*"

I tried—really tried for a minute—to absorb this co-operative spirit of Spike's. But I couldn't blot up a bit of it. The situation was hopelessly impregitable, and in case you don't know what that is, *it's the way things are when an evening* goes completely and utterly smurd.

Further dancing with Spike didn't cheer me up, nor did dancing with anyone else, nor the food—which was really delicious—nor the way that music heated up when it got around to playing Blue, Believe Me—which exactly defined my mood.

Bill Faxon took us home early. He said there were training rules to be kept. I was quite beyond caring, or nearly so, but there was the most heavenly January sky—one of those nights in winter with a hundred and two million stars and a fat balloon of a moon coming up as we bowled along over the snow.

Spike and I were scrooched in the rumble done up in three or four robes, and from time to time I looked at him, sitting beside me in the night. I was trying to find something unattractive to focalize on, like a weak chin or a misplaced ear.

But his chin had the nicest thrust to it, and his ears were set close to his head, and just as we reached the house he caught me at it. I was certain he'd misinterpret the look.

Celia and Bill were muttering up front, going through that inane routine of saying good night, and not wanting to, and I thought Spike moved closer to me.

I had the fiercest impulse to make him feel, well, ineffectual, so I let out the tiniest sigh and allowed my eyelids to flutter before they closed as if I were building up to a *swoon*.

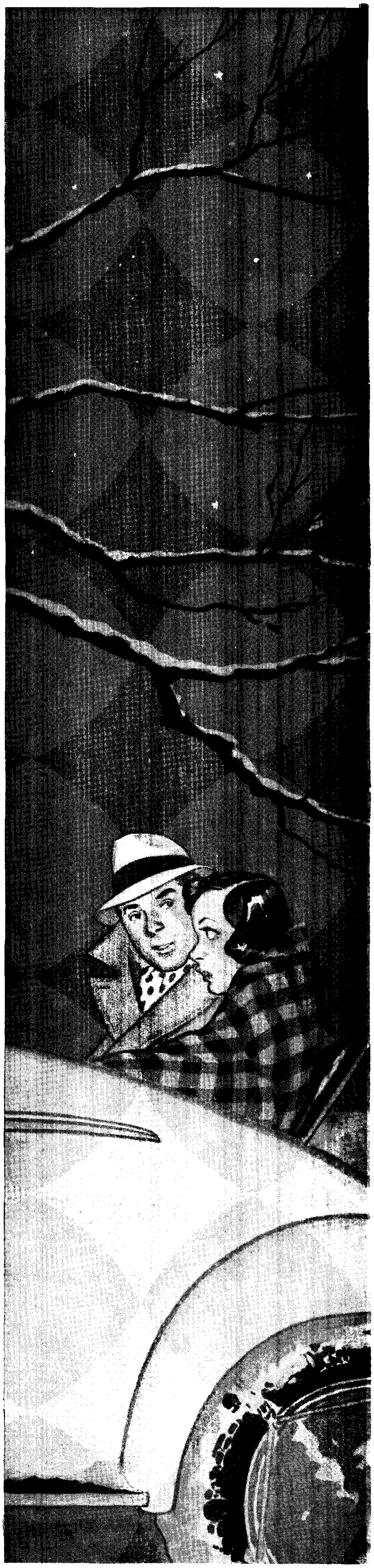
THEN I waited. But nothing happened! When I opened them, he hadn't moved an inch. "It's a nice little act, Kit"—he sounded *amused*—"and to tell the truth I nearly went for it, for you're a sweet little dish. But if I *had* made the pass you'd have dusted me off with a very cool 'Be yourself!' And then you'd have told me a short goodby and said you were afraid you wouldn't be seeing me any more—especially at the Garden tomorrow night."

I made one of those frustrated noises you make when words get jammed in *your mouth*.

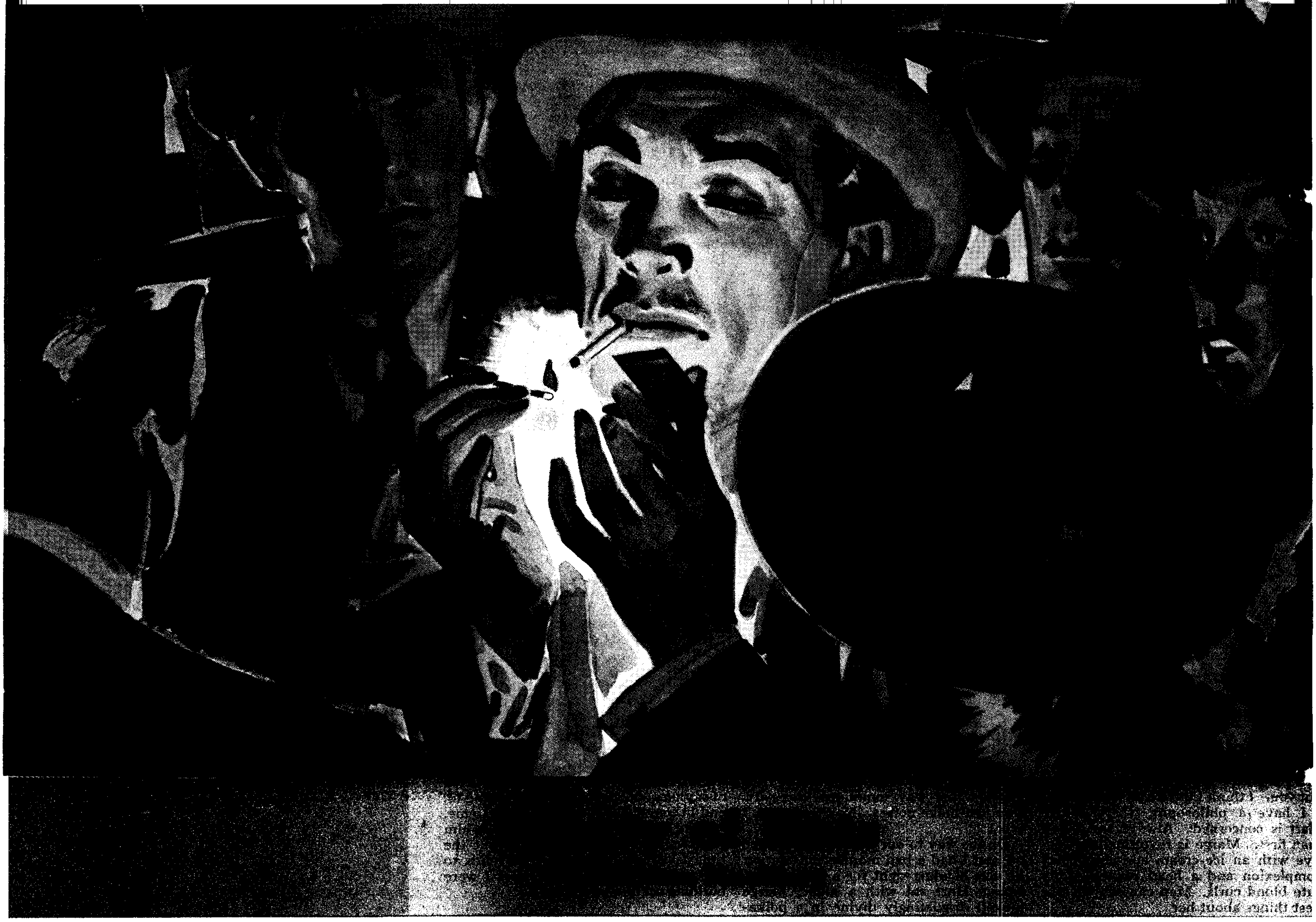
"I've been trying to figure you," Spike went on, "ever since your overworked charm flattened out. I think I've got it: you're an ungrown gal who goes for the glammer guys. Front runners and touchdown heroes. Lord help the lad you love who joins the Army; he'll have to be a colonel, nothing less. Well, good hunting, Kit. I could have gone for you. But we be not of the same blood, thou and I."

I'd been planning to tell *him* off, and here he was telling *me*. It was *I* who

(Continued on page 29)



"I've been trying to figure you out ever since your overworked charm flattened out," he said. "I think I've got it: you're an ungrown gal who goes for glammer guys"



HARRY L. TIMMINS

Mystery of the fragrant hat. Another O'Malley masterpiece of detection

THAT dead lady," O'Malley said, "got stabbed at a restaurant workers' ball. It was what they call a Benefit Ball and anybody could go to it that had a ticket, and people bought tickets and give 'em away; so we got no real line on who might have went to it. Mrs. Gosson the lady's name was. Her husband owns a string of little restaurants. Everybody was dancing and the lady got knocked off and nobody seen who done it."

"An odd case," I said.

"You ain't heard the half of it."

O'Malley showed me a photograph of the dead woman. She had been attractive and had been in her early thirties.

"Cops that was detailed there to keep order," he went on, "stopped everybody from leaving the ball. They called other cops and questioned all them people and took all their names. They didn't find nobody suspicious. After they'd let everyone get their hats and coats, there was one hat left."

"The killer's?" I asked.

"We can't find it belonged to nobody else."

We looked at the hat. They had it at the police laboratory. It was a brown fedora, nearly new. There were no initials in it. The maker's name was.

"It's my size," O'Malley remarked. "I guess I'd look good in it. Get anything from the hat?" he asked the young cop who showed it to us.

"Only that the guy that owned it used a hair restorer."

"What help is that? This dead lady's husband didn't go to the ball. She went with her niece. We'll go talk with the niece."

The niece worked at a florist's. Her name was Miss Dalley. She was nineteen years old and prettier than any of the flowers she sold.

"Tell us about your aunt," O'Malley invited her.

"I don't know how it was. We didn't expect to go to the ball. We had nothing to do and Mr. Gosson had bought tickets. So she said, 'Let's go to the ball and you can dance.' She didn't expect to dance herself. She knew a lot of people and was always talking with someone. I was dancing and I heard people cry out, and I went over there, and my aunt had been stabbed."

"She didn't say anything?"

"She couldn't."

"Yeah. What men had she been talking with there?"

"I didn't notice any man in particular. She was always with some group."

"You live with your aunt and Mr. Gosson?"

"I did until now. Now I've made another arrangement."

We went to some of the restaurants, looking for Gosson. He wasn't at any of them, so we talked with the managers. The first was named Affor, and the second named Johnson, and the third was named Bennen. O'Malley asked them all the same questions and he got the same answers.

"Mrs. Gosson ever come here?"

"Sometimes."

"Ever see her with any man?"

"Not the way you mean."

"Are you sure, O'Malley," I asked, "this was done by a man?"

"If it's his hat. Besides, we figure a woman couldn't have stabbed her like that. This Gosson and his wife started out with one restaurant. They both worked in it. Then they got more of 'em. Then Mrs. Gosson didn't work any more, but she sometimes helped out."

A man's voice said: "That's him. I couldn't forget that face!" And a woman's voice said: "That's the man. He stopped in the dark and lit a cigarette. I saw his face"

The places were bright and attractive. The attendants wore uniforms. It was plain why they'd been a success. At the third restaurant they told us that Gosson had been there and they thought he'd gone home. So we went to find out.

Gosson himself let us in. He was a good-looking man in his middle thirties. It was a handsome apartment. There was a gray fedora hat on a stand in the hall. O'Malley looked at the size of it.

"Your hat?" he inquired of Gosson.

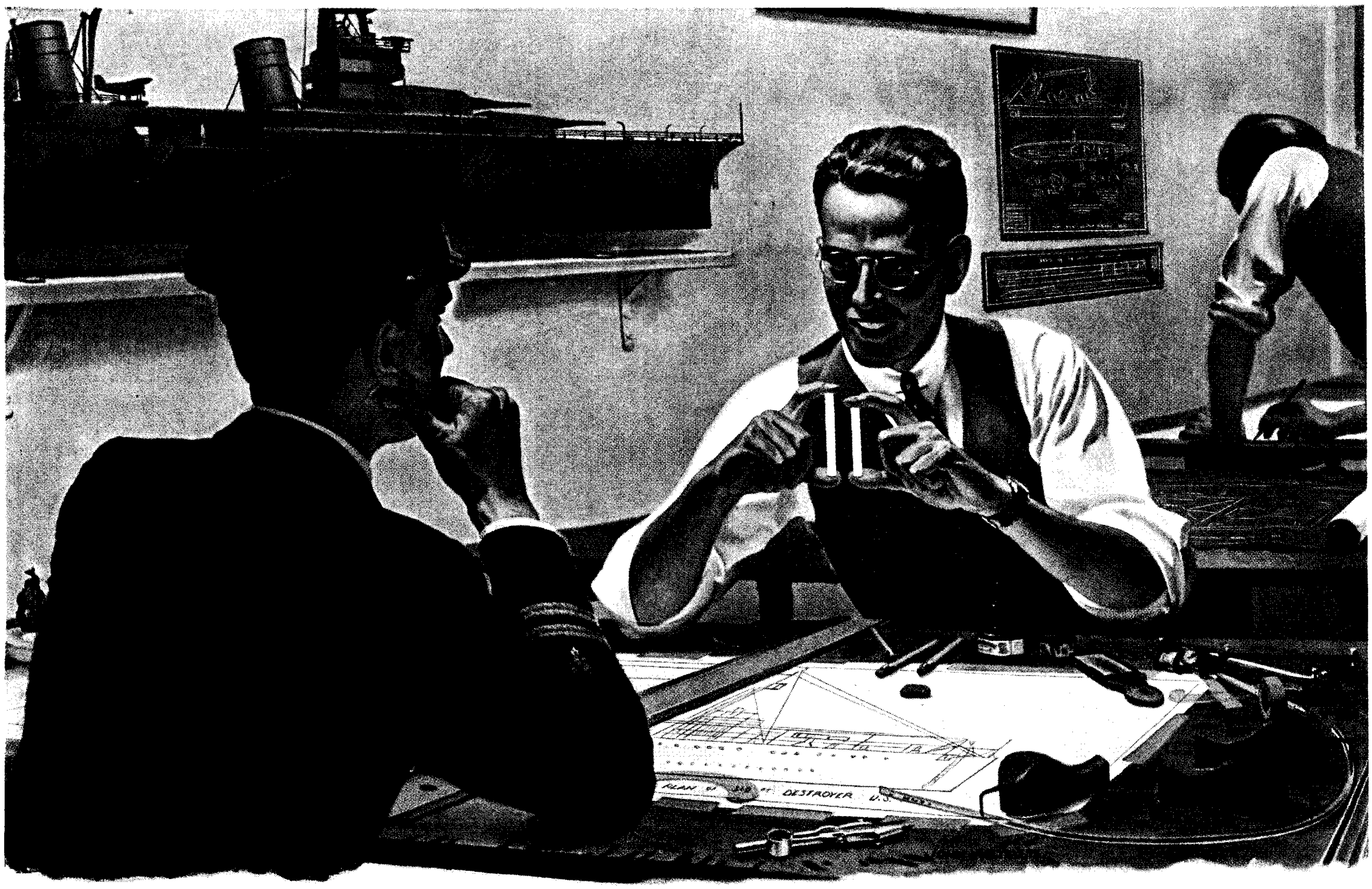
"Yes."

"You mind putting it on?"

Gosson appeared surprised but he put on the hat. It fitted all right.

"You got any idea who might have killed your wife?"

(Continued on page 47)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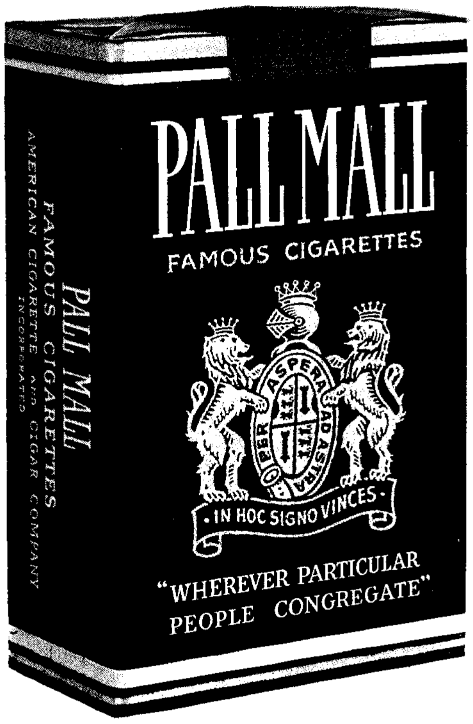
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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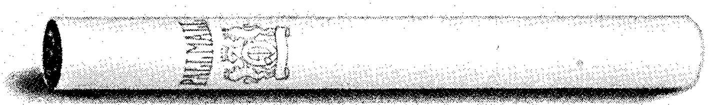

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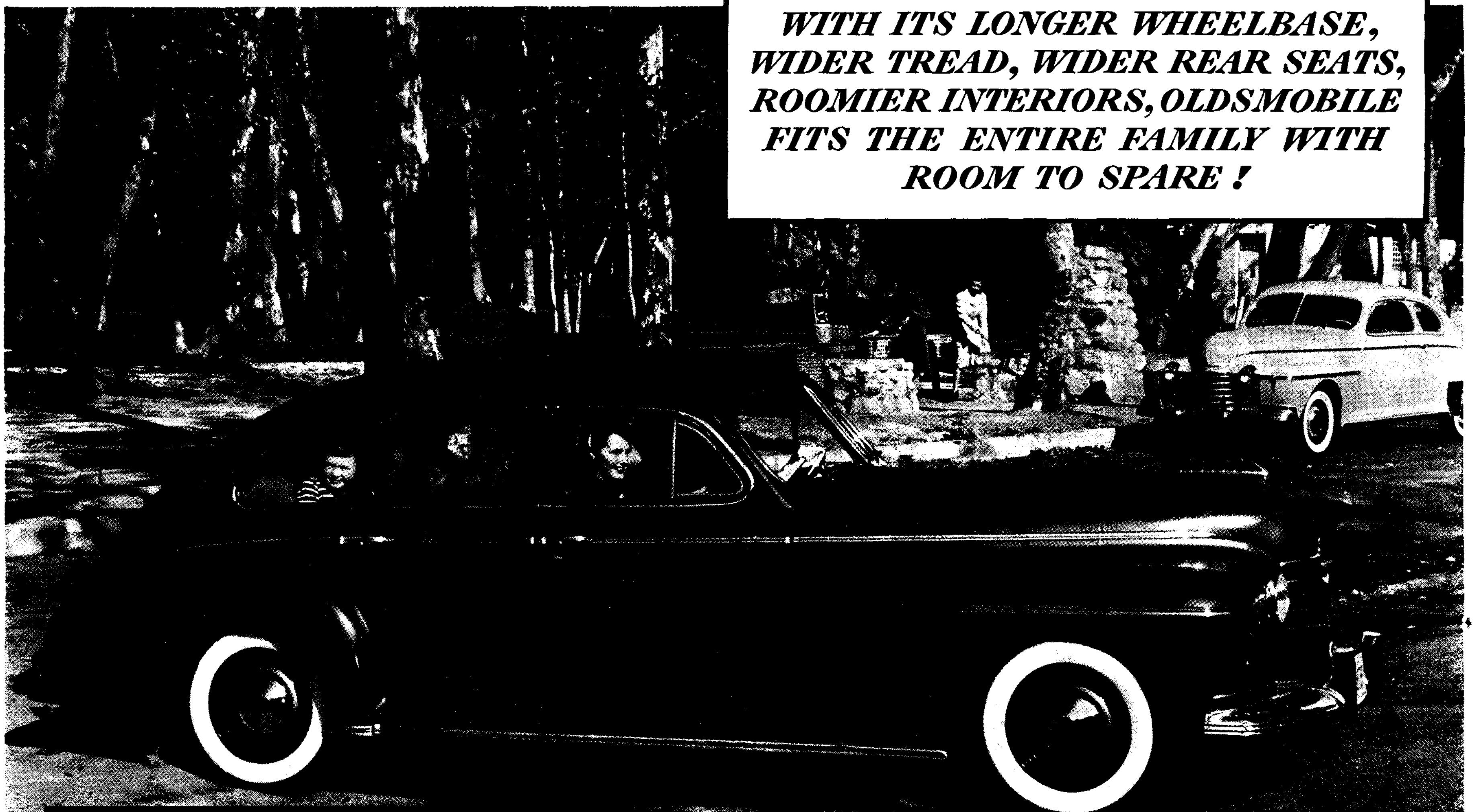

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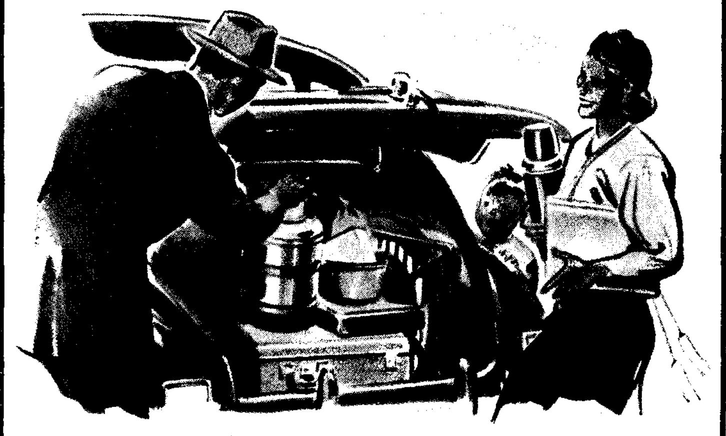

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STYLED TO LEAD
BUILT TO LAST

THE CAR *Ahead!* IT'S OLDSMOBILE

Intercollegiate Mile

Continued from page 25

felt ineffectual, and worse than that, I felt cheap. I was too furious to trust myself to say anything. I scrambled overside before he could move to help me and made a beeline for the house.

I got away early in the morning after a rather horrible night. Early enough to get the roadster for myself. Whatever Celia was planning to do that day she could darned well use the sedan.

I didn't want Celia and Mother asking me what kind of evening I'd had. I didn't want to hear anything, or have anything happen, that might remind me at all of Spike Jones.

I drove all the way to Winchendon to see Gertrude. She'd been a camp mate of mine—oh, aeons ago—but I think every girl should have one Gertrude in her life.

Gertrude is large and good-natured and the least bit dull, but because she's never had any experience, she's passionately interested in mine.

I stayed on to lunch and to dinner. I told her all about Spike.

Gertrude agreed all day that men were a mess, but she said as she stood by the car: "He can't be *completely* terrible, Kit, to efface himself like that."

It was the first time Gertrude had ever let me down. I drove home feeling smurd again. It was awfully late when I got there and Dad was roaring around the hall. He *was* simply livid with inarticulate wrath, and Mother was trying to quiet him down.

IT SEEMED that Bill had sent him a seat in a box, but Celia had taken the other car. His rage was all about working so hard so that his family might have everything, including two cars, which he most certainly could not afford, and there never being even one around to take *him* anywhere on the very rare occasions when he'd like to go out himself.

He was equally sarcastic about daughters who'd never heard of public transportations, and apparently had forgotten how to walk.

When I could finally get a word in, I said icily: "If you'll stop insulting me for a moment, I'll be glad to drive you into town."

He said he was certainly very grateful, while Mother was getting him into his things, and that he supposed if he was incredibly fortunate perhaps his other daughter might consent to drive him home.

He made endless indignant remarks through Brookline, but finally he began to run down, and that was when he asked me why I wasn't going to the track meet myself.

"Thought you were interested in someone—that boy who runs the mile with Bill."

Well, I'd been feeling punker and sadder and more mixed up about things, and wondering what on earth could be the matter with me, and definitely conscious of a need for understanding and sympathy, and I knew Dad had been a track man, and I thought surely he would understand.

So driving down Beacon I told him all about it, and the silly system they had which left Bill Faxon grabbing all the laurels and Spike with the also-rans.

I didn't get sympathy. What I got was another explosion. Dad began to gesticulate again, and he wanted to know for heaven's sake, what *was* the matter with me, what kind of girl was I anyway, not to know that in every worth-while endeavor there was always an unsung man with a spade? And in my own terms, how about Evashevski in football? Where would Tom Harmon have been without *him?*

Dad said: "If you were high-hat with this Jones boy simply because he's willing to be what's best for his team, why I'm downright ashamed of you, Kit. I never placed better than a second in my life. And where would *you* be, young lady, if your mother had felt like you do?"

Of course I fell into that one. "Where?" I asked, like a stupe.

"You wouldn't be here at all," Dad said, and hitched around on the seat the way men do when they think they've been clever.

But I was beyond resentment by this time. I felt utterly sunk. I barely missed a truck on Canal Street because its lights were all fuzzy in my eyes—but I wasn't crying because I felt sorry for myself; I was crying for something else, and Spike Jones was all mixed up in it somewhere—I *knew* it by the time we reached the curb.

"Never thought I'd have a glory-headed pip-squeak!"—that was Dad getting out. Then he turned and looked at me. "Why, honey, what's the matter?" he said.

Aren't men unpredictable? Brutish one moment, and all tenderness the next. I guess I kind of wailed at him: "Take me in there with you, Daddy. I want to see Spike!"

"Well, my gorry," he said. "Stop crying. And hurry up and park the car."

BY THE time I got back he had a seat for me right next to his own. Dad can be efficient, when he wants to be. But I left him at our section entrance. I told him to go on up, I'd be coming right along. Waves of sound were beating down on me as I ran along behind the stands, and every once in a while I'd hear the boards drum and I practically prayed that it wouldn't be the mile.

I found an usher down by the tunnel where the contestants go in and out, and I said: "Which way to the locker rooms?"

He nodded toward two swinging doors. "But, lady, I wouldn't go in there. It ain't no place for you."

I took a half dollar out of my purse. I said: "*You* go! And find me a man named Jones."

He found *two* for me. One simpered, and wanted to know what I was doing later on. The other was annoyed as the dickens and said he'd never heard of another Jones named Spike. And I was getting more frantic by the minute, when all of a sudden Tony Bissell came walking out.

He remembered me, thank goodness, so I didn't have to go through all that. I said: "Where's Spike Jones, Mr. Bissell?"

"Both he and Bill Faxon are on the track warming up," he said. "They'll be calling the mile pretty soon now. I've got to get out there myself."

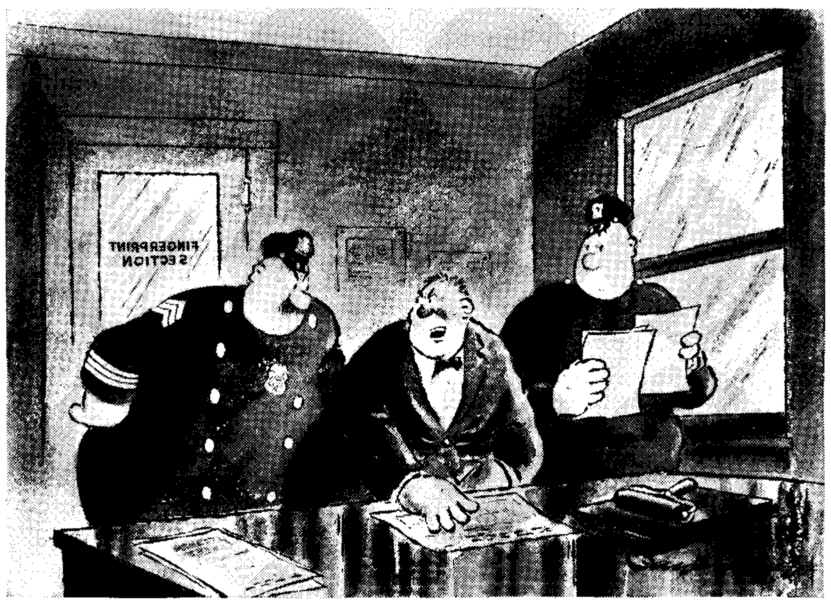
I GRABBED the sleeve of his sweat suit. "Will you take a message to Spike for me?" I asked. "And be *sure* to give it to him before the mile starts?"

"Gladly."

"Well, tell him this, please: I'm here, and it doesn't make any difference."

Tony Bissell smiled. "But I'm sure it will, to Spike."

"No, you don't understand—I mean his not winning isn't going to make any difference to me, whether he cares or not."



"Shucks, this is silly! I always wear gloves on a job!" JAY IRVING

"Aren't you a bit pessimistic?"

"No. You see he can't win. He's bait, or whatever he called it. He just sets a terrific pace and he thinks I don't like him because he does it, and goodness knows I gave him reason enough for that, and . . . oh, Mr. Bissell, I'm so mixed up and excited and anxious—won't you just tell him that I'm *here?*"

You never saw a man smile so warmly as Tony Bissell, he was grinning from ear to ear, and he patted my shoulder with one hand, really he was terribly nice, and he said: "Don't you worry, Miss Cavendish. I'll see that Spike gets it right away."

Well, there! I'd done it, and I'd meant it, and perhaps it did cost me something in pride, but that part didn't matter. For the first time since, well, since last night and that slow number I'd danced with Spike Jones I felt good. Even though I knew he might not give a hoot—still, he had said I was a sweet little dish.

I went up to my seat then, and there were Celia and Marge Hart and I even forgot to be mad at Celia for getting me in dutch about the cars.

Down below, the track was a swarm of color. Men in sweat suits jogging around. Green for Dartmouth, and blue for Yale, and gold and maroon for Hartnell, and the infield men were soaring over bars, and jumping into sawdust, and throwing things around.

I snuggled up close to Dad and whispered: "I got a message through." But Dad didn't even hear me. The funniest thing was happening to him. He'd tighten up all over and let out the most profound grunts, and after a moment I saw that he was watching some big men heave a metal ball.

"Why, you old darling," I said to him. "You're helping them shoot the pot."

"I'm what?" he looked terribly puzzled.

"You're helping them shoot the pot—over there."

"For heaven's sake, Kit"—Dad looked embarrassed. "That's putting the shot. Keep still!"

Men can be so technical. But just then I spotted Spike Jones. He and Bill Faxon were trotting along together and Bill was talking and Spike was nodding his head. And my heart went *whomp!* just looking at him, and then it went whomp again when I saw Tony Bissell catch up with them and run along beside them for a while.

The next time they came around, Spike looked up our way and his hands went up over his head. He clasped them together and shook them and broke out a great big smile. I knew what it meant. Tony Bissell had told him. I felt wonderful. He was glad that I was there!

I waved back, and Marge Hart—I could've *killed* her—helped me. "He really *is* cute, Kit," she said. "Tell you what— if he wins I'll trade you Tony Bissell for him."

I simply looked my contempt. Then the music was cut from the loud-speakers and a voice boomed: "Calling contestants for the mile!"

A SILENCE came over the Garden and all the men left the track except the milers. It seemed an eternity while they were assembling and their starting positions called out and a big yell went up for Tony Bissell, and another when Bill Faxon's name was called. If I hadn't been certain that Spike would be embarrassed I'd have cheered his name all alone.

Then they crouched, and I jumped when the gun barked, and there was a mad surge forward of flailing arms. And the crowd roared when they shouldered one another for position going around the first high-banked turn.

When they straightened out for the backstretch there was some kind of order at last. And there was Spike right where he said he'd be: out front and pulling away.

By the time they'd finished the first lap, Spike had a lead of ten yards; then running two and three, but close together were Tony Bissell and Bill. By the time they'd finished three laps the whole field was stringing out behind 'way down to a man who was dropping back very sadly—a forlorn-looking runner from Yale.

Remarks were going on all around me like: "Look at the pace that kid sets! He'll fold any minute! Can't maintain it!"

Someone else said: "It's only a trap! I saw him pull it at New Haven. But he's not fooling Bissell with it tonight."

Then Dad said: "A lot of swell running for nothing. Bissell's not being sucked in."

And I said, "Well, naturally, not after I—" but I stopped in time with a gasp. Oh, what a dumb bunny I'd been! Me, with my one-track mind! Spilling everything to Tony Bissell! Selling poor

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We hereby nominate a fourth monkey: "Breathe No Evil" . . . dedicated to the people who keep their breaths pleasant with CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. Carry them with you always.

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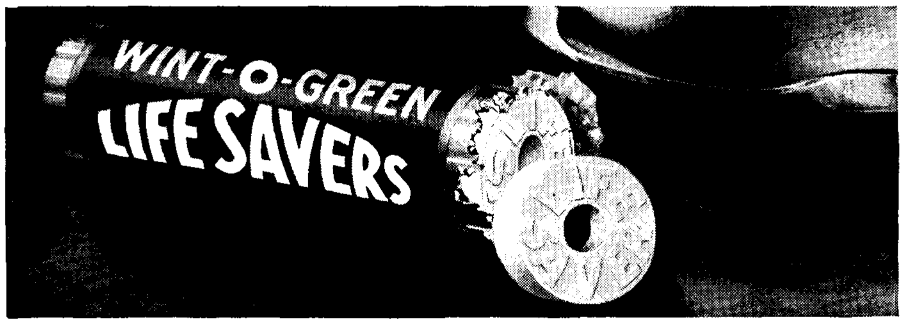

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1. Each week for *10 separate weekly contests,* 26 cash prizes will be awarded. 1st Prize: $100.00 cash; 5 prizes of $10.00 each; 20 prizes of $5.00.
2. Enter each weekly contest as many times as you wish. Contests start Jan. 20th, end March 29th, 1941. Send entries to Life Savers Contest Editor, Port Chester, N. Y.
3. Include a Wint-O-Green Life Savers wrapper (5¢ package) or reasonable facsimile with *each* entry.
4. Wint-O-Green counts one word, Life Savers count two.
5. Prizes are awarded for answers best for advertising purposes, in opinion of the judges.
6. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be given. Decisions of judges will be final. Contest open to residents of U. S. and Canada. All entries become property of Life Savers.
7. Each week's contest closes Saturday midnight. The date your entry is received at post office in Port Chester, N. Y., is official date of entry. Prize winners will be notified by mail.
8. Employees of Life Savers or their advertising agency, or their families may NOT enter.

Spike Jones out, just because I'd been so anxious to get a message to him that I hadn't thought about anything else.

My heart was breaking as I watched him, lengthening that precious lead of his. He was glancing over his shoulder now. I knew why. I knew that he was wondering why Tony Bissell wasn't dogging his steps.

I couldn't bear looking any longer. I dropped my face in my hands.

"What's the matter with you, Kit?" Dad was asking.

Then a sharp sort of yell went up.

"What's happened?" I asked, lifting my head.

"Jones just lapped the Yale man," Dad said. "They'll wave the Yale man off the track in a minute. Look at that Jones boy *run!*"

"You look at him, Dad," I begged. "Just let me know when he reaches the three-quarter post."

"'He's coming down on it now." Then Dad gave a wild sort of roar, and the whole arena roared with him, and people began to stand up.

"Here comes the race!" yelled a man behind me. I had to stand up, too. After a moment, I saw what they were yelling for: Tony Bissell and Bill Faxon were stepping out.

They looked like two powerful, lean greyhounds—and Spike was the rabbit up ahead. But Spike hadn't slackened his pace any, though he'd passed the three-quarter mark. I knew he wouldn't until Bill Faxon passed him, but that wasn't going to take long, with Bill and Tony charging up there, and only the lapped Yale man in between.

Spike went into the turn again, and the Yale man came staggering along, and a tuxedoed official was waiting there, trying to wave the Eli off. But you know how a Yale man can be—they never, never give up. Just as he went into the turn himself, Tony and Bill thundered up.

Tony went wide to pass him, and the Yale man looked startled and swerved, and Bill was passing on the inside, and he and the Yale man bumped.

But bumped! It was awful! A collision! Both of them went down and rolled. The official had the Yale man by one arm and dragged him off just as the following herd came along. Poor Bill! He tried to get back in it. He got up and began to run again. But you could see at once that it was hopeless.

The crowd let out one of those long, diminishing: "Oh-oh-oh's."

I REACHED for Celia's hand. She looked stricken. I tried to squeeze it and tell her not to care, but I couldn't make myself heard in the bedlam that was breaking loose all around.

For Tony Bissell was out to make the kill now. He was fast overtaking Spike. I saw Spike look back again over his shoulder and I could *feel* him still digging in. He still had yards left on the backstretch, and he held them around the turn. Running down the straightaway before us I could see his head thrown back and the way he was sucking air in and the cords standing out on his throat.

A gun banged when both of them tore by us, and I screamed, but nobody heard, because everyone else was screaming. It was the gun for the last lap of the mile.

Dad was sort of chanting: "He can't do it! He can't do it! He can't stand off a bid like that!"

They were rounding the turn again, and Spike went into it holding fast to the pole. Going down the backstretch for the last time, they looked like a one-man silhouette, and I held my breath and prayed. I expected Tony Bissell to pull out front.

But he didn't! I started yelling in Dad's ear. "Spike will *never* give up! He'd let Bill take the lead away from him, but *never* anyone else!"

Spike still held the pole going into the last turn. I knew enough about running to know that if he ever surrendered it he was done.

At the head of the stretch Tony Bissell swung wide. He swung to get an open road to the finish. And you could almost see his form break apart. He was no longer a smooth, perfected runner. He was going out with everything he had.

I was pounding the rail with one hand and pounding the other on poor Dad's back. The blinding lights for the camera came on and it was ten yards, and five yards, and then two yards with both of them running abreast. And then Spike pulled out a last ounce of effort he probably didn't know he had. It was his breast that broke the tape in two! It was Spike Jones—over the line!

IT TAKES only a fraction of a second to make a hero, especially in the intercollegiate mile. That was what I was thinking a few minutes later in the teeming corridors down below.

Spike came out of the locker rooms dressed and wearing his laurels, and he wore them very well indeed. He was swarmed on by a bunch of back-slapping Hartnell men, but he just grinned modestly and shoved politely through.

I was leaning against a wall trying to think of what I could *say*—that is, if he ever came near me, for wasn't I the gal who'd nearly messed up the mile? Or *had* I? I didn't know. I was all mixed up and trembly inside.

Bill Faxon stopped Spike and pumped his hand, and I'll say this much for Bill, he looked as happy about it as if he'd won the race himself. Celia beamed and looked positively *auntish,* which really became her very well.

Then, before you could say four, fifteen, and six tenths, three people arrived at my side—Tony Bissell and Marge Hart and Spike. I nearly went cross-eyed trying to pick up a graceful cue. Marge Hart had that predatory look. She was giving Spike the optical business that said, "How'd you like to have *me* for first prize?"

But did Tony Bissell take the whuff out of her! He said: "Marge, here's a smooth little operator. I wish you'd take lessons from her once in a while. She fooled me completely with a story about Jones setting a pace that would wear him out. I believed her and let him get too far ahead of me—" then he smiled and put his hand out to Spike. "Congratulations, Jones! Both on your running and your girl!"

You could see Marge deflate while Spike took it. "Thanks! Be seeing you at the Penn Relays, Tony"—then Spike and I were alone.

"Well . . . ?" he was half smiling and half frowning.

I said: "My fine Italian hand was all thumbs. My . . . oh, Spike!" I couldn't go on being flip about it. "Honestly, I feel *awful!*"

"Well, *I* don't!" he said. "I feel pretty good about it. Winning certainly has its points!"

I said: "But, Spike, can you ever *forgive* me?"

"Kitten"—I'd never been called *that* before; I liked it, too, tremendously. "Kitten, if we could be alone I'd forgive you in words of one syllable."

Well, something *had* to be done about that!

I saw Cele looking at me. "Will you drive Dad home?" I called to her.

She nodded: "Yes!" very sweetly, and in the most co-operative way.

"Come on," I said to Spike. "I have the roadster," and together we started for the street. Have you ever been on your way to be forgiven in words of one syllable? It's the most *exciting* feeling!

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

Young Stepmother and William Ashe—and glanced inside at the blurred stamp affixed to the title page. As he was about to replace them, his eye caught sight of a book that had been shoved behind the other books. It was a small, dumpy volume bound in brown calf.

He took it out and opened it. Very slowly he nodded his head. "So *I was right,*" he murmured. "Yes, I was right. But for the other—is that possible, too? No, it is not possible, unless . . ."

He stayed there, motionless, stroking his mustache whilst his mind ranged busily over the problem.

He said again softly, "*Unless—?*"

COLONEL WESTON looked in at the door. "Hullo, Poirot, still there?"

"I arrive. I arrive," cried Poirot. He hurried out into the corridor.

The room next to Linda's was that of the Redferns. Poirot looked into it, noting automatically the traces of two different individualities—a neatness and tidiness which he associated with Christine and a picturesque disorder which was characteristic of Patrick. Apart from these sidelights on personality the room did not interest him.

Next to it again was Rosamund Darnley's room and here he lingered for a moment in the sheer pleasure of the owner's personality.

He noted the few books that lay on the table next to the bed, the expensive simplicity of the toilet set on the dressing table. And there came gently to his nostrils the elusive, expensive perfume that Rosamund Darnley used.

Next to Rosamund Darnley's room at the northern end of the corridor was an open window leading to a balcony from which an outside stair led down to the rocks below.

Weston said, "That's the way people go down to bathe before breakfast—that is, if they bathe off the rocks as most of them do."

Interest came into Hercule Poirot's eyes. He stepped outside and looked down.

Below, a path led to steps cut zigzag leading down the rocks to the sea. There was also a path that led around the hotel to the left. He said: "One could go down these stairs, go to the left around the hotel and join the main path up from the causeway."

Weston nodded. He amplified Poirot's statement: "One could go right across the island without going through the hotel at all." He added: "But one might still be seen from a window."

"What window?"

"Two of the public bathrooms look out that way—north—and the staff bathroom, and the cloakrooms on the ground floor. Also the billiard room."

Poirot nodded. He said: "And all the former have frosted-glass windows and one does not play billiards on a fine morning."

"Exactly," Colonel Weston assented. He paused and then said, "If he did it, that's the way he went."

"You mean Captain Marshall?"

"Yes. Blackmail, or no blackmail, I still feel it points to him. And his manner—well, his manner is unfortunate."

"Perhaps," Hercule Poirot said dryly. "But a manner does not make a murderer!"

Weston said: "Then you think he's out of it?"

Poirot shook his head. "No, I would not say that."

Weston said: "We'll see what Colgate can make out of the typewriting alibi. In the meantime, I've got the chambermaid of this floor waiting to be interviewed. A good deal may depend on her evidence."

The chambermaid was a woman of thirty—brisk, efficient and intelligent. Her answers came readily.

Captain Marshall had come up to his room not long after ten-thirty. She was then finishing the room. He had asked her to be as quick as possible. She had not seen him come back but she had heard the sound of the typewriter a little later. She put it at about five minutes to eleven. She was then in Mr. and Mrs. Redfern's room. After she had done that she moved on to Miss Darnley's room at the end of the corridor. She could not hear the typewriter from there. She went to Miss Darnley's room, as near as she could say, at just after eleven o'clock. She remembered hearing Leathercombe Church strike the hour as she went in.

At a quarter past eleven she had gone downstairs for her eleven-o'clock cup of tea and "snack." Afterward she had gone to do the rooms in the other wing of the hotel. In answer to the chief constable's question she explained that she had done the rooms in this corridor in the following order:

Miss Linda Marshall's, the two public bathrooms, Mrs. Marshall's room and private bath, Captain Marshall's room. Mr. and Mrs. Redfern's room and private bath, Miss Darnley's room and private bath. Captain Marshall's and Miss Marshall's rooms had no adjoining bathrooms.

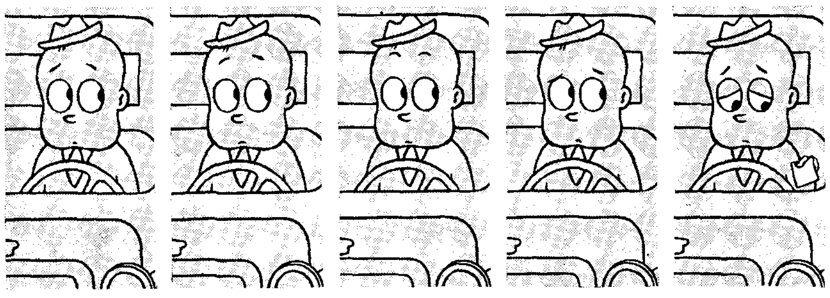
During the time she was in Miss Darnley's room and bathroom she had not heard anyone pass the door or go out by the staircase to the rocks, but it was quite likely she wouldn't have heard if anyone went quietly.

WESTON then directed his questions to the subject of Mrs. Marshall.

No, Mrs. Marshall wasn't one for rising early as a rule. She, Gladys Narracott, had been surprised to find the door open and Mrs. Marshall gone down at just after ten. Something quite unusual, that was.

"Did Mrs. Marshall always have her breakfast in bed?"

"Oh, yes, sir, always. Not very much of it, either. Just tea and orange juice



Traffic Cop

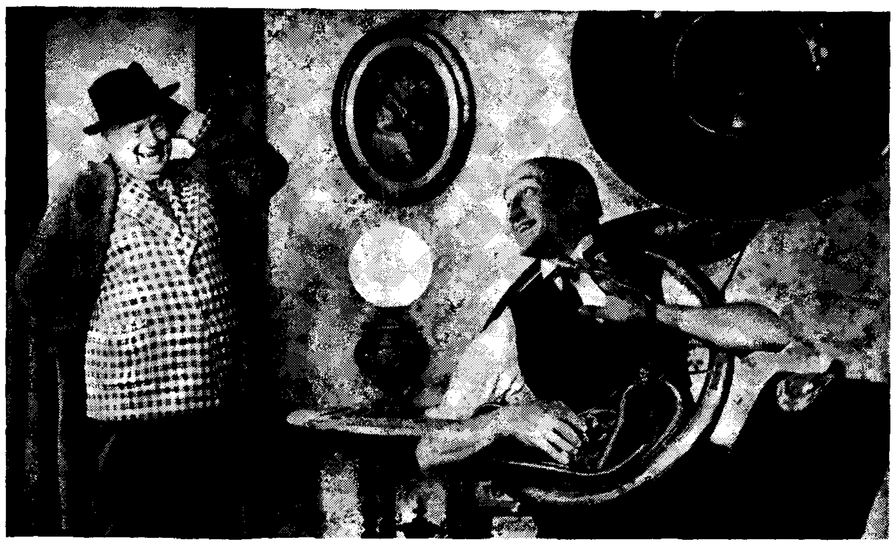
CROCKETT JOHNSON

Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright

MR. BRIGHT: A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!
MR. BLUE: And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.

MR. BRIGHT: Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's Springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.
MR. BLUE: *It's not springtime inside of me,* Mr. Bright. If you only *knew* how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.

MR. BRIGHT: (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of *dosing* constipation why not try to get at its *cause?* If yours *is* the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.



MR. BRIGHT: (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?
MR. BLUE: And happy days it *is,* Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

Join the "Regulars"
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and one piece of toast. Slimming, like so many ladies."

No, she hadn't noticed anything unusual in Mrs. Marshall's manner that morning. She'd seemed quite as usual.

Hercule Poirot murmured: "What did you think of Mrs. Marshall, Mademoiselle?"

Gladys Narracott stared at him. "Well," she said, "that's hardly for me to say, is it, sir?"

"But yes, it is for you to say. We are anxious—very anxious—to hear your impression."

Gladys gave a slightly uneasy glance toward the chief constable who endeavored to make his face sympathetic and approving, though actually he felt slightly embarrassed by his foreign colleague's methods of approach. He said: "Er—yes, certainly. Go ahead."

For the first time Gladys Narracott's brisk efficiency deserted her. Her fingers fumbled with her print dress. She said: "Well, Mrs. Marshall—she wasn't exactly a lady, as you might say. What I mean is, she was more like an actress."

"She was an actress," Colonel Weston said.

"Yes, sir, that's what I'm saying. She just went on exactly as she felt like it. She didn't—well, she didn't trouble to be polite if she wasn't feeling polite. And she'd be all smiles one minute and then if she couldn't find something or the bell wasn't answered at once or her laundry wasn't back, well, she'd be downright rude and nasty about it. None of us as you might say *liked* her. But her clothes were beautiful, and, of course, she was a very handsome lady, so it was only natural she should be admired."

COLONEL WESTON said, "I am sorry to have to ask you what I am going to ask you, but it is a very vital matter. Can you tell me how things were between her and her husband?"

Gladys Narracott hesitated a minute. "You don't—it wasn't—you don't think as *he* did it?"

Hercule Poirot said quickly: "Do you?"

"Oh! I wouldn't like to think so. He's such a nice gentleman, Captain Marshall. He couldn't do a thing like that—I'm sure he couldn't."

"But you are *not* very sure—I hear it in your voice."

Gladys Narracott said reluctantly: "You do read such things in the papers! When there's jealousy. If there's been goings-on—and, of course, everyone's been talking about it—about her and Mr. Redfern, I mean. And Mrs. Redfern such a nice, quiet lady! It does seem a shame! And Mr. Redfern's a nice gentleman, too, but it seems men can't help themselves when it's a lady like Mrs. Marshall—one who's used to having her own way. Wives have to put up with a lot, I'm sure." She sighed and paused. "But if Captain Marshall found out about it—"

Colonel Weston said sharply, "Well?"

Gladys Narracott said slowly: "I did think sometimes that Mrs. Marshall was frightened of her husband knowing."

"What makes you say that?"

"It wasn't anything definite, sir. It was only I felt—that sometimes she was—afraid of him. He was a very quiet gentleman but he wasn't—he wasn't *easy*."

"But," Weston said, "you've nothing definite to go on? Nothing either of them ever said to each other."

Slowly Gladys Narracott shook her head.

Weston sighed. He went on: "Now, as to letters received by Mrs. Marshall this morning. Can you tell us anything about those?"

"There were about six or seven, sir. I couldn't say exactly."

"Did you take them up to her?"

"Yes, sir. I got them from the office as usual and put them on her breakfast tray."

"Do you remember anything about the look of them?"

The girl shook her head. "They were just ordinary-looking letters. Some of them were bills and circulars, I suppose, because they were torn up on the tray."

"What happened to them?"

"They went into the dustbin, sir. One of the police gentlemen is going through that now."

Weston nodded. "And the contents of the wastepaper baskets, where are they?"

"They'll be in the dustbin too."

Weston said: "H'm—well, I think that is all at present." He looked inquiringly at Poirot.

POIROT leaned forward. "When you did Miss Linda Marshall's room this morning, did you do the fireplace?"

"There wasn't anything to do, sir. There had been no fire lit."

"And there was nothing in the fireplace itself?"

Bar
Reamer Keller

"—then you add sugar and water and that's lemonade"

REAMER KELLER

"No, sir, it was perfectly all right."

"What time did you do her room?"

"About a quarter past nine, sir, when she'd gone down to breakfast."

"Did she come up to her room after breakfast, do you know?"

"Yes, sir. She came up about a quarter to ten."

"Did she stay in her room?"

"I think so, sir. She came out, hurrying rather, just before half past ten."

"You didn't go into her room again?"

"No, sir. I had finished with it."

Poirot nodded. "There is another thing I want to know. What people bathed before breakfast this morning?"

"I couldn't say about the other wing and the floor above. Only about this one."

"That is all I want to know."

"Well, sir, Captain Marshall and Mr. Redfern were the only ones this morning, I think. They always go down for an early dip."

"Did you see them?"

"No, sir, but their wet bathing things were hanging over the balcony rail as usual."

"Miss Linda Marshall did not bathe this morning?"

"No, sir. All her bathing dresses were quite dry."

"Ah," said Poirot. "That is what I wanted to know."

Gladys Narracott volunteered: "She does most mornings, sir."

"And the other three—Miss Darnley, Mrs. Redfern and Mrs. Marshall?"

"Mrs. Marshall never, sir. Miss Darnley has once or twice, I think. Mrs. Redfern doesn't often bathe before breakfast—only when it's very hot, but she didn't this morning."

Again Poirot nodded. Then he asked: "I wonder if you have noticed whether a bottle is missing from any of the rooms you look after in this wing?"

"A bottle, sir? What kind of a bottle?"

"Unfortunately, I do not know. But have you noticed—or would you be likely to notice—if one had gone?"

Gladys said frankly, "I shouldn't from Mrs. Marshall's room, sir, and that's a fact. She has ever so many."

"And the other rooms?"

"Well, I'm not sure about Miss Darnley. She has a good many creams and lotions. But from the other rooms, yes, I would, sir. I mean if I were to look special. If I were noticing, so to speak."

"But you haven't actually noticed?"

"No, because I wasn't looking special, as I say."

"Perhaps you would go and look now, then."

"Certainly, sir."

SHE left the room, her print dress rustling. Wetson looked at Poirot. "What's all this?" he said.

Poirot murmured: "My orderly mind; it is vexed by trifles! Miss Brewster, this morning, was bathing off the rocks before breakfast, and she says that a bottle was thrown from above and nearly hit her. *Eh bien,* I want to know who threw that bottle and why?"

"My dear man, anyone may have chucked a bottle away."

"Not at all. To begin with, it could only have been thrown from a window on the east side of the hotel—that is, one of the windows of the rooms we have just examined. Now I ask you, if you have an empty bottle on your dressing table or in your bathroom what do you do with it? I will tell you, you drop it into the wastepaper basket. You do not take the trouble to go out on your balcony and hurl it into the sea! For one thing you might hit someone, for another it would be too much trouble. No, you would only do that *if you did not want anyone to see that particular bottle.*"

Weston stared at him. "I know," he said, "that Chief Inspector Japp, whom I met over a case not long ago, always says you have a damned tortuous mind. You're not going to tell me now that Arlena Marshall wasn't strangled at all, but poisoned out of some mysterious bottle with a mysterious drug?"

"No, no, I do not think there was poison in that bottle."

"Then what was there?"

"I do not know at all. That's why I am interested."

Gladys Narracott came back. She was a little breathless. "I'm sorry, sir," she said, "but I can't find anything missing. I'm sure there's nothing gone from Captain Marshall's room, or Miss Linda Marshall's room or Mr. and Mrs. Redfern's room, and I'm pretty sure there's nothing gone from Miss Darnley's either. But I couldn't say about Mrs. Marshall's. As I say, she's got such a lot."

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "No matter. We will leave it."

Gladys Narracott said, "Is there anything more, sir?" She looked from one to the other of them.

Weston said: "Don't think so. Thank you."

POIROT said: "I thank you, no. You are sure, are you not, that there is nothing—nothing at all, that you have forgotten to tell us?"

"About Mrs. Marshall, sir?"

"About anything at all. Anything unusual, out of the way, unexplained, slightly peculiar, rather curious—*enfin,* something that has made you say to yourself or to one of your colleagues: 'That's funny!'?"

"Well," Gladys said doubtfully, "not the sort of thing that you would mean, sir."

Hercule Poirot said: "Never mind what I mean. You do not know what I mean. It is true, then, that you have said to yourself or to a colleague today, 'That is funny!'?" He brought out the three words with ironic detachment.

"It was nothing really," Gladys said. "Just a bath being run. And I did pass the remark to Elsie, downstairs, that it was funny somebody having a bath around about twelve o'clock."

"Whose bath, who had a bath?"

"That I couldn't say, sir. We heard it going down the waste from this wing, that's all, and that's when I said what I did to Elsie."

"You're sure it was a bath? Not one of the hand basins?"

"Oh! quite sure, sir. You can't mistake bath water running away."

Poirot, displaying no further desire to keep her, Gladys Narracott was permitted to depart.

Weston said: "You don't think this bath question is important, do you, Poirot? I mean, there's no point to it. No bloodstains or anything like that to wash off. That's the—" he hesitated.

Poirot cut in: "That, you would say, is the advantage of strangulation! No bloodstains, no weapon—nothing to get rid of or conceal! Nothing is needed but physical strength—*and the soul of a killer!*"

His voice was so fierce, so charged with feeling, that Weston recoiled a little.

Hercule Poirot smiled at him apologetically. "No, no," he said, "the bath is probably of no importance. Anyone

"Don't try to high-hat me..."

said the briar to the meerschaum

HALF AND HALF
BRIGHT
TOBACCO

"But you *are* a cheap-looking bit of boxwood," replied the carved meerschaum pipe.

"Mebbe so," said the briar, "but I've lived and you haven't."

"I beg your pardon?" said the meerschaum, and every figure on it raised its eyebrows.

"You've never been smoked," said the briar. "You've never seen the look of solid satisfaction on a man's face as the smoke of fine tobacco rolls back over his tongue."

"Sounds great," said the meerschaum. "Does every tobacco give you this wonderful experience?"

"Not by a bowlful!" said the briar. "In all my years, I've known only *one* tobacco with the aroma and flavor that bring perfect contentment to a man and his pipe. That's Half and Half."

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load it with Half and Half. It's a smoke a man can understand. It's companionship when you're alone. It's a smoke that comforts when you're blue—that calms you down when you're getting edge-y. It's a smoke that never nags. A friendly smoke. A kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth. This fragrant, aromatic tobacco is contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is!

This quaint 1904 meerschaum is from Half and Half's $25,000 collection—a collection of unique pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely aromatic tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented Telescope Tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.

HALF AND HALF

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

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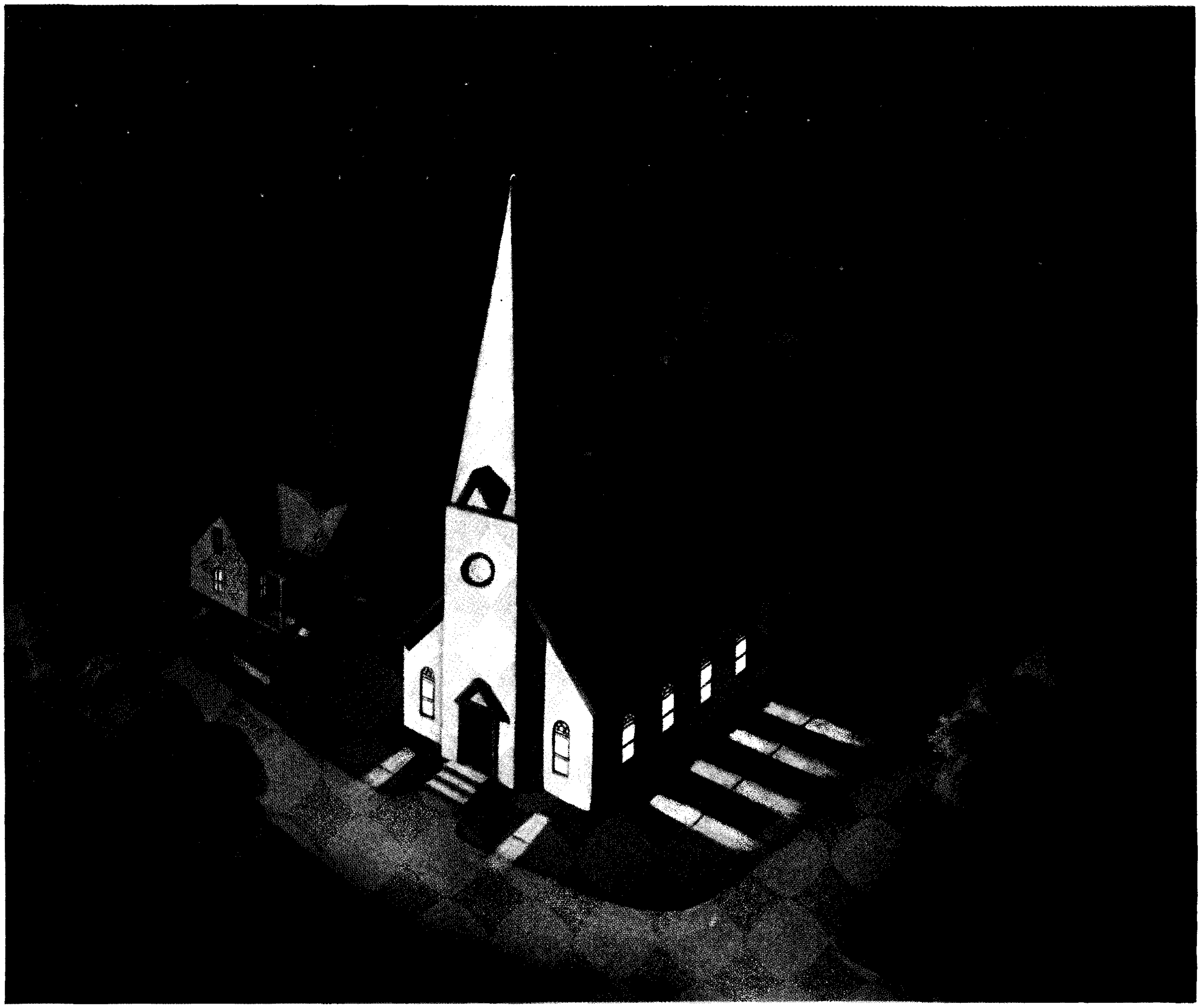

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The Little Church At The Corners

An Old American Institution

Cool and white it stands, where the straggling town lines meet the county road. Above the clustered maples its slender spire reaches toward the blue, a sturdy testament to humble faith. Well-built of honest oak and weathered pine with deep roots in the soil of America. Clean and simple of line, as befits the house of worship.

Not large, still on occasion it can hold a surprising number and much activity, for the church of all the countryside is many things besides. It draws the tide of farm and home life to its door, and serves as newspaper; theatre; in very truth, the meeting house – the seat and center of social life for millions of Americans. A venerable and beloved institution, frequently built by its own members, from their own forests and quarries, it contributes untold riches in good works and character to the national life.

Here free men come to worship in the manner they have chosen—and to meet and greet their kin and neighbors. Here, the ladies, in their best black silks and cashmeres, preside at many a worthy "social"—charity bazaar, strawberry festival or bake sale.

Here, too, are held the great American feasts—the church chicken dinners! Wherein every proud woman strives to outdo with the dish for which she is particularly famous, and the larders and root-houses are fairly looted of the emerald jellies and ruby jams, ruddy ketchup, jade-green relishes, spiced peaches, quince conserve, cucumber slices! Only one place on earth's surface can conjure up such bounty—the American farmland!

To all the past and present generations of mothers and grandmothers who have helped prepare these hundred thousand church suppers, the H. J. Heinz Company acknowledges a very real debt.

From them—the best cooks in the world—we have learned many of our choicest recipes. Many patient, careful, old-time ways of doing things. Many long-ago arts of making simple and wholesome foods taste extra delicious.

This was the traditional wholesome fare to which the American institution of Heinz has devoted its deep respect and infinite care these more than 70 years. It is preserved today in all its simple goodness for the modern American table, by carefully recorded recipes that were family favorites when Heinz began, by the same tantalizingly slow cooking, by the same art of knowing how to do it just right! The way your Grandmother made it when she was trying to create something extra special for the church supper—a long time ago.

57

H. J. Heinz Company

An Old American Institution

may have had a bath. Mrs. Redfern before she went to play tennis, Captain Marshall, Miss Darnley. As I say, anyone. There is nothing in that."

A police constable knocked at the door, and put in his head.

"It's Miss Darnley, sir. She says she'd like to see you again for a minute. There's something she forgot to tell you, she says."

Weston said: "We're coming down—now."

THE first person they saw was Colgate. His face was gloomy.

"Just a minute, sir."

Weston and Poirot followed him into Mrs. Castle's office.

Colgate said: "I've been checking up with Heald on this typewriting business. Not a doubt of it, it couldn't be done under an hour. Longer, if you had to stop and think here and there. That seems to me pretty well to settle it. And look at this letter."

He held it out:

"*My dear Marshall:*

"*Sorry to worry you on your holiday but an entirely unforeseen situation has arisen over the Burley and Tender contracts . . .*"

"Et cetera, et cetera," said Colgate. "Dated the 24th—that's yesterday. Envelope postmarked yesterday evening E.C.1 and Leathercombe Bay this morning. Same typewriter used on envelope and in letter. And by the contents it was clearly impossible for Marshall to prepare his answer beforehand. The figures arise out of the ones in the letter—the whole thing is quite intricate."

"H'm," said Weston gloomily. "That seems to let Marshall out. We'll have to look elsewhere." He added: "I've got to see Miss Darnley again. She's waiting now."

ROSAMUND came in crisply. Her smile held an apologetic nuance. "I'm frightfully sorry," she said. "Probably it isn't worth bothering about. But one does forget things so."

"Yes, Miss Darnley?"

The chief constable indicated a chair. She shook her shapely black head.

"Oh, it isn't worth sitting down. It's simply this. I told you that I spent the morning lying out on Sunny Ledge. That isn't quite accurate. I forgot that once during the morning I went back to the hotel and out again."

"What time was that, Miss Darnley?"

"It must have been about a quarter past eleven."

"*You went back to the hotel, you said?*"

"Yes, I'd forgotten my glare glasses. At first I thought I wouldn't bother and then my eyes got tired and I decided to go in and get them."

"You went straight to your room and out again?"

"Yes. At least, as a matter of fact, I just looked in on Ken—Captain Marshall. I heard his machine going and I thought it was so stupid of him to stay indoors typing on such a lovely day. I thought I'd tell him to come out."

"And what did Captain Marshall say?"

Rosamund smiled rather shamefacedly.

"Well, when I opened the door he was typing so vigorously, and frowning and looking so concentrated that I just went away quietly. I don't think he even saw me come in."

"And that was—at what time, Miss Darnley?"

"Just about twenty past eleven. I noticed the clock in the hall as I went out again."

"And that puts the lid on it finally," said Inspector Colgate. "The chambermaid heard him typing up till five minutes to eleven. Miss Darnley saw him at twenty minutes past, and the woman was dead at a quarter to twelve. He says he spent that hour typing in his room and it seems quite clear that he *was* typing in his room. That washes Captain Marshall right out."

He stopped, then, looking at Poirot with some curiosity, he said: "M. Poirot's looking very serious over something."

"I was wondering," Poirot said thoughtfully, "why Miss Darnley suddenly volunteered this extra evidence."

Inspector Colgate cocked his head alertly. "Think there's something fishy about it? That it isn't just a question of 'forgetting'?"

He considered for a minute or two, then he said slowly:

"Look here, sir, let's look at it this way. Supposing Miss Darnley wasn't on Sunny Ledge this morning as she says. That story's a lie. Now suppose that *after* telling us her story, she finds that somebody saw her somewhere else or alternately that someone went to the ledge and didn't find her there. Then she thinks up this story quick and comes and tells it to us to account for her absence. You'll notice that she was careful to say Captain Marshall didn't *see* her when she looked into his room."

CHINA SKY

Poirot murmured: "Yes, I noticed that."

"Are you suggesting," Weston said incredulously, "that Miss Darnley's mixed up in this? Nonsense, seems absurd to *me. Why should she be?*"

Inspector Colgate coughed. "You'll remember," he said, "what the American lady, Mrs. Gardener, said. She sort of hinted that Miss Darnley was sweet on Captain Marshall. There'd be a motive there, sir."

Weston said impatiently: "Arlena Marshall wasn't killed by a woman. It's a man we've got to look for. We've got to stick to the men in the case."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "Yes, that's true, sir. We always come back to that, don't we?"

Weston went on: "Better put a constable on to timing one or two things. From the hotel across the island to the top of the ladder. Let him do it running and walking. Same thing with the ladder itself. And somebody had better check the time it takes to go on a float from the bathing beach to the cove."

Inspector Colgate nodded. "I'll attend to all that, sir," he said confidently.

The chief constable said: "Think I'll go along to the cove now. See if Phillips has found anything. Then there's that Pixy's Cave we've been hearing about. Ought to see if there are any traces of a man waiting in there. Eh, Poirot? What do you think?"

"By all means. It is a possibility."

Weston said: "If somebody from outside had nipped over to the island that would be a good hiding place—if he knew about it. I suppose the locals know?"

"Don't believe the younger generation would," Colgate said. "You see, ever since this hotel was started the coves have been private property. Fishermen don't go there, or picnic parties. And the hotel people aren't local. Mrs. Castle's a Londoner."

Weston said, "We might take Redfern with us. He told us about it. What about you, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot hesitated. He said, his foreign intonation very pronounced: "No, I am like Miss Brewster and Mrs. Redfern, I do not like to descend perpendicular ladders."

"You can go around by boat," Weston said.

Again Hercule Poirot sighed. "My stomach, it is not happy on the sea."

"Nonsense, man, it's a beautiful day. Calm as a millpond. You can't let us down, you know."

Hercule Poirot hardly looked like responding to this British adjuration. But at that moment, Mrs. Castle poked her ladylike face and elaborate coiffure around the door.

"Ay'm sure ay hope ay am not intruding," she said. "But Mr. Lane, the clergyman, you know, has just returned. Ay thought you might like to know."

"Ah, yes, thanks, Mrs. Castle. We'll *see him right away. Ask him to come here.*"

STEPHEN LANE strode into the room with his usual vigor.

Weston said, "I'm the chief constable of the county, Mr. Lane. I suppose you've been told what has occurred here?"

"Yes,—oh, yes—I heard as soon as I got here. Terrible . . . terrible. . . ." His thin frame quivered. He said in a low voice: "*All along*—ever since I arrived here—I have been conscious—very conscious—of the forces of evil close at hand."

His eyes, burning, eager eyes, went to Hercule Poirot. "You remember, M. Poirot?" he said. "Our conversation some days ago? About the reality of evil?"

Weston was studying the tall, gaunt figure in some perplexity. He found it difficult to make this man out. Lane's eyes came back to him. The clergyman said, with a slight smile:

"I dare say that seems fantastic to you, sir. We have left off believing in evil in these days. We have abolished hell-fire! We no longer believe in the devil! But Satan and Satan's emissaries were never more powerful than they are today!"

"Er—er—yes, perhaps," Weston said. "That, Mr. Lane, is your province. Mine is more prosaic—to clear up a case of murder."

Stephen Lane said: "An awful word. Murder! One of the earliest sins known on earth—the ruthless shedding of an innocent brother's blood. . . ." He paused, his eyes half closed. Then, in a more ordinary voice he said, "In what way can I help you?"

"First of all, Mr. Lane, will you tell me your own movements today?"

"Willingly. I started off early on one of my usual tramps. I am fond of walking. I have roamed over a good deal of the countryside around here. Today I went to St. Petrock-in-the-Combe. That is about seven miles from here—a very pleasant walk along winding lanes, up and down the Devon hills and valleys. I took some lunch with me and ate it in a spinney. I visited the church—it has some fragments of early glass—also a very interesting painted screen."

"Thank you, Mr. Lane. Did you meet anyone on your walk?"

"Not to speak to. A cart passed me once and a couple of boys on bicycles and some cows. However," he smiled, "if you want proof of my statement I wrote my name in the book at the church. You will find it there."

"You did not see anyone at the church itself—the vicar, or the verger?"

Stephen Lane shook his head. "No, there was no one about and I was the only visitor."

Colonel Weston said pleasantly, "You mustn't think we're—er—doubting what you say. Just a matter of checking up on everybody. Just routine, you know, routine. Have to stick to routine in cases of this kind."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," Stephen Lane said gently.

WESTON went on: "Now the next point: Is there anything you know that would assist us at all? Anything about the dead woman? Anything that could give us a pointer as to who murdered her? Anything you heard or saw?"

"I heard nothing," Stephen Lane said. "All I can tell you is this: that I knew instinctively as soon as I saw her that Arlena Marshall was a focus of evil. She *was* evil! Evil personified! Woman can be man's help and inspiration in life—she can also be man's downfall. She can drag a man down to the level of the beast. The dead woman was just such a woman. She appealed to everything base in a man's nature. She *was a woman such as Jezebel and Aholibah.* Now—she has been struck down in the middle of her wickedness!"

Hercule Poirot stirred. He said, "Not struck down—*strangled!* Strangled, Mr. Lane, by a pair of human hands."

The clergyman's own hands trembled. The fingers writhed and twitched. He said, and his voice came low and choked: "That's horrible—horrible! Must you put it like that?"

"It is the simple truth," Hercule Poirot said. "Have you any idea, Mr. Lane, whose hands those were?"

The other shook his head. "I know nothing—nothing. . . ."

Weston got up. He said, after a glance at Colgate to which the latter replied by an almost imperceptible nod, "Well, we must go on to the cove."

"Is that where—it happened?" Lane said.

Weston nodded.

Lane said: "Can—can I come with you?"

About to return a curt negative, Weston was forestalled by Poirot.

"But, certainly," said Poirot. "Accompany me there in a boat, Mr. Lane. We start immediately."

(To be continued next week)

Quick Relief for
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When the icy wind cuts through you, does it lay you up with painful, grinding **"cold-weather joints"**? Absorbine Jr. quickly eases those aching joints—brings speedy, joyful relief from such winter torture!

Normally, little blood vessels feed lubricating fluid into the joints. Extreme cold constricts blood vessels. Slows up the supply of fluid. Makes **joints "grind"** and ache. Hinders your movements and work!

Rub on **Absorbine Jr.!** Feel the **warmth** spread, as it speeds up the blood flow—helps nature quickly counteract the effects of cold. Soon your **joints "glow"** with **relief!** You'll feel like singing! At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201A Lyman St., Springfield, Mass., for free sample.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

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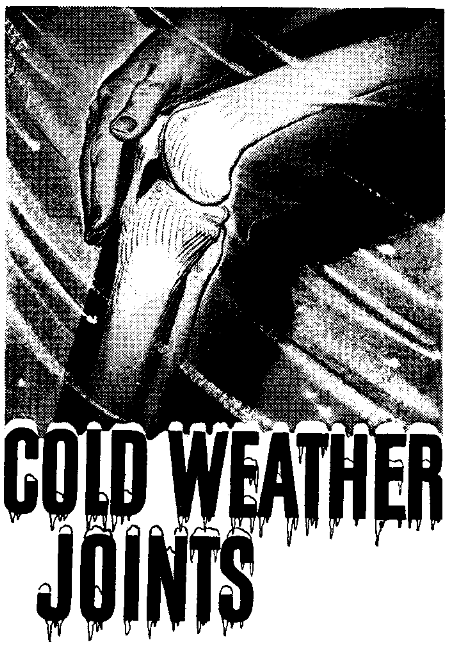

No Empty Pocketbook!

WHEN the after-holiday bills come rolling in it takes thought to figure where the money is coming from. Write for our free booklet, *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents,"* for girls and women. It will help you get started making money, too!

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

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The Starting Handle

Continued from page 12

The starting handle, a long and spidery affair, was under the back seat, and, with some difficulty, Alan succeeded in cranking up the engine. Neglecting to remove the starting handle, he hopped into the driving seat and, with his left arm embracing Molly, drove away into the gathering night.

At the foot of a long, steep hill, where a brook was spanned by a small bridge, Alan turned the car onto a grassy sward and pulled up behind a clump of willows. The better to conceal it from observation, he covered the hood with a double armful of brush. Then, joining hands, the lovers tiptoed into the silence of the woods. Not very long after their vanishment, there came down the road one Edward Vicary, by profession a hedger and ditcher, and, by recent enrollment, a Local Defense Volunteer.

As a hedger and ditcher, Mr. Vicary's attention was held by what flanked the road rather than by the road itself. It is not therefore surprising that he should have halted and scratched his head in perplexity at the unusual phenomenon of a quantity of brush growing upside down. Cautiously approaching, he discovered where Alan's car had been hidden. He peeped through the window and saw that it was empty. He tried the door and found that it was locked. He went around the front and, by the light of a match, found that the car was an Opel.

EDWARD VICARY was not a widely informed man, or he would have known that the possession of an Opel did not necessarily mean that its owner was a German, a fifth columnist, nor sympathetic to the Nazi cause. What he did know was that it was a car of German origin, and that the suspicious nature of its concealment pointed to the owner being up to no good. There had been rumors in the neighborhood of mysterious lights flashed at night on hills and in woodlands, for the purpose of directing the course of hostile aircraft, and he had no doubt that the owner of this car, assuming that it had not been dropped from the clouds a few minutes previously, was the author of these outrages.

It was a situation that called for immediate action, and the first to suggest itself was to immobilize the car by slashing the tires. But before putting the idea into operation, he felt that he should have the support of higher authority.

Less that a quarter mile away was a chicken farm where abode two spinster ladies, named Fishpingle, who enjoyed the amenity of a telephone. Thither he went with haste, his arrival synchronizing with the ladies' retirement to rest. He knocked lustily, then, stepping back from the front porch, shouted: "Is anyone about?"

The head of the younger Miss Fishpingle appeared, and with some confusion of ideas, she remarked: "What do you want? Go away."

"I got to use your telephone. There's Germans about," Edward shouted.

From the bed, the elder Miss Fishpingle asked what was being said, and the younger complacently replied: "There are Germans about."

"Well, fancy!" said the elder. "Let's go downstairs and make a cup of tea."

Confronted with the telephone, Edward Vicary showed a weakening of purpose. "I never could get familiar with these things," he said, "so p'r'aps one of you ladies would kindly speak for me."

Mr. Hughes was wondering what the deuce had become of Molly when the telephone rang.

"Hullo? Who is it?" he shouted, and listened attentively while Miss Fishpingle relayed Edward Vicary's statement. "I'll come at once, and tell the man to stand by the car until I arrive. No, tell him nothing of the kind; there may be more than one of the devils. Tell him to strike across the fields and wait for me at the top of the hill."

Looking down from the first-floor landing, Mrs. Hughes beheld her husband slinging a shotgun across his shoulders.

"What is it?" she called.

"Germans," he replied, and rushed from the house.

A moment later she heard the roar of his motorcycle, and said to herself, "So they *have* landed," but was sure that George would be more than a match for them.

FREEING herself from Alan's embraces, and rising from a bank of fern on which they had been reclining, Molly said: "I must fly, darling. There'll be an awful hickaboo if I'm not in by twelve."

Alan said: "But it's understood, isn't it, that you'll marry me the very instant you come of age?"

"It may not be the *very* instant, darling, but it'll be as near the instant as possible."

They kissed again and sorrowfully returned to the car, where a greater sorrow awaited them, for the starting handle was gone.

Even the sweetest feminine nature is apt at such a time to turn sour, and Molly is not greatly to be blamed for resorting to her father's definition of Alan and calling him a fool. His cheerful assurance that feet were invented before motorcars did not help.

"The thing to do is to steer a course nor'-nor'-west, across country, and hit the road a mile outside the town. With any luck we might pick up a lift and you'd be in before one o'clock."

"Yes," said Molly, "and I'll be out before two o'clock if Daddy learns that I've been with you."

"Take it from me, sweetheart, he never will."

On that understanding they took to the fields.

WITH recklessness born of national emergency, Mr. Hughes steamed along the road on his motorcycle. He was too well known for his identity card to be demanded at the barricade and, steering perilously through the staggered ranks of tar barrels, he turned into the lane and proceeded rapidly downhill. The modest light afforded by a shaded head lamp failed to disclose a metal object lying in the road. The object, which looked like half a swastika, lay across a stone with one end slightly raised. This end, struck by the front wheel of the machine, transformed the object into a tip-cat, flinging it upward and jamming it into the rear sprocket of the driving chain.

Edward Vicary, approaching, witnessed the horrifying spectacle of Mr. Hughes leaving the saddle and describing a parabola through the air as though suddenly endowed with wings. He made a three-point landing on chin and knees clear off the road and, rolling over and over, came to rest breathless, and with a sprained wrist and ankle, at the bottom of the ditch. That he still lived was proved by a string of choice oaths which decency forbids should be recorded.

"Blimey, master," said Vicary, "that were a middlin' bravish scummer."

Then, stepping into the road toward the wreckage of the motorcycle, he extracted and exhibited a bent starting handle.

"Whoever left it there," said Mr. Hughes, moaning over and nursing his injuries, "ought to be shot as a traitor." He tried to rise, but failed. "I'm out of it, get on to the telephone. Notify the police. Get a car. Get an ambulance Get out of my sight."

THE elder Miss Fishpingle was saying to the younger, "Even if there are Germans about we may as well have all the sleep we can get, and, as we are only allowed two ounces of tea a week, it would be criminal to make another pot," when the familiar voice of Edward Vicary once more hailed them from the night. This time both ladies went to the window.

"Yes, what is it now?"

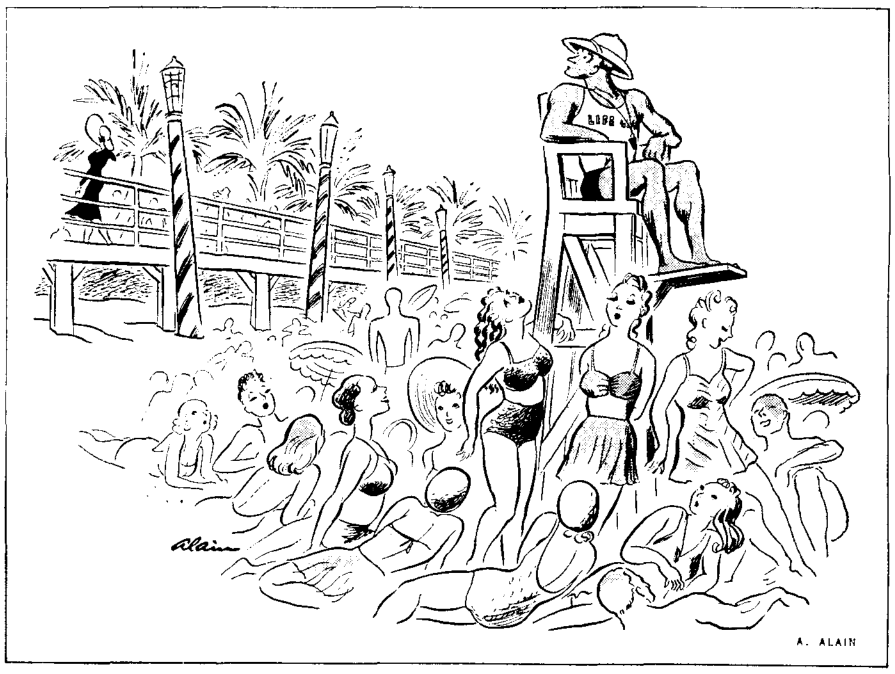
"T'master's out of it. He'm all broke up like an old box. I reckon nothin' short of a ambulance would serve 'im to reach the 'ospital alive."

The younger Miss Fishpingle said: "Gracious! Who did it? Germans?"

"No, t'were an old startin' handle."

The elder Miss Fishpingle said: "I wouldn't try to understand if I were you, but if somebody *is* hurt we'd better get out the van."

So they put on their clothes and went



To a young man about to buy his first car—

NOW YOU ARE DECIDING. In a few days you will buy. You do not want our advice, nor do we want to give you any. This is *your* adventure. And that is as it should be.

But some things we can tell you now that are more than mere advice. They are things that have held good since we made the first Ford car 38 years ago.

The first one is to *buy* your car, and not just let someone *sell* you one. Look deep as you go, and look in your own time. Don't let anyone press or hurry you. Don't be afraid to ask questions. It is *your* money that you will spend. And the car that you will choose is to be *your* companion.

Look under the hood. That has always been a good idea. And look *behind* the prices you are given so that you *know* what they include. Take a long and testing try-out run before you settle on any car.

Talk to owners of the makes you consider, and learn from their experience. Include owners of this year's cars, for things move fast in the world of motor cars, and yesterday can be a long, long time ago.

And try a Ford. We've designed and built it to serve you well and serve you long.

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies were lengthened and widened this year, adding as much as 7" to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

SMOOTH 8-CYLINDER POWER. An advantage still unmatched in its price field. With records for gas and oil economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows so increased all around that nearly four square feet of added glass goes into each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

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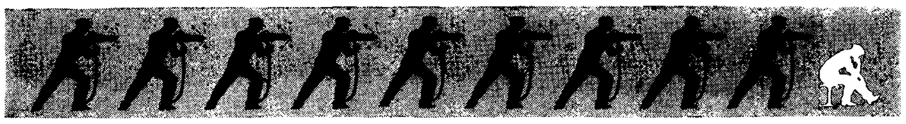
Test Knox Gelatine to fight Tiredness!

Can Knox Gelatine fight fatigue for men and women in jobs where business problems and quick decisions strain the nerves? 223 mental workers recently volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days. 140 of them completed the test. Read the impressive results!

124 out of 140 reported benefits! Of the 140, which included salesmanagers, secretaries, cashiers, teachers, nurses, who completed the Knox 28-day test, 124 reported tiredness was definitely reduced.



Manual workers also said, "Less tired"! 208 men and women in exhausting manual jobs agreed to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days. Included were painters, steel workers, bus drivers, farmers, many others. 145 completed the test. Of these, 137 said they were definitely *less tired!*

It all ads up to this: In 26 occupational groups, 2 out of 3 who began, and 9 out of 10 who completed the 28-day Knox test reported tiredness reduced! Most of those who said they were "less tired," noticed results at the end of 2 weeks. Whether your job is on the framework of a steel skyscraper or in an office inside it, don't these figures suggest Knox Gelatine may help give you more endurance? Try drinking Knox for at least 2 weeks.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine into ¾ glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is *all* body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅞ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

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telling how *you* may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.

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CONTAINS 4 ENVELOPES of gelatine — each envelope enough for six servings
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NET WEIGHT ONE OUNCE

KNOX Gelatine
A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

to an outbuilding where the van used for taking eggs to the railway station (they had two hundred Cochin Chinas, forty-seven Wyandottes and a hundred and three Rhode Island Reds) stood immobilized in the event of capture by the enemy.

While one Miss Fishpingle replaced the distributor, the second fumbled along a beam for the switch key, knocked it off and spent several minutes searching for it in a litter of straw and sawdust on the uneven floor.

THE last quarter mile of the lovers' journey up a hill of one in eight, and across wet plowland dedicated to roots, tried Molly's patience to the breaking point. But for the physical weakness which had compelled her to accept the support of Alan's arm, it is doubtful whether any contact would have been made between them. Rain was falling when they reached the highroad at a point a great deal farther from the town than Alan had predicted.

"You really *are!*" said Molly, who was not dressed either for a tempest or a hike. "I'm beginning to wish I'd never come."

Then, like a star gleaming through a black, hopeless night, she saw the twinkling head lamp of an approaching car.

"Courage, duckie, the rescue party is at hand," said Alan, stepped boldly into the middle of the road, flashed his torch and brought the Fishpingle van to a standstill.

The elder Miss Fishpingle, who was at the wheel, transferred her grasp to a billet of wood and, holding it in a convenient position to strike, sweetly bade the young man approach and be recognized. Meanwhile, her sister had armed herself with the fire extinguisher and was ready to quench him should occasion demand.

It was fortunate for Alan that his features were revealed by the light of the headlamp and the need for handing it out to him where the chicken got the ax no longer existed.

"Well, if it isn't you!" exclaimed Miss Fishpingle. "And we were sure you were a German."

Alan saluted gallantly.

"I wonder if you'd give myself and a young lady a lift to Tidmarsh? She's a V.A.D. and her presence is urgently required."

"It is indeed," said Miss Fishpingle, "for there has been an accident and the unfortunate victim is in the back of the van."

"That," said Alan, "is absolutely terrific, and we'll throw in a few quick ministrations en route."

He hoisted Molly over the tailboard and lightly leaped in beside her, landing by ill chance on Mr. Hughes' sprained ankle.

"Hell and haddocks' eyes!" cried Mr. Hughes, lashing out abortively with the starting handle, which he had brought with him as an instrument of vengeance.

From Molly came a horrified: "Goodness! It's Daddy!"

While Alan, paralyzed by the news and the wind created by the starting handle, was frozen to silence.

HEAVEN knows what would have happened had not the voice of Edward Vicary announced from a corner of the van that the master, while on duty, had taken "a bravish scummer off his motorbike." This announcement synchronized with an urgent demand from Mr. Hughes to know what the blazes Molly was doing at that time of night with a young man whose society was forbidden. Then it was that Alan proved that M.I.5 had not engaged his services in vain.

"Looking for you, of course, sir, what else?" he declared. "Mrs. Hughes told us you were in danger."

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Hughes, which, for him, was moderate, but it must be remembered that he was broken and reduced.

"Believe it or not," Alan continued, "but that's our story and we're sticking to it. What's more, you can ask Mrs. Hughes whether we're speaking the truth, can't he, Molly?"

Molly supposed he could, but secretly hoped he wouldn't.

"If she says you are," said Mr. Hughes, "there'll be three liars instead of two."

At which Alan became almost sublime.

"I resist," he said, "criticizing a man for bringing such an allegation against a wife who has put up with his ill-humor for I don't know how many years. Actually, how many years have you been married? Not that it matters, for more urgent things are at stake. Now, let's have the facts. You left the house when? And why? You proceeded where? And what happened to you? I ask, because in your present condition, it's obvious that the duty you set out to perform was never accomplished."

Mr. Hughes was dumfounded and Alan, taking the war into enemy territory, swiftly threw in his reserves.

"Speaking professionally, and I suppose you've noticed that I hold His Majesty's commission—wait a minute," he produced the torch and flashed it on his shoulder insignia. "See that? You do? Good. Well, as I was saying, your failure to carry it out, whatever it may have been, is liable to have most serious consequences. So now open up, divulge, and quick about it."

Mr. Hughes said: "If I was in full possession of my faculties I'd box your ears—both of them."

"If you did," said Alan, "I should be compelled to put you under close arrest, a thing I'm reluctant to do to a prospective father-in-law."

Mr. Hughes said: "You'll marry Molly over my dead body."

"Thanks for the promise," said Alan. "Now, on with the tale."

THAT he had contrived in so short a time to assume so much authority filled Molly with admiration and Mr. Hughes with dismay. In the circumstances, he had no choice but to make a statement.

During its narration, Molly clutched Alan's arm with increasing anxiety, but even when the fact was revealed that it was their car which had brought Mr. Hughes forth into the night, and their starting handle which had laid him low, Alan's *sang-froid* never deserted him.

"Am I to understand," he demanded, "that you took this action without previously notifying the police?"

"There was no time," said Mr. Hughes, "but I gave Vicary instructions to do so."

"Which I never," Edward admitted, guiltily.

"Scandalous," said Alan through his teeth. "But fortunately the chief constable is a pal of mine and I'll do my best to get him to overlook it. Give me that starting handle. From now on I'm in charge of this affair and I'm commandeering this van for the purpose."

"Not until it's taken me home," moaned Mr. Hughes, who was aching in every limb.

"It isn't taking you home, it's taking you to the hospital. Molly will see you in, fix you up with a Thompson splint, then pop along and tell her mother everything she ought to know." He supplemented this remark with suggestive elbow work against Molly's nearest reception area, then raising his voice, so that Miss Fishpingle could hear, cried: "To the hospital and step on it."

The power to command achieves miracles, and Mr. Hughes was feeling too low to prolong his resistance. In the voice of a defeated man, he said: "Do what you darn' well like, but shut up about it."

Alan did not enter the hospital, but allowed Molly, Edward Vicary and the night porter to convey Mr. Hughes to a place of rest.

A few minutes later Molly reappeared and, in the shelter afforded by the back of the van, kissed Alan passionately and reverently.

"Now I really do see how wonderful you are," she said, than which no prospective husband could ask fairer. They kissed again, and she flitted off to rehearse her mother in what presently must be said, while the Miss Fishpingles took Alan to the local police station, where a Sergeant Roberts—who, during Alan's unregenerate boyhood, had pursued him remorselessly in the course of various escapades—was on duty.

"Well, blow me tight!" he said with affection. "And all dressed up as an officer! What's the trouble now, Master Alan?"

ALAN explained and the sergeant, who had no liking for Mr. Hughes, went into fits of laughter.

"That'll be all right," he promised, "and I'll see that he never finds out who the car belonged to. The only way to deal with these 'ere bossy chaps is to get a strangle 'old on 'em and keep it there."

"I mean to," said Alan, and rejoined the two Miss Fishpingles on the front seat of the van.

After driving some while in silence, the elder said: "I suppose the truth is that the car was yours, and that you and that nice chubby girl were—isn't the word petting?"

"The word *is* petting," Alan acknowledged, "and that *is* the truth, but mum's the word, darling."

"Every time," said Miss Fishpingle, who was quick to pick up the argot of modern young things on those rare and pleasant occasions when she found herself in their company.

Alan patted her hand.

"You're a sport. I was afraid you might be shocked."

She shook her head.

"Persons who run chicken farms are seldom shocked. All the same, I don't quite see how you're going to explain the presence of that car to Mr. Hughes' satisfaction. Patriotic men are so hard to convince."

"I shall tell him the truth," said Alan, "nearly the whole truth, and nothing but that part of the truth that won't give the show away."

This project he carried out the next morning, speaking sternly from the foot of Mr. Hughes' bed in the accident ward.

"One of the gravest errors an investigator can make is to form conclusions on purely circumstantial evidence; it's liable to make him the laughingstock of the town."

"Anybody who laughs at me will very soon laugh on the other side of his face," said Mr. Hughes.

"Ah, but will they?" Alan replied, with point. "Will they? A nice fool you'd look if it went around the neighborhood that you'd dashed off into the night shouting 'Germans!' when all that had really happened was that a couple of young lovers had slipped into the woods for a bit of necking."

Mr. Hughes' jaw dropped.

"Are you telling me . . . ?"

"Yes, I *am* telling you, and I turned up just in time to restore the missing starting handle where it would do most good."

Mr. Hughes paled.

"Oh, dear! I'd be sorry if a story like that got into circulation."

"And I'd be sorry too, but blest if I know how it's to be prevented."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"That it's one of those conflicts between love and duty. Of course, if I were to marry Molly I wouldn't want everybody saying my father-in-law was a bit of an ass. On the other hand, if anything prevented me marrying Molly, I wouldn't give a hoot what they said, one way or the other."

MR. HUGHES communed with himself in silence, then said:

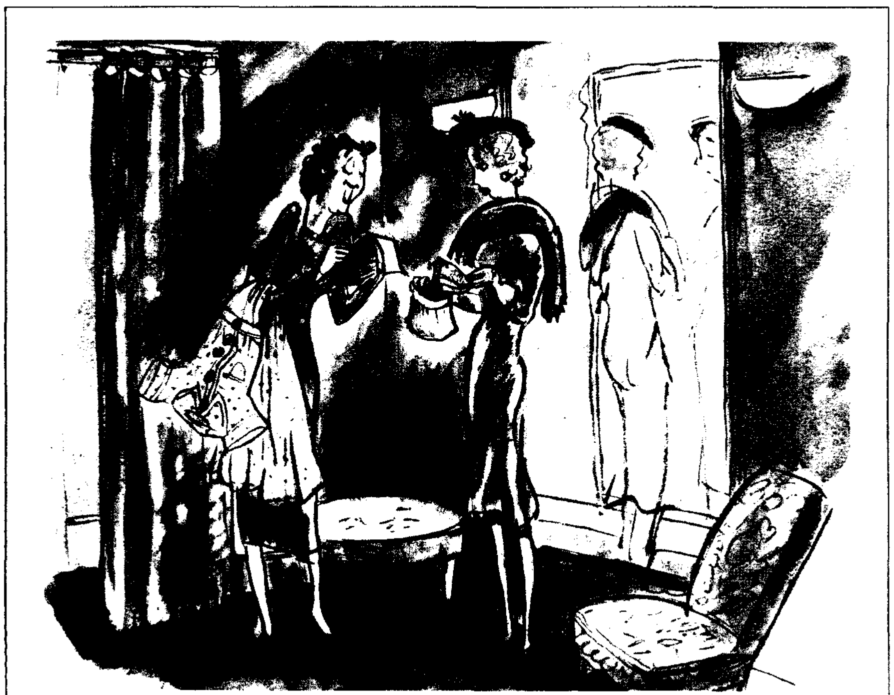
"A wise man should never be ashamed to admit when he's in the wrong. I was highly impressed with your conduct last night. Highly impressed. And I see no reason why you shouldn't go far."

Alan clapped a hand to his brow, reeled and gripped the iron rail at the foot of the bed.

"Why, my boy, whatever's the matter?"

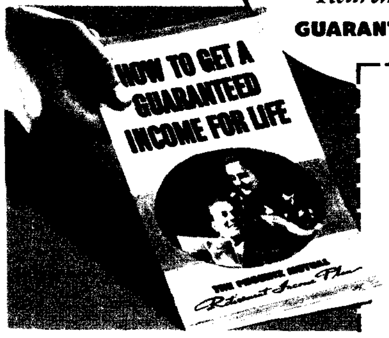
"Amnesia," was the reply. "Loss of memory. Last night, you said? But I've forgotten everything about it, it's all a blank. Where am I?"

"In the accident ward of Tidmarsh Hospital," said Mr. Hughes, dryly. "But you ought to be in a lunatic asylum."



"Oh, you're paying for it now? That's funny, I always had an idea you were married"

BARBARA SHERMUND



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Taps for the New Deal

Continued from page 17

We were lucky enough to get stalled in a traffic jam of Washington economists and, oddly enough, understood quite a little of what was said. The meeting was about equally divided into three groups—one being strictly of the lotus-eater school; the second, graph draftsmen; and the third, tax assessors.

The lotus-eaters didn't contribute much of the talk further than to ask at intervals, "What, after all, does one want of life?" The gentlemen with graphs were much more convincing. As the national income rose (via the dynamite mills and the steel foundries) so would the government's borrowing capacity. As borrowing capacity achieved new ceilings so could appropriations. And as appropriations ascended, old agencies of the New Deal could be financed and new ones created. They readily agreed that no one worth listening to had any hope of paying this rearmament out of income and that to pass it on to future generations was but meet and right inasmuch as future generations would be the beneficiaries of the freedom insurance thus purchased. After all, said the lotus-eaters at this point, "What, after all, does one want of life?"

The third group merely flung their lips and wrinkled their noses, toyed with Phi Beta Kappa keys and talked about new taxation schedules. If what they predicted comes to pass you'll be working for the government from now on.

After the federal government has taken its cut of your income it will probably have to take your family too. As for state income taxes—well, they can't do any more than send you to jail. What, after all, do you want of life? We don't know, of course, how much these tax writers knew about the plans of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Morgenthau and the other authors of the new tax bill that Congress will be asked to adopt, but they offered the comforting thought that the bill that will be introduced into the new Congress will be a mere temperance leaflet compared to what you'll have to pay if we're actually wangled into war.

Hopes that Died Hard

Confusing as the experience was, we did not lose sight of our objective as we listened. Out of it we gathered afresh the conviction that the New Deal had run smack into a high, windowless, doorless brick wall at the end of a dead-end street. What might have become of it in the next four years had not Mr. Hitler given us something else to think about is brisk mental exercise, although a trifle on the time-wasting side. What it might have aspired to in loving hands can be guessed at only when you have some conception of the dreams of its hand-wringing prophets.

Such plans are now but gleams in the paternal eye. But we know that efforts were to be made to extend the lavender revolution into the public-school system. Federal schools were to be established, beginning at kindergartens and ending in colleges. Details did not get to the concrete stage but the rough idea is still alive. Preschool and elementary-school classes in the liberal manner would grade children according to their leanings and aptitudes. Mass methods of education along the old conventional lines would be abandoned and the individual pupil observed and catalogued for distribution into vocational or academic schools according to their capacities and susceptibilities. History and political-science textbooks would be rewritten, the bunk eliminated and the truth told.

A Department of Education with its head in the President's Cabinet would be asked for and into this new executive branch would be given the National Youth Administration, the CCC and all other governmental youth agencies. Its advocates vigorously deny that it would incorporate ideological propaganda activities. In spirit, at least, it has the sanction and approval of many modern educators. But it was sure to be opposed by state departments of education and local school boards, to say nothing of parochial-school authorities and sectarian educators.

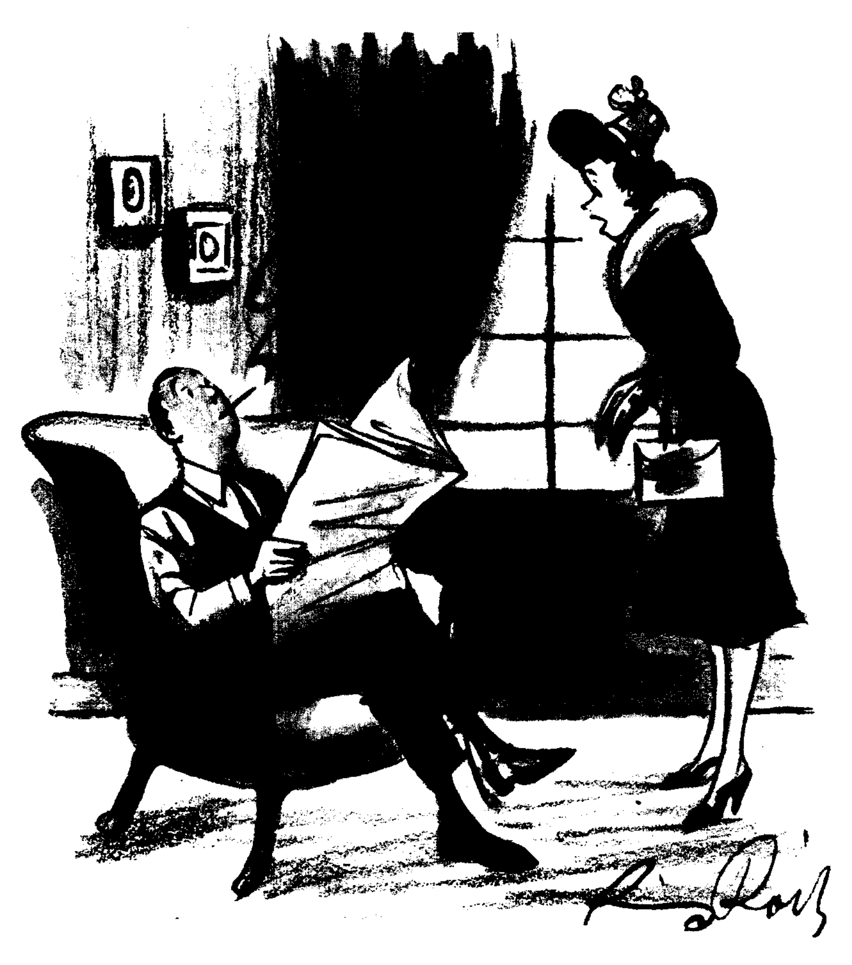
The seeds of the plan have already been lightly sown by the National Youth Administration, according to The American Association of School Administrators, a department of the National Education Association. However, they seem to have run into an early frost. Citing the President's request for an additional $40,000,000 for the NYA, the school administrators have broadcast letters warning their membership that "the NYA is frankly and openly embarking on a training program. This means that the federal government is committing itself to a federal system of federally controlled technical education without regard to state and local educational authorities."

However, we may as well regard this extension of the New Deal as one of the activities that will die in the ground—for the present anyway. Mr. Roosevelt has already too much to worry about. The government's old resettlement activities were to be revived, revised, enlarged and made more alluring by a bonus and maintenance policy. Where the New Deal encountered many difficulties in lifting poverty-stricken peoples out of the scenes of their failures into more productive surroundings, it would now make it financially worth while for the clients to co-operate and to pay them so much monthly until, under gentle tutoring and urging, they became self-sustaining. The new idea would not limit the payments to a specified period. If in the administrator's opinion the resettled family showed signs of being permanently unable to support itself, the subsidies might continue indefinitely. But this, too, seems doomed to cold storage.

Labor and Aliens

Before it became pretty certain that the Wagner Act would be amended, before it became apparent that the National Labor Relations Board was to be renovated in the interests of nonpartisanship, there was much talk of giving the latter much more arbitrary power. Its rulings, were the interested New Dealers to have their way, would be nonreviewable by any court. A few of the more vigorous of these forward-looking men and women were advocating government confiscation of industries that resisted the board's mandate. But what with one thing and another, including the war, nothing will come of this.

From a New Deal cranny we were unable to identify, although having an abiding suspicion, was to come an Alien Administration that would make the administration of our current immigration and naturalization laws even more laboriously whimsical. Naturally we don't know what Congress would do about this and other New Deal extensions, but that doesn't matter. We're merely setting down a few of the ambitions that were germinating when rearmament moved in to eat us out of



"Mrs. Blake got a new fur coat. That's just going to raise hob with our budget"

IRVING ROIR

house and home. This Alien Administration or whatever it might have been called would be a legal shelter for aliens who managed to seep illegally into the country and whom the current law says must be deported forthwith or even sent to jail. Further, it would make life more comfortable for aliens who are now being badgered by fingerprint regulations and who may eventually be barred by law from employment unless they manifest more interest in becoming naturalized citizens.

Quite a number of these inspirations and aspirations of the more persistent do-good New Dealers were not going to have the blessing of Mr. Roosevelt. The parties assuring us of this advised us that we should know "some of the things suggested to the President during the past eight years and turned down." However, they refused to be specific. Maybe Mr. Roosevelt will write a book about them some day. Or turn the job over to Mr. Ickes.

Department of Propaganda?

One of the ideas that may be translated into law, even if we come no nearer to actual participation in the war than we are now, is a Federal Press Bureau. Such a suspicious agency would not, we're assured, resemble little Dr. Goebbels' racket, but under tough supervision it might be quite a help toward peacetime news censorship and regulation. As far as we know, it has got no farther than the mull-over stage. Whether it would be no more than a clearinghouse for all such news and data as government agencies and departments chose to release, we don't know. But the idea seems to be one of the extremely few New Deal visions floating homelessly around Washington just now that isn't regarded by the United States Army as plain foolishness. The Army, ever struggling to be practical and where men are men and not case histories, has never sobbed its great heart out in chorus with true New Dealers. And the latter have never regarded the Army as a fine humanitarian project.

On the theory of "If you can't beat 'em join 'em," a number of the New Deal's stranded social workers in the WPA, the National Youth Administration and so on are looking toward the military-training camps with damp eyes. As we got it, several of these ladies and gentlemen have appealed to the White House hoping that the social work in those soldier factories be made an independent government function and turned over to them. Such moral guardianship and direction would not be confined to the training camps, either. It would operate in munitions-manufacturing centers, old and new. Its eyes would be alert for the encroachments of the immorality which, legend has it, is ever the danger of congested industrial towns and always the menace of industrial boom towns. With superior intelligence too, workers would be cautioned against squandering their new high wages on champagne, silk shirts and other lovely rubbish. And, commendably enough, the virtues of thrift and rainy-day provision would be taught. If you don't think there are going to be such days, wait until this war's over and we've finished this rearmament drive.

But always these petitioners have been referred to the Rearmament Commission and the War Department. The result is always the same. The projecteers have emerged shortly and on the verge of a dead run, their faces red.

We don't know how many more New Deal extensions were smothered by the war and American rearmament but we suspect that there were quite a roomful. And there would have been more had not scores of the pure-wool minds that yearned to reorder our lives in the New Deal's adolescence been dropped from the Roosevelt rolls. But you get the idea of those that remain.

Mr. Roosevelt is about to rededicate himself. Twenty-two million people who hoped it would be Mr. Willkie this time will listen, shrug their shoulders and bid you wait and see. Twenty-seven million who voted for Mr. Roosevelt will listen with mingled feelings. Some of them voted for him because they were afraid to trust the management of our foreign affairs to an amateur. Some voted for him because they were afraid of reaction. Some voted for him because they wanted the New Deal to drive on to new social heights. And some merely because of the material benefits the New Deal had showered down upon them.

There will be large numbers of the last two classes who'll be wishing they had known on November the fifth what they're now about to learn.

Wing Talk

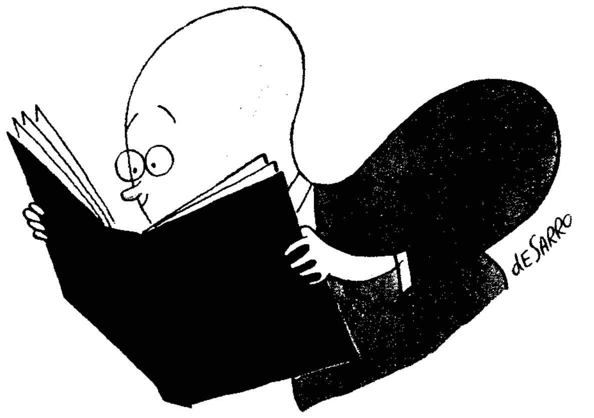
Continued from page 6

Army, Navy and Marine Corps air expansion should be cut into to do so, we ought, in addition, to develop and organize hundreds of inland waterports in these dangerous times when every angle of natural defense must be exploited toward ultimate and unassailable security. Flying boat numerical strength should be increased. A reserve of floats and skis for at least half our Air Corps combat force would be money in the bank. German fliers in Norway used frozen lakes. In Alaska, where the United States is spending defense millions, commercial planes must use skis much of the year; pursuits and bombers likewise. Skis and floats can be quickly substituted for wheels. They detract 10 to 20 per cent from the speed of a landplane; but that is better than being grounded or debased in a slam-bang pinch. A further use of big lakes is suggested by German practice on their Baltic and North Sea coasts of sinking gasoline and oil tanks deeply offshore—difficult to spot, more difficult to wreck.

Huge fleets of flying boats, or adapted land transports, could be held in reserve on strategic lakes, ready to shift whole armies from coast to coast overnight. Stripped planes in types now available can load 100 men each. Fifteen such planes could shift a regiment of parachute or conventional troops from Washington State to Washington, D. C., or from Chicago to New Orleans—put them down at threatened points on a dusk-to-dawn schedule. One hundred and fifty such planes—costing no more than a single Navy cruiser, $30,000,000, could transfer a whole division and all but its heaviest equipment.

Total war has a corollary—total defense. To prepare for anything less is not smart. Moreover, hundreds of thousands of private fliers are expected in the next decade as a result of the Civil Aeronautics Training Program, Army and Navy schools, and general stimulation of the war. An inland waterport system must be added to landports if pleasure fliers are to have advantages matching those provided for motorists by our highways.

And don't forget your water wings!—
W. B. C.



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This ’burger Business

Continued from page 22

The boom in ’burger sales cleaned the larder. Mr. Sternberger laid in a larger supply of steer meat, process cheese and buns. Business grew by leaps. Customers flocked from all over the Los Angeles area to try the cheeseburgers. Time after time he enlarged the Rite Spot until it grew into a neon monster, with eighty assistants hustling ’burgers to the hungry customers at dinnertime. In the eight years before he sold out to a big "drive-in" restaurant chain for $165,000 cash, Mr. Sternberger figures he made and sold over ten million.

"You learn something making that many cheeseburgers," explained Mr. Sternberger, who doesn't mind imitators but who flinches when a competitor turns out a poor imitation. "You have to make them just right."

One trick, he says, is to use only prime steer meat, ground just before it is used, because air gets to ready-ground hamburger patties, even in the refrigerator, turning the meat dark and giving it a dark taste, too. Another is to use process American cheese and slice it just the thickness of a quarter. Some of Mr. Sternberger's competitors tried thicker slices of cheese, and some heated the cheese before they inserted it into the sandwich. That, says Mr. Sternberger, ruins the cheeseburger. There's only one right way to slice the cheese. That's the thickness of a quarter. Stick to two-bit thickness, he says, and you'll never go wrong. Plop your cheese on the lower slice of your hot toasted bun, slap your sizzling hamburger pattie on top, then lettuce, relish and the other half of the bun, and slip the whole works into an oiled-paper bag.

Psychology on a Roll

Of course, one great invention always inspires another great invention, and Mr. Sternberger's success with the cheeseburger sparked many a mind to experiment with improvements upon the humble hamburger. Soon there were so many ’burgers in southern California alone that ’burger-minded motorists could have a different one for lunch every day for almost a month on end, without repeating. In the Los Angeles area, drive-in ’burger palaces sprang up so fast that a recent count showed 123 of them ablaze in neon, counting only the superpalaces with magnificent marquees overhanging the customers' automobiles and staffed by the snappy little car-hops dolled up like drum majorettes, Dutch girls, usherettes, drummer boys or what will you. Many of them take in $10,000 to $20,000 a month for the bright minds that were able to think up just the right new ’burger to tickle the fickle public fancy.

Take Jimmy Shaver and his nutburger, for instance. Mr. Shaver is a genial soul who runs the Colonial Drive-In out on the Sunset Strip, just outside Hollywood, and he has some very definite ideas about the business. In the first place, eighty per cent of his customers are women, which is one reason why all his "car-hops" are men. "Women like to be served by men," said Mr. Shaver. The other reason he uses men is that the cuties in tight gay uniforms attract too many gents who drive in, order a couple of bottles of beer and drink slowly while they try to date up the girls. "That ties up your parking space," explained Mr. Shaver.

While he is broiling prime ground steer beef, Mr. Shaver toasts his whole-wheat bun, fries his onions (unless customers prefer them raw-chopped) and has the ground nuts handy. These include peanuts, cashews, pecans, almonds ground together fine. The layer of nuts goes into the sandwich, next to the hot hamburger, which heats the nuts. Mr. Shaver's gray hair is partly due to nutburger troubles in the old days when his chefs used to fry the nuts in the meat, scorching them and imparting a burned taste. Now the hamburger does the heating job, the sprinkling of nuts nestling in the mayonnaise between the hot meat and the lettuce, with onions and relish on the other side.

There's a lot of psychology in the ’burger game, we gathered, especially from a talk with J. E. Lardemer, the boss man of Simon's, which is pushing the twinburger to new heights. Mr. Lardemer is a former Viennese with a bent for fundamentals. Once he journeyed all the way to Hamburg, Germany, to see how hamburg steaks were served in their native habitat. This was something of an eyeopener, too. On the Hamburg water front, where Mr. Lardemer nonchalantly ordered his first hamburg steak, the butcher sliced off a slab of raw beef, laid it on a chopping block, drummed on it gently but diligently with the blades of two sharp butcher knives, one in each hand. Then he turned the steak, and repeated the chopping. Satisfied at last, he slapped the meat raw on a slice of rye bread, seasoned it with salt, pepper and mustard, capped it with another slice of rye, and handed it to his astonished customer.

"The funny part of it was that it was good," recalled Mr. Lardemer. "I guess the mustard cooked the meat in my stomach."

The twinburger, in which Mr. Lardemer specializes, is cooked like a regular hamburger, except that the patty is cut in two, and served in two small toasted sesame seed rolls, with a choice of garnishes, such as chopped onions, cucumber, tomato or pickle relishes in tiny cups, so that the customer seasons her own, the twinburger being a favorite with the women.

"They're always thinking about reducing," explained Mr. Lardemer. "Give a woman a full-sized hamburger and she worries about eating it so much she doesn't enjoy it. Give her two small ones, and she eats them without worrying about it."

It takes only a fundamental idea like this to put a new ’burger in the million-dollar class. There's some basic thinking, we discovered, behind almost every ’burger that's on the up and up in ’Burgerville, which is, roughly, the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Take the chickenburger, for instance, now featured by several drive-ins. The original chickenburgers were actually made with chopped chicken, kept warm in a cream sauce, and spread thickly between toasted buns, with lettuce, olives, mayonnaise or a mild relish. A pretty juicy sandwich it was, too, but the customers eyed them with suspicion because they were so mild in taste. So most of the chickenburger artists switched to chopped turkey, and now everybody's happy.

Let ’Em Eat ’Burgers

Busy as the fertile and inventive minds of the southern Californians have been, the Texans have been running them a close second in the origination of novel ’burgers. The royalburger, which is a hamburger with an egg mixed into the patty just before it is cooked, hails from down on the Texas plains, and it is a right smart meal, too. The porkburger, in which ground pork is used instead of steer meat, is credited to "Doc" Jackson of Dallas, originator of the Pigstands, probably the first chain of drive-in restaurants in the country.

A lot of serious thinking, we discovered, is going into the designing of new ’burgers. Two with some good psychology behind them are the newly modeled squareburger and the double size jumbo huskiburger. There's another monster known as the overstuffed hamburger, which includes, in addition to the ground steer meat, a couple of slices of tomato, a generous helping of pickle and a lot of lettuce. In short, a salad bowl in a bun. Some of the other new ’burgers, still in the designing-room stage, so to speak, are the tunaburger, the deviled-eggburger, the oysterburger (with coleslaw), the Dutchburger (melted cheese and ham), clamburgers and crabburgers—the latter is fried crab in a bun, not half bad, we might add. Another in the make is the pancakeburger, hamburger between two pancakes, preferably corn-meal cakes. Business is booming.

"Madam must not distress herself by listening to the measurements"
LEO GAREL

"WONDER IF THERE'S A NEARBY BATTERY DEALER OPEN THIS LATE ?"
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The Classified section in the back of your Telephone Directory is full of information that will help you meet emergencies and everyday needs. Thousands of cases in our files prove its usefulness as a shopping and buying guide. Here are a few:—

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Mr. K. was looking for an apartment, so he looked in the Classified and picked out two buildings whose advertisement gave information about their facilities. He rented from one.

WANTED AN AUTHORIZED STUDEBAKER DEALER

Mrs. H. had car trouble and needed quick service. She looked in the Classified and found a nearby dealer under the Studebaker trade mark.

STUDEBAKER

SAVED A TRIP DOWNTOWN

Mrs. G. F. had patronized a downtown beauty shop but being pressed for time on one occasion she wanted one close to home. She turned to the 'yellow pages' and selected one nearby.

HELPED GET BIDS

A building superintendent used the Classified Section to find several firms from whom he received prices for a large supply of an article he needed.

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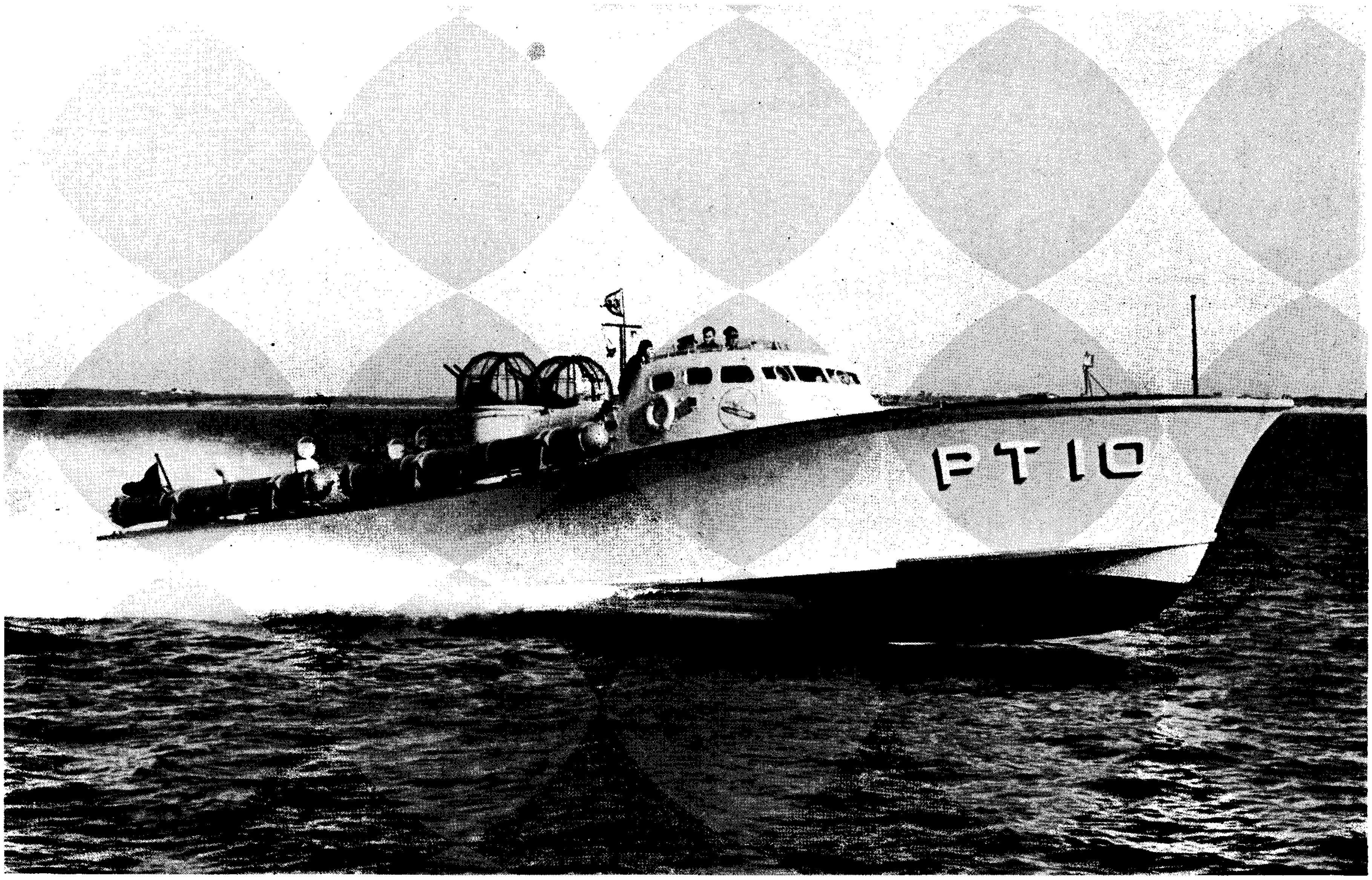


Packard powers the Water Wasps!

WITH UNCLE SAM'S newest sea-going weapon—the patrol torpedo fleet—came new problems in power, new demands for rugged dependability.

This is the kind of assignment Packard *likes* to tackle—a challenge to the engineering skill stored up in 40-odd years of building engines of almost every description—air, marine, car and tank. Packard is proud of the part it is once again playing in the national service, for Packard is powering the "water wasps".

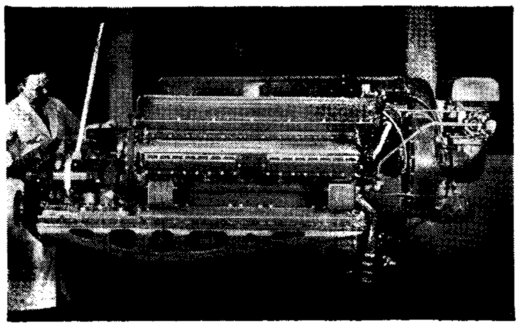
Heart and soul of the high-speed Elco fighting craft pictured above, of course, are the motors. The three motors in this *PT-10* torpedo boat churn up 1350 horsepower each—*4050 in all!* Hundreds of these super-marine engines are needed for this new development, and Packard is already fulfilling the trust that such a vital assignment indicates.

History repeats itself

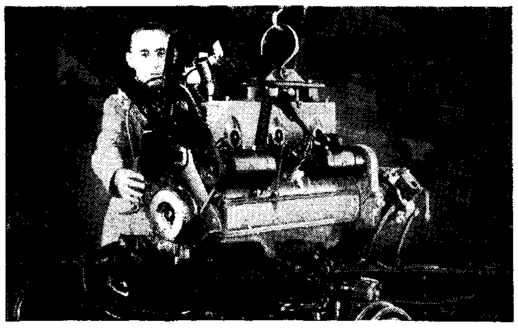
Nor is this all. Packard also has been chosen to build the battle-tested aviation motors which power the famous Hurricane and Spitfire fighters. Already, Packard production experts are swiftly laying the groundwork for building thousands of these great power plants. Thus history repeats itself. For in the last war, Packard was co-designer and largest builder of that other history-making aviation motor—the Liberty.

These tributes to Packard's reputation as a maker of fine motors are important to the man who wants the utmost for his money in a car. For, admire as you will Packard's smart new styling and luxurious interiors, the power plant still remains the all-important heart of the car . . . a heart upon which its life span, and your motoring pleasure, depends.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN!



Heart of the Water Wasps—incorporating the latest in science and metallurgy, this 1350 horsepower Packard engine is the newest ultra-modern type of 60-degree V-12 liquid-cooled, super-charged design.



Heart of your Packard—one of the most dependable motors of all time. Despite its size, power, and fiery performance, its all-around thriftiness compares favorably with small "economy" cars, owners say.

Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Men with a Past

CASANOVA CARL. Wonders ▶ why girls pass him by. His hair is a howl, plastered with sticky, smelly messes that girls can't stand. Kreml greaselessly grooms hair, removes dandruff scales.

◀ **SAMSON SETH.** Water-soaks his hair when combing it. His tresses always look as if they need trimming. Water removes natural oils, leaves hair dry, unruly. Kreml controls hair, relieves dryness.

BEAU BALDY. Lives a lurid romantic life in his imagination—and no place else. Originally a Casanova or a Samson or both. Too bad, Beau, Kreml and proper care could've helped you keep your hair. ▶

◀ **MAN WITH A FUTURE.** Uses his head in more ways than one. Kreml keeps his hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. Beneficial oils in Kreml, the greaseless tonic-dressing, keep your hair lustrous, soft.

GET that well-groomed look without getting your hair wet or greasy. Kreml—every day—solves your problem.

And notice how Kreml *helps* your hair by removing dandruff scales, relieving itchy scalp. And Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Women won't let men monopolize the benefits of Kreml. It keeps coiffures more manageable, especially after permanents.

Next time you ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop—ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It is made from an 80% olive oil base—leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair with a soft sheen.

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Clouting Cossack

Continued from page 14

later. Frank Shellenback, the manager, signed him but Frank Lane, the owner, unsigned him rapidly, giving his opinion of bums in no uncertain terms.

Lou went back to softball, at which he was earning as much as $70 a game, an enormous sum in softball. He was content there but Rodgers wasn't. Joe sent him up to the Los Angeles tryout school next spring.

Truck Hannah, the Los Angeles manager, lent him his bat, a ponderous piece of ash so heavy that bat boys became invalids merely from dragging the thing back from the plate. Lou took that burden, picked a wild pitch off his ear and hit it a mile over the fence.

Los Angeles signed him and sent him to their farm at Ponca City, Oklahoma, where he hit .351 and led the league. Lou kept his pal, Joe, posted on his progress by air mail.

His first letter came soon after his arrival. He wrote:

"Well, Joe their trowing curves now and am I slaughtering them they can't fool the Mad Russian."

Next year he was with Moline, Illinois, where he hit .367 and led the league again. His fielding had begun to improve and he had a great arm. When he came back to Los Angeles, he thought he was going to stick, but they sent him up to Milwaukee on a hurry call. He was unhappy about that and still more depressed when Milwaukee took one look at his wild swings at the plate and asked permission to get him out of Wisconsin before he maimed somebody. When Los Angeles also showed some slight disdain for his worth and said Tulsa would be next step, Lou called up Joe Rodgers, who was managing the softball team at Long Beach, and announced his imminent return to his first love. Joe hustled up to see him.

"They gave me the run-around at Milwaukee," reported Lou, and now this Carl Dittmar, the coach, who never hit more than .220 in his life, is trying to tell me how to hit. I'm quittin'."

Joe gave him a sharp lecture, said he wouldn't give him a job at Long Beach if he came begging, and Lou went dutifully off to Tulsa and proceeded to massacre Texas League pitching. When Los Angeles got wabbling around feebly late in the season, they brought Lou back and he burned up the league.

Throw It and Duck

Up in Seattle one night Lou hit a curve over the fence, slammed a slow ball up against the fence and doubled off a fast ball. When he came up next time the Seattle pitcher yelled in to Jack Lelivelt, the manager, for advice.

"Toss it up there underhanded and throw yourself flat on your face," Lelivelt yelled back.

Lou was hitting the ball with such fury that Coscarart (brother of the Brooklyn player) pulled his hand away from a line drive one night, lest his arm be removed at the elbow. A drive through the box came so close to dismembering Ed Selway that observers swear Ed walked around for two days with his face a beautiful shade of bright green.

Last summer Lou was still clouting the ball with abandon, finishing the season with a percentage of .363 and causing discussion wherever he went. Old-timers claim he is the greatest right-handed hitter to come along in years, belonging in the great tradition of Al Simmons and Joe Medwick, which is to say, gentlemen who didn't care where the ball was so long as they could see it.

Novikoff has extremely small hands and feet for a big man and, at the end of the sprint, he waddles a bit like a duck. This gives the impression that he is slow but he is one of the fastest men in baseball. At the plate he looks a great deal like the famous Hack Wilson, waggling the bat freely, sometimes falling flat on his nose when he misses a swing and doing all the damage with his wrists. He has a hitch in his swing that worries some experts but seems to do nothing to hinder his slugging. His worst fault is a tendency to take his eye off the ball but he is correcting that.

Fun for the Fans

On the field he can be a clown without being a nuisance. When a decision goes against him, he has been known to approach the umpire with his arms dangling at his sides and with the frightening appearance of a bear. He also gives an excellent imitation of a Russian wrestler, right down to the dumb look.

This summer he went into a slump in which he got only two hits in twenty-five times at bat and still had a percentage of .350. He explained that as being caused by family trouble—his little girl had mumps and refused to be nursed by anybody but Papa. He stayed up every night with her for ten days.

"Did my sleeping at the plate," says Lou.

The idea that he isn't the greatest player in the world has never occurred to the young man. Not knowing that he had once been a softball player, the folks up at Ponca City got him into a postseason game there of the milder sport. Lou wrote to Joe Rodgers about it: "Struck out 19 batters in 7 innings just a mere trifal."

Since the Los Angeles club is a farm for the Chicago Cubs, Novikoff will be up with the parent club this year. Lou doesn't care where he plays: all he wants is a bat and somebody to throw to him. In the Coast League they've tried everything—slow balls, curves, hard ones, knucklers, downers, uppers, sliders: he has conked them all.

In the winters Lou works on an oil derrick for Joe Rodgers and runs a little in debt. During the summer he plays ball and pays it back. He started for Ponca City at $100 a month which wasn't much for a man with a wife and baby. They finally boosted him to $125. At Moline he made $175; Tulsa made it $250; last year at Los Angeles he got $500. Now there are two children in the outfit and also he helps his mother, who still speaks only Russian and thinks baseball is something crazy. When he first went away he had to tell her he was selling equipment for an oil-machinery house. The whole Russian colony in Los Angeles helped keep up that act.

Novikoff is twenty-four, weighs 185 and stands 5:10½. He is so strong that if he even nicks the ball it's likely to take the leg off a third baseman. He doesn't drink and smokes very little. He has a loud singing voice but also a good one, plays the harmonica, has a really good sense of mimicry and photographs well. The movies had been making tentative passes but Lou isn't interested.

He married Esther Volkoff, who is an individual in her own way. One of Mrs. Novikoff's small eccentricities is going to the games and yelling at Lou when he's up at bat.

"Strike the big bum out!" she howls.

Mrs. Novikoff explains it very simply.

"I like to holler," says Esther, "and they can't strike him out anyhow."

Go Down, Moses

Continued from page 20

and there will be only the transportation."

"A box?" Again she looked at him with that expression curious and detached, as though he were a child. "He is her grandson, Mr. Stevens. When she took him to raise, she gave him my father's name. Not just a box, Mr. Stevens. I understand that can be done by paying so much a month."

"Not just a box," Stevens said. "Mr. Edmonds will want to help, I know. And I understand old Luke Beauchamp has some money in the bank. And if you will permit me—"

"That will not be necessary," she said. He watched her open the reticule; he watched her count onto the desk twenty-five dollars in frayed bills and coins ranging down to nickels and dimes and pennies. "That will take care of the immediate expenses. I will tell her—you are sure there is no hope?"

"I am sure. He will die tonight."

"I will tell her this afternoon that he is dead then."

"Would you like for me to tell her?"

"I *will* tell her," she said.

"Would you like for me to come out and see her then, talk to her?"

"If you will be so kind." Then she was gone, erect, her feet crisp and light, almost brisk, on the stairs, ceasing. He telephoned again, to the warden in Illinois, then to an undertaker in Joliet. Then once more he crossed the hot, empty square. He had to wait only a short while for the editor to return from dinner.

"We're bringing him home," Stevens said. "Miss Worsham and you and me and some others. It will cost—"

"Wait," the editor said. "What others?"

"I don't know yet. It will cost about two hundred. I'm not counting the telephones; I'll take care of that myself. I'll get something out of Carothers Edmonds the first time I catch him, I don't know how much, but something. And maybe fifty around the square. But the rest of it is you and me, because she insisted on leaving twenty-five with me, which is just twice what I tried to persuade her it would cost, and just exactly four times what she can afford to pay—"

"Wait," the editor said. "Wait."

"And he will come in on Number Nine the day after tomorrow and we will meet it, Miss Worsham and his grandmother, the old nigger, in my car and you and me in yours. Miss Worsham and the old woman will take him back home, back where he was born. Or where the old woman raised him. Or where she tried to. And the hearse out there will be fifteen more, not counting flowers—"

"Flowers?"

"Flowers," Stevens said. "Call the whole thing two hundred and twenty-five. And it will probably be mostly you and me. All right?"

"All right," the editor said. "By Jupiter," he added, "even if I could help myself, the novelty will be almost worth it. It will be the first time in my life I ever paid money for copy I had already promised beforehand I will not print."

"Have already promised beforehand you will not print," Stevens said. And during the rest of that hot and now windless afternoon, while officials from the city hall and justices of the peace and bailiffs came fifteen and twenty miles from the ends of the county, mounted the stairs and stood in his empty office and called his name and then sat and waited and went away and returned and sat again, fuming, Stevens passed from store to store and office to office about the square—merchant and clerk, proprietor and employee, doctor and dentist and lawyer—with his set and rapid speech: "It's to bring a dead nigger home. It's for Miss Worsham. Never mind about a paper to sign: just give me a dollar. Or a half a dollar then."

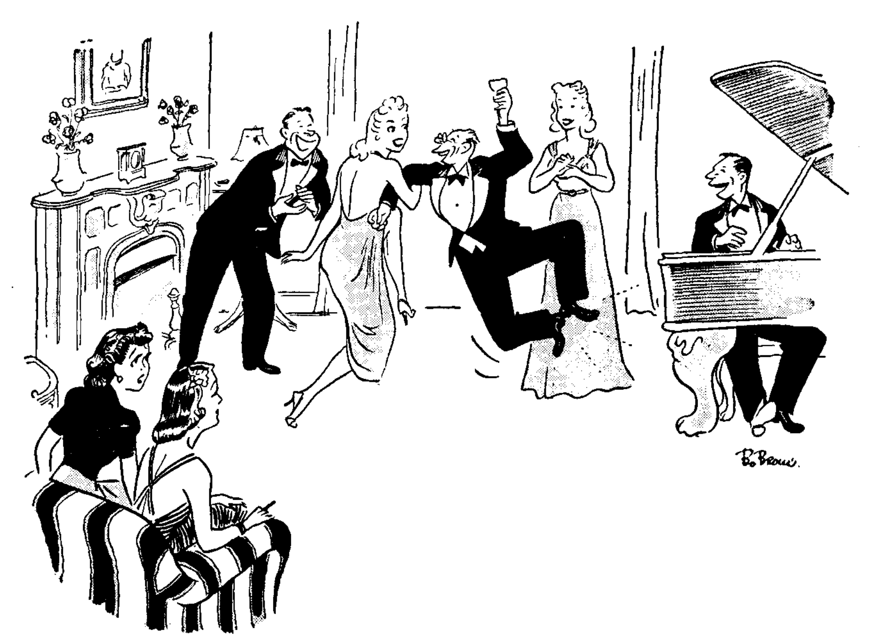
AND that night after supper he walked through the breathless and star-filled darkness to Miss Worsham's house on the edge of town and knocked on the paintless door. Hamp Worsham admitted him—an old man, belly-bloated from the vegetables on which he and his wife and Miss Worsham all three mostly lived, with a fringe of white hair and the face of a Roman senator and the blurred pupilless eyes of the old.

"She expecting you," he said. "She say to kindly step up to the chamber."

"Is that where Aunt Mollie is?" Stevens said.

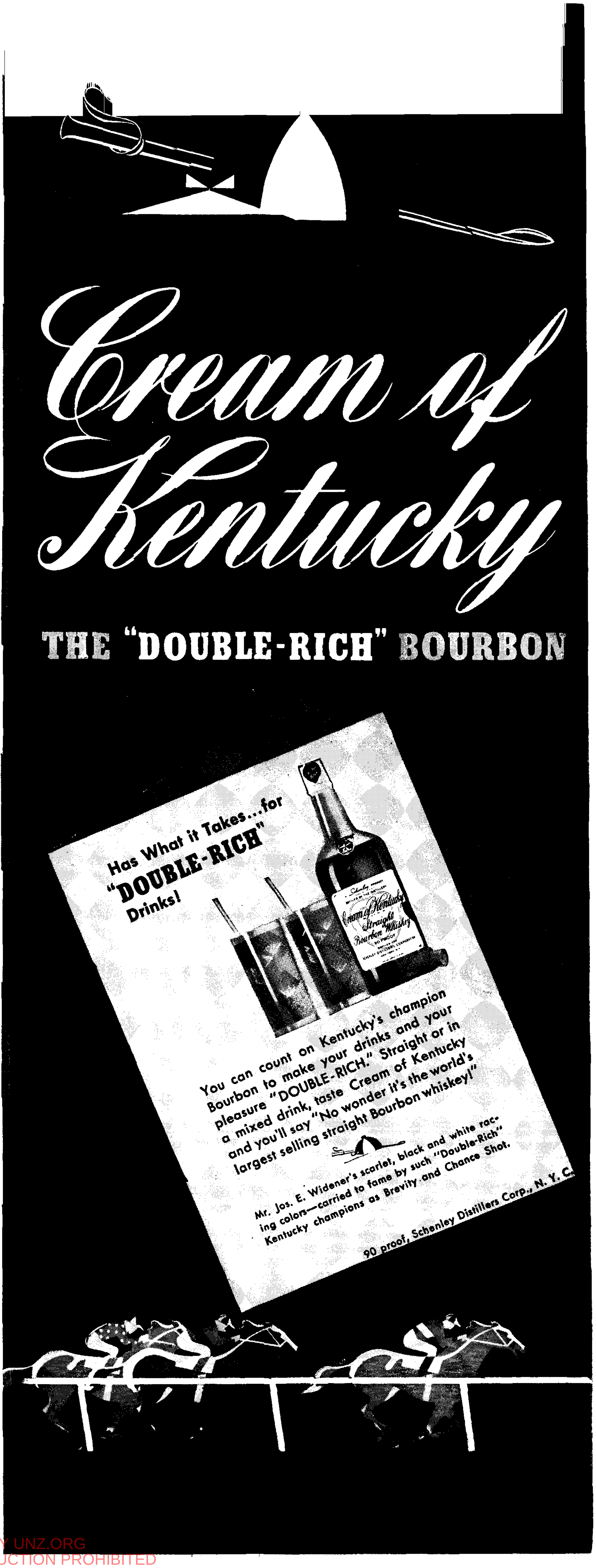
"We all dar," Worsham said.

So Stevens crossed the lamplit hall (the entire house was still lighted by oil lamps and there was no running water in it) and preceded the Negro up the clean, paintless stairs beside the



"Nelson simply detests parties but he tries to be a good sport about it!"

BO BROWN



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HOW DID OUR LANGUAGE ORIGINATE ?

Enchant

came from the witch's song

TO be *enchanted,* in the usual modern sense, is to be highly delighted or charmed—something very different from the original meaning. The word is ultimately descended from the Latin *cantare,* "to sing"; more immediately from its derivative *incantare,* "to chant or utter a magic formula over or against one," "to bewitch." This became Old French *enchanter,* which English borrowed as *enchant*. The first English meaning was still close to the original: "to act on by charms or sorcery." Today *enchant* is used figuratively to mean "to enrapture," as with music, beauty, or the like.

Bewitch is another word that has largely lost its original suggestion of evil sorcery; now it commonly means "to fascinate with something delightful." So, too, with the word *charm,* which goes back to the Latin *carmen,* "a song" or "an incantation."

These are but a few of the thousands of interesting word origins given in "the Supreme Authority"—

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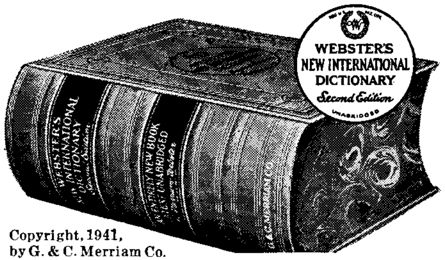

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Children's SNIFFLES

MENTHOLATUM *Quickly Checks* RUNNING SNIFFLING SNEEZING

MENTHOLATUM

faded wallpaper, and followed the old Negro up the hall and into the clean, spare bedroom with its unmistakable faint odor of old maidens. They were all there, as Worsham had said—his wife, a tremendous woman in a bright turban leaning in the door, Miss Worsham erect again on a hard chair, the old Negress sitting in the one rocking chair beside the hearth on which even tonight a few ashes smoldered faintly.

She had a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her hand, but she was not smoking it, the ash dead and white in the stained bowl; and actually looking at her for the first time, Stevens thought: "Good Lord, she's not as big as a ten-year-old child." Then he sat too, so that the four of them—himself, Miss Worsham, the old Negress and her brother—made a circle about the brick hearth on which the ancient symbol of physical coherence smoldered.

"He'll be home the day after tomorrow, Aunt Molly," he said. The old Negress didn't even look at him; she never had looked at him.

"He dead," she said. "Pharaoh got him."

"Oh, yes, Lord," Worsham said. "Pharaoh got him."

"Done sold my Benjamin," the old Negress said. "Sold him in Egypt." She began to sway faintly back and forth in the chair.

"Oh, yes, Lord," Worsham said.

"Hush," Miss Worsham said. "Hush, Hamp."

"I telephoned to Mr. Edmonds," Stevens said. "He will have everything ready when you get there."

"Roth Edmonds sold him," the old Negress said. She swayed back and forth in the chair. "Sold my Benjamin."

"Hush," Miss Worsham said. "Hush, Mollie. Hush now."

"No," Stevens said. "No he didn't, Aunt Mollie. It wasn't Mr. Edmonds. Mr. Edmonds didn't—" ("But she certainly won't hear me," he thought. She was not even looking at him, never had looked at him.)

"Sold my Benjamin," she said. "Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt," Worsham said.

"Roth Edmonds sold my Benjamin."

"Sold him to Pharaoh."

"Sold him to Pharaoh and now he dead."

"I'd better go," Stevens said. He rose quickly. Miss Worsham rose too, but he did not wait for her to precede him—he went down the hall, fast. "Soon I will be outside, then there will be air, space, breath," he thought. He could hear her behind him—the crisp, almost brisk yet unhurried feet, and beyond the feet, the voices:

"Sold my Benjamin. Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt. Oh, yes, Lord."

HE DESCENDED the stairs, almost running. It was not far now; now he could smell it, feel it—the breathless and simple dark, and now he could manner himself to pause and wait, turning at the door, watching Miss Worsham as she approached—the high, white, erect, old-time head approaching through the old-time lamplight beyond which he could now hear the third voice, which would be that of Worsham's wife—a true, constant soprano that ran without words beneath the strophe and antistrophe of the brother and sister:

"Sold him in Egypt and now he dead."

"O, yes, Lord. Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt."

"And now he dead."

"Sold him to Pharaoh."

"And now he dead."

"I'm sorry," Stevens said. "I ask you to forgive me. I should have known. I shouldn't have come."

"It's all right," Miss Worsham said. "It's our grief."

And on the next bright, hot day but one the hearse and the two cars were waiting when the southbound train came in. There were more than a dozen cars waiting, but it was not until the train came that Stevens and the editor began to notice the number of Negroes and whites both. Then, with the idle white men and youths and small boys and probably half a hundred Negroes, men and women too, watching quietly, the Negro undertaker's men lifted the gray-and-silver casket from the train and carried it to the hearse and snatched the wreaths and floral symbols of mortality briskly and efficiently out and slid the casket in and replaced the flowers and clapped to the door.

THEN, with Miss Worsham and the old Negress in Stevens' car with the driver he had hired and himself and the editor in the editor's car, they followed the hearse as it swung into the long hill up from the station, going fast in a whining lower gear until it reached the crest, going pretty fast still though quiet now, purring, until it slowed into the square, crossing the square, circling the Confederate monument and the courthouse while the merchants and clerks and professional men who had given Stevens the dollars and half dollars two days ago, and the ones who had not, watched quietly from doors and upstairs windows, swinging then into the street which at the edge of town would become the country road leading to the destination seventeen miles away, already picking up speed again and followed by the two cars containing the four people—the highheaded, erect lady, the old Negress, the designated paladin of justice and truth, the Ph.D. from Heidelberg—in formal component complement to the Negro murderer's catafalque, the slain wolf.

When they reached the edge of town, the hearse was going quite fast. Now they flashed past the metal sign which said in reverse, Jefferson, Corporate Limit, and the street vanished, slanting away into another long hill, becoming gravel. Stevens leaned forward and cut the switch, so that the editor's car coasted, slowing as he began to brake it, the hearse and the other car drawing rapidly away now as if in flight, the light and unrained summer dust spurting from beneath the fleeing wheels; soon they were gone. The editor turned his car clumsily, grinding the gears, sawing and filling until he was back in the road facing town again. Then he sat for a moment, his foot on the clutch.

"Do you know what she asked me this morning, back there at the station?" he said. "She said, 'Is you gonter put hit in de paper?' "

"What?" Stevens said.

"That's what I said," the editor said. "And she said it again: 'Is you gonter put hit in de paper? I wants hit all in de paper. All of hit.' And I wanted to say, 'If I should happen to know how he really died, do you want that in too?' And, by Jupiter, if I had said that and if she had known what we know even, I believe she would have said yes. But I didn't say it. I just said, 'Why, you couldn't read it, Aunty.' And she said, 'Miss Belle will show me whar to look and I kin look at hit. You put hit in de paper. All of hit.' "

"Oh," Stevens said. ("Yes," he thought. "It doesn't matter to her now. Since it had to be and she couldn't stop it, and now that it's all over and done and finished, she doesn't care how he died. She wanted him home, but she wanted him to come home right. She wanted that casket for him and those flowers and the hearse and she wanted to ride through town behind it in a car.") "Come on," he said. "Let's get back to town. I haven't seen my desk in two days."

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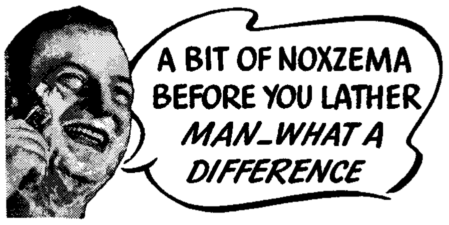
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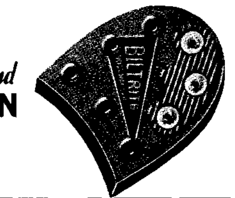

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

Plenty of Hats

Continued from page 26

"I haven't. I can't imagine why anyone should want to do it. She wasn't the kind of woman such a thing could happen to."

"Maybe it's you they wanted to get square with. You had any trouble with anyone, or fired somebody?"

"Nobody who would do that."

"You know if she went out sometimes with other men?"

"I know that she didn't. You can put that idea out of your head."

"O'Malley," I said, when we had left, "have you noted these circumstances? Gosson and his wife have been married a good many years. He's made a comfortable amount of money. Mrs. Gosson's niece is startlingly beautiful. She's Mrs. Gosson's niece, you understand, no blood relation to Gosson. With a girl like that in his home, maybe Gosson wanted to get rid of his wife. He wears the right size hat."

"Well, I heard people say Gosson's in love with the niece, but everybody says he didn't go to the ball."

O'MALLEY went back to headquarters. He was still there next day.

"Some case!" he remarked. "The more questions we ask, the less answers we get. I guess we won't solve it. Mrs. G. got knocked off about three in the morning. It was a late party because so many restaurant people work at night. She got stabbed in the back. Cops got the names of about four hundred people that was there when the killing occurred, but other people had been coming and going away again all night, and we don't know who they was unless someone remembers 'em. We ain't got the knife. The guy that done the murder didn't know she'd be there, because, if what the niece says is true, till midnight she didn't know it herself. A guy that planned murder would figure not to leave his hat, but if he didn't plan murder why would he go there with a knife?"

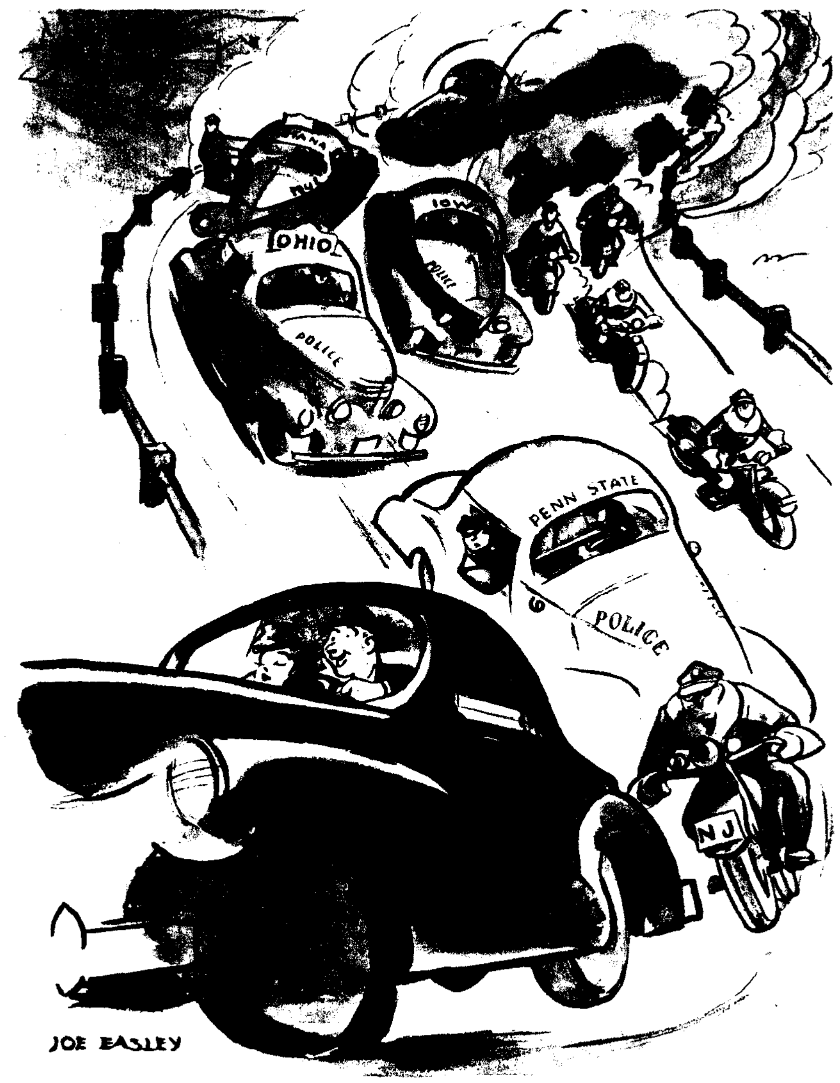
"You're not sure it's his hat."

"Well, we got nothing else. Cops took the hat around to see if anybody remembered selling it. It was bought at a chain store and there's a lot of them stores. They'd sold thousands of that same kind of hat. Of course no clerk could remember."

He had a police plan of the hall. We studied it. It showed a huge room with a stage at one end. Entrance stairs led to the checkroom and a hall, and the hall continued along one side to make a narrow barroom, and other stairs led to the basement; in the rear, stairs and dumb-waiters went to a downstairs kitchen.

Mrs. Gosson had been killed in the big hall and close to the door which led to the basement stairs.

"See here, O'Malley!" I exclaimed, "this murderer didn't have to go to the ball, if he knew the place. On the night of the ball the basement door undoubtedly would be unfastened. He could come in that way, go up the stairs, stab Mrs. Gosson and run down the stairs again."



"Gosh, we've sure broken the record from Omaha—if we only had a witness to prove it!"

JOE EASLEY

"We seen that. But how did he know Mrs. Gosson was there?"

"Gosson is the one most likely to have known. She may have phoned him she was going. I advise you to check his alibi."

For several days I didn't see O'Malley. Then we met on the street. He had on a new hat. It was exactly like the hat I had seen at the laboratory. He was going to lunch. We lunched at one of Gosson's restaurants. Gosson wasn't there.

"Have you checked Gosson's alibi?" I asked.

"Sure. His and a lot of others. Some of the people who work for him was there when his wife got knocked off, and some others had been there and had went away. Gosson claims to have been at his restaurants, but there don't nobody feel sure they seen him after about two o'clock."

"Then he has no alibi. If he's in love with the niece that shows motive, and if nobody saw him that shows opportunity; motive and opportunity are all you have to prove."

THEN Gosson came in and stopped to speak with us. "Come into the office," he invited.

We went. This was the original Gosson restaurant and from the small office at the rear Gosson managed his affairs. The manager Bennen was there. We hung up our hats and coats and made ourselves comfortable. A tray was filled with the stubs of cigarettes.

"Have a cigarette," O'Malley offered Gosson.

Gosson didn't smoke. I took one and Bennen took one and we lighted up. I watched Gosson intently.

"What have you learned?" he asked casually.

We discussed the case. I was surprised O'Malley told so much. He said the police believed the man had come out through the basement.

"There's your man, O'Malley," I declared, when we had got outside.

"How come?"

"I guess you weren't watching Gosson. He's far too anxious to know what the police are doing, and he's nervous because he feels that you are getting close to him."

"You got it all solved."

I looked in the morning paper to see if Gosson had been arrested. He hadn't. O'Malley phoned me that night.

"You feel like going over to the precinct station house?" he asked.

I WENT to the station house. Gosson was there and O'Malley, and some detectives and other cops, and some people whom I recognized as Gosson's employees and others I had never seen before. We sat in the squadroom and talked and nothing happened. Then suddenly the lights in the squadroom and the hall and some other rooms went out.

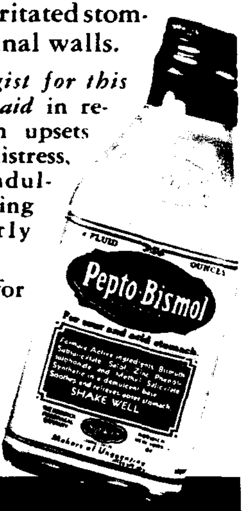
"A fuse blew," one of the cops asserted, importantly.

He went to get it fixed, and we waited in darkness, and some other people came in but in the dark I couldn't see who.

"Have a cigarette," O'Malley offered, but he wasn't speaking to me.

Somebody scratched a match and lighted a cigarette and I saw by the light of the match that the man was Bennen.

Then a man's voice said: "That's him. I couldn't forget that face!" And a woman's voice said: "That's the man! He came out of the basement door and



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he stopped in the dark and lit a cigarette, and I saw his face, and there was blood on him, and he didn't have any hat."

Then the lights went on, and Bennen stood palely staring around at us.

"All right," he said finally. "It was me."

"I don't get it, O'Malley," I said, a half-hour later.

"Yeah? What? You heard the guy confess."

"I heard him admit he killed Mrs. Gosson, but I don't know why, because then you took him away."

"Sure, he give us all that in his statement. This Bennen had been crazy about Mrs. Gosson for a long time. He seen her often because Gosson's office was in back of the restaurant Bennen managed, but she wouldn't pay any attention to him. She never said anything to Gosson or nobody else about Bennen, because I guess she figured a thing like that was likely to happen when a woman's in business. Bennen was the one that started that story about Gosson being in love with his niece, because he hoped maybe she would get jealous and that would give him a chance with her; but when Mrs. Gosson heard the story she didn't believe it."

"APPARENTLY nobody else did, either," I remarked.

"Well, you did. Bennen didn't have to work the night of the ball and he went there. He wasn't expecting to see Mrs. Gosson there, but she come there, and he asked her to dance but she wouldn't do it, and she wouldn't pay any attention to him. A guy that's as much in love with some woman as this Bennen was with her is likely to go nuts if the woman won't have nothing to do with him."

"But," I objected, "Bennen had an alibi."

"Sure. He said he left the ball about one A. M. and that looked to be true because nobody had seen him there after that. What the guy done was go down and sit in the basement. He says he sat there in the dark for two hours, smoking cigarettes and throwing the butts in the furnace, which was why we didn't find 'em, and thinking how when the ball was over Mrs. Gosson would be going back to Gosson. Finally he couldn't stand thinking about it no more. One time when he lit a match, he seen a box of tools and a knife was among 'em; so he took the knife and went up the basement stairs. He had the knife under his coat and was starting to go into the ballroom, but then he seen Mrs. Gosson talking to some people close by the door at the top of the stairs.

"When Mrs. Gosson left them people, she walked past the door and he stepped out and stabbed her and then run back down the stairs. It happened no one was looking till Mrs. Gosson screamed, and by then she'd run a few steps from the door. So then Bennen put the knife in his pocket and come out on the street through the basement door."

"And foolishly," I remarked, "stopped to light a cigarette."

"SAY! Don't be dumb. This case was this way: Cops that questioned everybody found no one suspicious, because the killer had got away; but them people couldn't remember nobody else that had been there at the time. The knife in the toolbox didn't belong there, but come from the kitchen, and they weren't using the kitchen that night and everything in it was locked up, and we couldn't learn if some knife was missing or not. We had only one thing to go by."

"The hat?"

"Right. If it belonged to the killer, them stores had sold so many of that kind of hat that it couldn't be traced. Still, I figured we maybe could make use of the hat."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, what would a guy do that had done a murder and left his hat behind?"

I didn't know.

"Say, boy! He'd buy a new one exactly like it, so no one could notice that he didn't have it."

"Of course."

"With all them stores selling all them hats, we couldn't trace out who might have bought one. We couldn't connect Mrs. Gosson with no man; so I figured it must be some man that seen her in one of them restaurants. It might be an employee or it might be a customer, because some others than restaurant people had went to that ball."

"I see."

"Sure. The hat was my size, so I bought me a few like it. Then I watched the employees when they come to work, to find out what kind of hats they had on, and I ate in them places and looked at the hats of the customers. If the guy was a customer, he probably wouldn't stop eating where he usually did, because he'd think that would be suspicious. The laboratory said the guy used a hair restorer, so I figured he might be a little bald. I didn't find no employee at first that wore that kind of hat; I found some customers. When I found one, I hung my hat up beside his, and if his hat was the right size, I took it when I went out, like it was by mistake. No guy could very well kick when I left him a brand-new hat just like his own. Then I sent his hat to the laboratory, and a plain-clothes cop that I had outside followed the guy and found out who he was."

"Smart business!"

"Well, it looked like it wasn't going to get me nothing. Till today I hadn't got around to that restaurant Bennen managed. Then Gosson asked us back in his office. Bennen's hat was hanging there and it was just like mine and Bennen's a little bald. So I hung my hat beside his and took his hat when I went out, and the laboratory said he used that hair restorer."

"You had him!" I said.

"Yeah? How? You can't convict a guy because he leaves his hat behind when he goes to a ball. If he done it, I figured he got out through the basement, and I found Bennen had had a suit that he hadn't worn since the ball; so it maybe had blood on it, but he'd got rid of the suit, and we know now he'd thrown the knife down a sewer. So we had to get proof out of Bennen himself."

"WAIT a minute!" I said. "You mean there weren't any witnesses?"

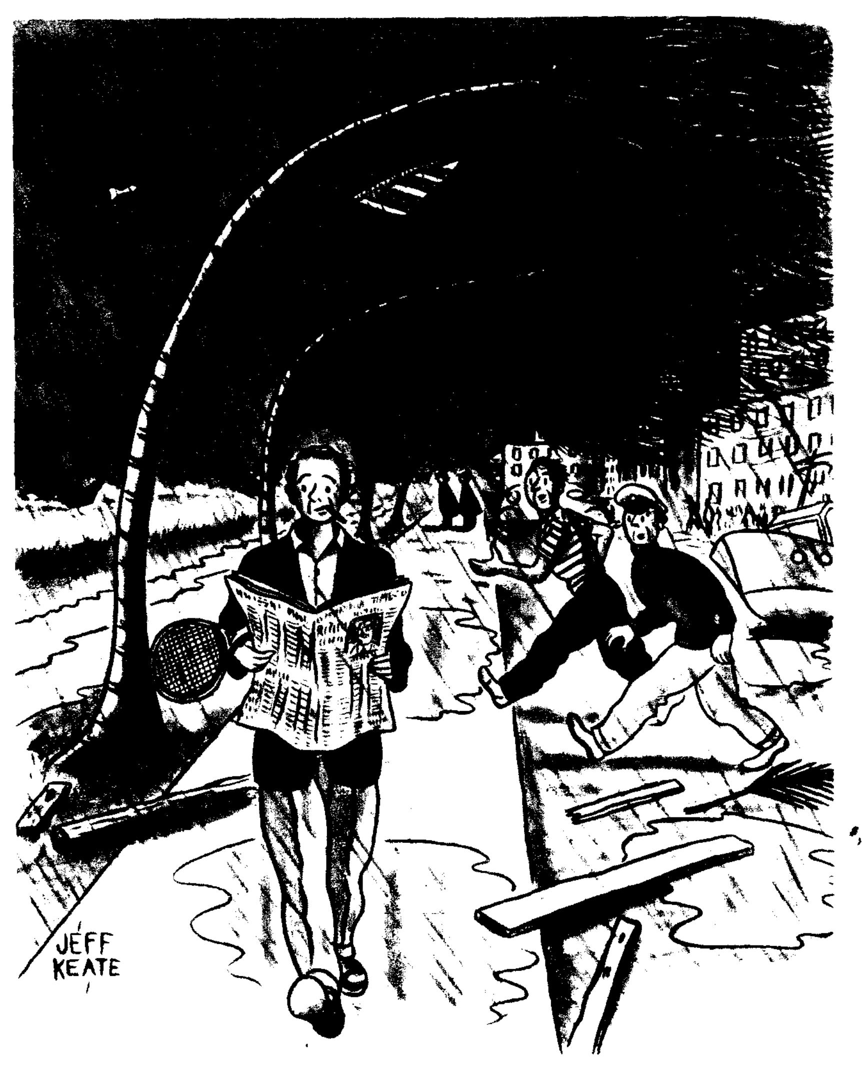
"Say, you're waking up! There was a lot of cigarette butts in a tray in that office, and only Gosson and Bennen used the office, and Gosson didn't smoke. So Bennen must smoke every time he had a chance. A guy that smokes like that lights a cigarette lots of times without realizing he's doing it. I figured Bennen was excited and nervous after the murder, and he wouldn't be able to remember if he lighted a cigarette when he come out of the basement or not."

"I see."

"Sure. We took him in there where we'd had the lights put out and he didn't know who was there, and I had them two phony witnesses there to claim they'd seen him. I offered him a cigarette and he was glad to get it. When he lighted it, he heard two people testify they'd seen him leave the basement after the murder."

"It broke him," I said triumphantly.

"Yeah; and if the department makes me pay for all them hats, I'm going to be broke myself."



"He handles the publicity for this resort"   JEFF KEATE

Eagles Over England

Continued from page 13

Parenthetically it might be added that the Douglas came over here without a name. Beaverbrook christened it the Douglas Boston in honor of the birthplace of former ambassador Joseph Kennedy.

Now let's take a look at the Curtiss fighters.

We're a long way from London. It is too early to be up and about but a convoy has come in during the night and convoys are unloaded quickly. Large cranes stretch down their claws, embrace the bulky crates on deck and lower them to the dock. The dock hands work quietly. With no delay the crates were put into big trucks and the trucks rumbled away. I followed them. It was a long trip to the holy of holies where the airplanes were to be assembled. No one outside of the officials and the workmen knew the location of this factory. When we arrived there a group of men were waiting. The crates were put on the ground. Quickly, deftly they were taken apart.

"Look at how they are racked," the factory manager said in ecstasy. "Beautiful, beautiful. Despite the stormy weather at sea we've never had a bit of breakage."

Each airplane is packed in three crates. The fuselage goes into one; the folded wings into another and the propeller into a third. Within an hour after we had arrived the fuselages were inside the hangar and men were working on them.

A Curtiss Tomahawk or a Curtiss Mohawk can be assembled in an hour. But there are a great many modifications which must be made before they are ready for combat. It must be remembered that the Curtiss Mohawk was ordered according to rigid specifications by the French government. The English took over the French orders. However, the airplanes were already in process of construction so the Mohawk arrives here just as the French ordered it. This is not true of the Tomahawk.

Rebuilt to British Standards

The French were a bit economical. They wanted only four guns; they didn't care about armor; they didn't want any expensive gun sight. I watched them modify the Mohawk. In all fifteen major changes comprising 100 operations and over 1,000 parts have to be made. They are a vital necessity. Up-to-date armament has to be mounted. The pilot seat has to be changed and armored; identification lamps are put on the wings; reflection sights and standardized radio must be installed; oxygen must be put in the airplane and a bulletproof windshield added. There are other changes but they are in the category of "hush-hush."

Two months ago it took the factory 530 working hours to get a Mohawk ready to fly. Today it takes 110 hours. The workmen have become skillful at the rather delicate job of adjusting this lady to her new nationality.

"We've got to get out thirty a week," the factory superintendent said gloomily. "I don't know how we do it but we're doing it. Beaverbrook told us we had to do it. He won't take excuses."

Now the Mohawk is ready for her first flight. She isn't as pretty as a Spitfire or a Tomahawk. She looks a bit like a Hurricane. Her cockpit hood (what the R.A.F. lads call the greenhouse) is raised. She looks a little humpbacked and but for her radial air-cooled motor she might be mistaken for a Hurricane. The test pilot hopped in and in a moment the Mohawk was flirting with clouds. A half-hour later he landed her.

"What can she do?" he smiled. "She can do everything that a Hurricane can do. She's a lovely airplane. I took her to 16,000 feet and found three Spitfires up there. I had a grand dogfight with them. Found I could dodge them nicely. I've flown fifty-four types of aircraft as a test pilot and this is the friendliest airplane I ever flew. It isn't as fast as a Spitfire, but what is? She's the most maneuverable aircraft I have handled."

The Mohawk had a great success in France. It was the only French air fighter that could cope with the Messerschmitt. I saw Mohawk squadrons in France that had bagged dozens of Germans. The French pilots liked the Mohawks, which are just going into combat here in England. There is no doubt that the English pilots will like them, too.

The Fighter's Choice

Then there is the Curtiss P-40, which will soon be as well known in England as the Spitfire. It is known as the Tomahawk. It is a pretty lass somewhat on the lines of the Spitfire. It has a long nose and it is a sleek, imperious-looking creature. The Tomahawk has the liquid-cooled Allison motor. It is no secret among members of the aircraft industry that there were several "bugs" in the Allison. One by one they have been eliminated. Today the Allison ranks with the Merlin, which has always been considered the best liquid-cooled motor in the world. The success of the Spitfires and Hurricanes proves that point.

I watched a test pilot put a new Tomahawk through its paces. He did something I've never seen done with a Hurricane or a Spitfire—he climbed the Tomahawk almost vertically.

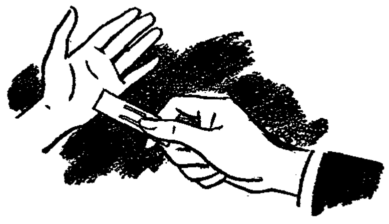
"How do I like it?" the pilot exploded when he had landed. "How could anyone fail to like it? It's a grand airplane. I've flown all of the fighter aircraft and in combat I'd rather have this than any. It is more maneuverable than a Spitfire. It isn't quite as fast as a Spitfire but what is?"

I visited the Eagle squadron, which was using the Brewster Buffalo. The Brewster is lightly powered with its 890-horsepower motor. This is a mid-wing fighter, a maneuverable plane that has everything in the world but power. It was designed especially for taking off from aircraft carriers. It has no equal in the fleet air arm. The Brewster makes up for its lack of speed by carrying more fuel than any of the other fighters. It is excellent for the Channel patrol. It is so maneuverable that a German has to get in very close before he can get a good shot at it.

The Glenn Martin bomber is another American aircraft that has won its wings with distinction. It is not permitted to say just where each type of aircraft is in action. Beaverbrook showed me a cryptic cable he had received from a squadron-leader friend of his. The cable merely read, "Mr. Martin doing very nicely here. Did some boxing yesterday and won by KO."

American aircraft good only for training? England wishes she had five times as many as she has.

Fresh from the flying fields of England came this report of American planes in action. In forthcoming issues Collier's will give you firsthand and comprehensive reports from the flying fields and factories of America in articles by W. B. Courtney.



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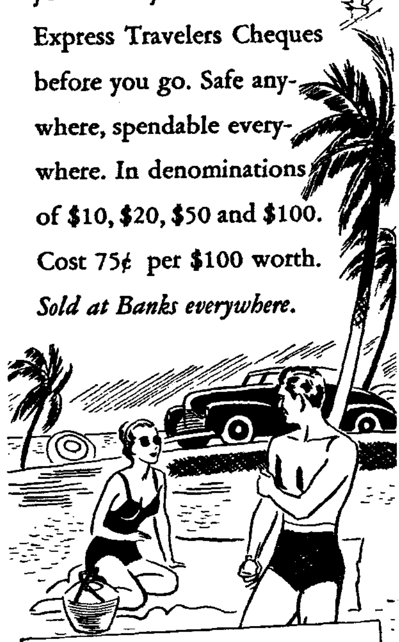


★ AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES ★

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 23

up at the arcs, before the crowd sensed that anything had happened. Then a roar swelled up from the stadium.

Eddie half walked, half staggered to a neutral corner. He tried to breathe, but the air choked him as though someone had thrown ice water into his open mouth. He heard the crowd, he even caught a glimpse of Feets' ebony face, distorted with an agony of hope.

Dixie took the full count. He was a smart lad, this Dixie. He went into a crouch, and Eddie realized he was waiting for an opportunity to clinch.

Eddie Gordon knew that it was now or never. He dared not clinch with Dixie, dared not wrestle with a man who knew how to protect himself until the numbing effect of that last punch should be dissipated.

Eddie circled his foe. For the first time in that battle he was concentrating. There was nobody in the world now save himself and this man before him.

He eluded Dixie's groping arms. He watched Dixie come in.

Dixie's right exploded against Eddie's jaw.

But that was what Eddie had waited for. Again his own right traveled upward: short, sharp and murderous. It was his best punch, his last punch . . . and he felt a hideous pain in his right hand as it landed.

But he knew that it was enough. He groped his way toward a neutral corner. He clung to the ropes to keep from falling. Then, above the howling of the thrill-satiated mob, he heard the announcer:

"The winnah—an' the new middleweight champeen of the world . . . Eddie Gordon."

THE dressing room of the new champion was jammed. Sports writers, photographers, real and would-be friends, hangers-on, rabid fight fans.

Ever since the moment when Eddie had recovered his strength sufficiently to leave the ring, ever since his arrival in this room, they had poured in: excited, eager, vociferous—and, in some cases, sincere. While Feets cut the bandages from Eddie's hands, while the club doctor inspected his swollen right hand and pronounced it nothing more serious than a sprain, questions poured at the winner. He answered them as briefly and honestly as he could. . . . And then the door opened and Feets looked up to see Pat Mallory standing there, alone.

Mr. Johnson swung into action. Using considerable tact and even more physical strength, he shooed everybody from the dressing room. They surged past the slender, pretty girl in the doorway. Some of them knew who she was and others neither knew nor cared. She waited until they had all gone and then she walked into the room. Eddie was still seated on the rubbing table, and Feets was busy at a locker in the corner. He pulled over his head the new white sweater with the black letters: EDDIE GORDON, WORLD'S MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION. He grinned broadly and said, "Ise a consid'able prognosticator, ain't I, Mistuh Eddie?"

The big Negro looked with deep affection from one to the other. He moved to the door, and stood there for a moment with his hand on the knob. "I reckon," he said, "that you-all two chillun has got plenty to talk about . . . so Ise gwine stand right outside this heah do', an' see that nobody don't bother you."

He disappeared, closing the door gently—very gently—behind him. Pat moved forward slowly, her evening coat falling back so that Eddie could see the firm, young lines of her figure. She came close and held out her hand. She said, "Congratulations, Eddie."

He met her eyes and said, "Thanks."

Then they were silent again. Eddie was aware of an uncomfortable feeling, as though something impended. He was embarrassed and didn't know why. He was relieved to see the faintest ghost of a smile appear on her lips, even though he realized that there was no mirth in it.

Pat said, "I had a beautiful speech all thought out, Eddie—but I've forgotten the words."

He asked awkwardly, "What difference does it make?"

"None, maybe." She hesitated, and again tried to smile. "You gave me quite a scare."

"Yeah . . ." He looked straight at her. "I fought a lousy fight."

"It wasn't your best. What was on your mind?"

"Something . . ." He shrugged it off. "But I snapped out in time."

Pat fumbled with her evening bag, as though having trouble collecting her thoughts.

Eddie watched her curiously as she took out a folded document.

"Do you know what this is, Eddie?"

He nodded. "Yeah—sure I know. It's our contract."

"That's right. . . ." Her clear eyes held his, and he saw something there that was new and strange and unfathomable. "It's our contract."

Her hands moved. Slowly, methodically, deliberately—as though it was an act rehearsed a thousand times—she tore the contract across, and then across again. She placed the bits of worthless paper on the table beside him.

She said gently, "It *was* our contract, Eddie."

It had come too fast, too unexpectedly. He shook his head in bewilderment, and said weakly, "Hey . . . wait a minute . . ."

Her voice was steady. She said, "I've waited months."

"But, good Lord . . . Max Ellison just offered you forty thousand dollars cash for that thing."

"That's right, Eddie. Maybe it proves something—even to you."

He stared at her with new eyes and less comprehension.

"I don't get it. On the level, Pat—it doesn't add up right."

"I didn't think it would."

"But you've got to explain. . . ."

"Do I?" She was calm now. "I don't like speeches, Eddie—not any better than you do."

"This is different."

"All right." She moistened her lips. "Before Pop died, Eddie—things weren't very easy. Even before you and I met—from the day that silly cartoon of mine was accidentally published—we've been on the left foot. It used to worry Pop, and it worried me, too. No matter what I did, it was wrong. Maybe that went double. Then when Pop died . . ." She put out her hand as he started to interrupt: "Let me finish, Eddie. I'm just putting things down for the record. I suppose neither of us will ever know for sure if we've done the right thing."

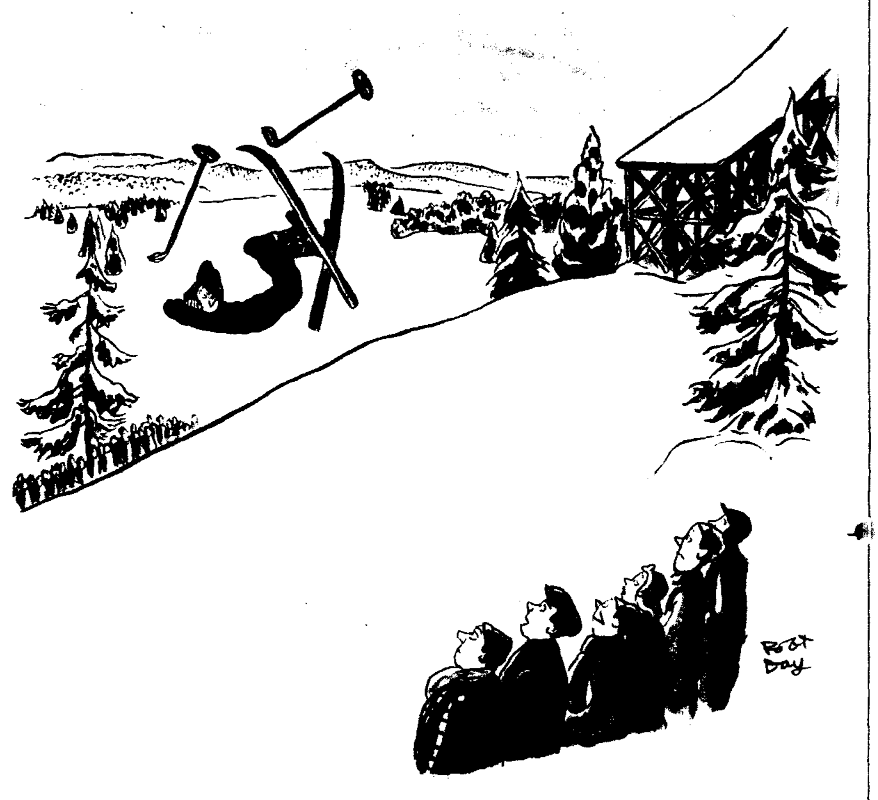
"IT CAME out all right. I won the title tonight."

"I finished what Pop started. It was pretty hard for you to believe that was my idea, wasn't it? You didn't have much confidence in my honesty."

"Honesty? Sure, I did. I never squawked about that."

"I mean honesty of sentiment. When I talked about doing this because I thought it was best for you . . ."

He shook his head. "I'm lost," he confessed. "But since you're saying things for the record, so will I. No, I never believed you. I couldn't figure it any way except that you saw a good thing financially, and were smart enough to grab what you could get. I believed that until five minutes ago. . . ." His eyes drifted to the bits of paper on the table beside him. "That's what has knocked me for a loop, Pat. Look—you take an awful beating for seven months



"Burton is learning to fall relaxed" ROBERT DAY

Early American Pastime

Today this *light ale* is preferred to beer by millions of Americans

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ALE
NEWARK NEW JERSEY

Sampling Ballantine's Ale, beer drinkers are surprised to discover (1) that ale can be so *light*—and (2) that any drink can taste so good. Ballantine's has the superb *flavor* that comes only from ale yeasts.

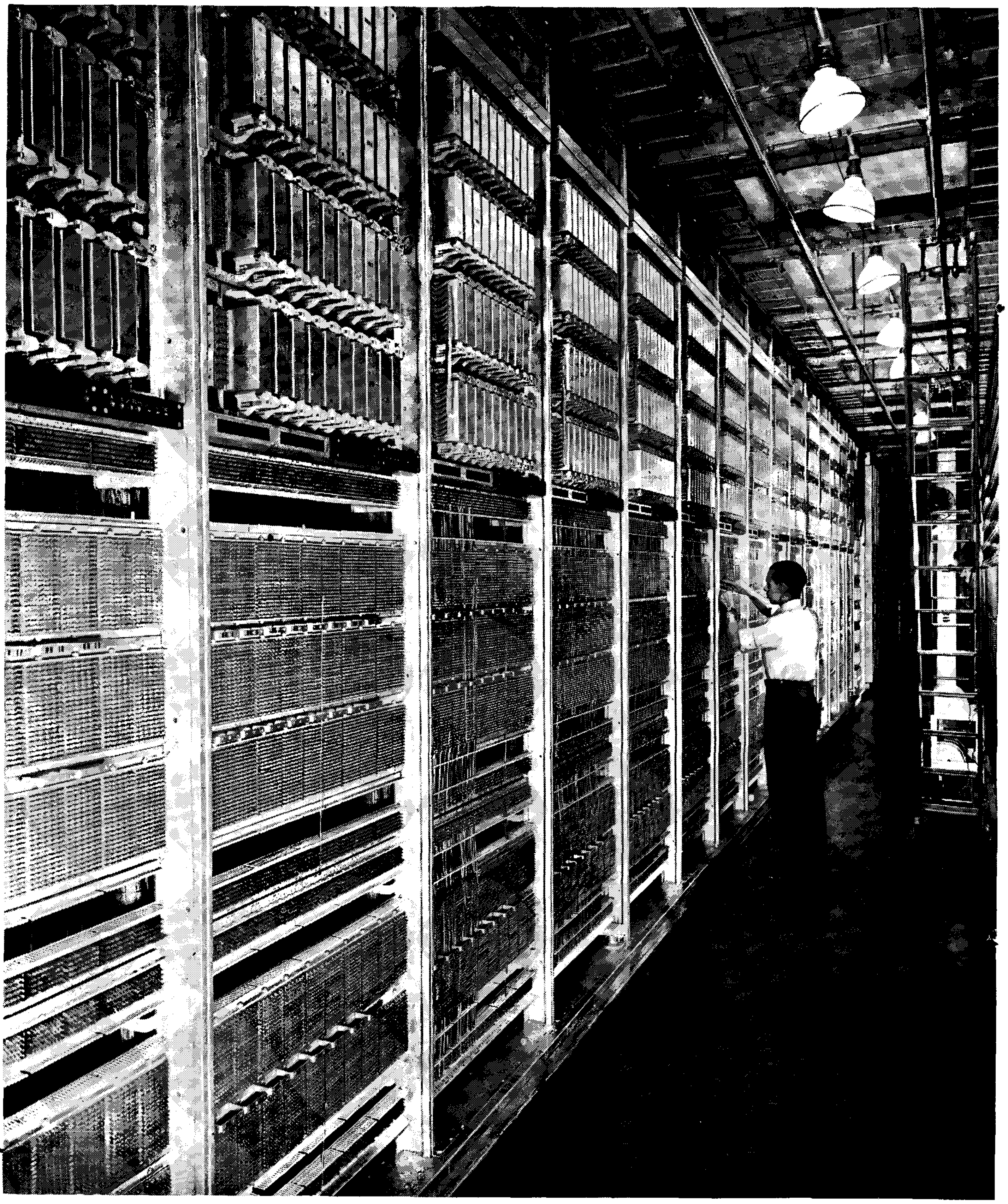
You'll almost certainly be an "ale man" yourself, once you have drained your first glass of Ballantine's.

Look for the 3 RINGS standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine's Ale—today. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE'S ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale



"HELLO DADDY, I WAS PROMOTED"!

...little voice commands vast system

Mary picks up her Bell telephone. Her voice travels over miles of wire on poles or under streets. It travels on to the intricate equipment at the central office, attended by alert, experienced people. The response is instant, and Mary's important message goes through!

Here is some of this mechanism in a typical city exchange—part of the complex network manufactured by Western Electric. It is all made to exacting standards of quality by skilled men and women, with the inner urge to produce equipment worthy of a great public service.

Western Electric *...is back of your Bell Telephone service*

. . . and the minute the going gets soft, you tear up the contract."

She smiled. It was the smile of an older and wiser person. She said quietly, "I'll try to make it a little clearer, Eddie. From the beginning I've loathed the fight racket. I hate the sordidness and the double-crossing. I hate the people in it. I even hate the smell of it. If I'd done what I really wanted, I'd have gotten out long ago. But I determined to stick until my job was done—until Pop's job was done, and . . ." Her voice trailed off as though she had run out of words. She made a helpless little gesture, and her voice was scarcely more than a whisper. "I—I guess that's about all there is, Eddie."

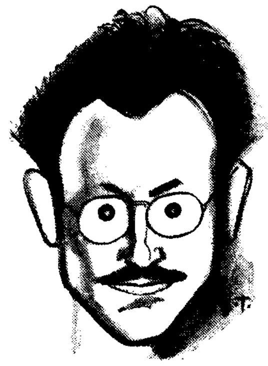
"No . . ." He had picked up the bits of torn contract and was staring at them. "In the first place, this isn't fair to you."

"It's fair enough. My only ambition is to get as far away from the fight game as I can. I never want to see a boxing glove again. Fortunately, I've got a career that I can struggle with. So what those pieces of paper mean, Eddie—what they mean to us—is good luck—and goodby."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists

No. 23



Deciding at the age of six (in 1912) that he'd rather be an artist than President, Barney Tobey dabbled with paint and brush until he was old enough to work in an advertising agency and study at the Art Students League in New York. Now he produces commercial drawings and cartoons (see following page) and has a yen to make a sketching tour of the U. S. on foot. Likes chess, Margaret Sullavan, badminton and Picasso.

It was an odd experience, watching a man think. Pat could almost see his brain working. He'd get an idea and start to express it, and then close his lips as though realizing that he was wrong again. He said, finally, "It doesn't come out even. There's got to be an answer."

"I've given it to you."

"Nope." He was very positive about that. "I've got a feeling you've only told half. There's bound to be something more . . . something I don't understand."

She spoke carefully: "There are lots of things you don't understand, Eddie. But one thing should be clear: You're a free agent now. You won't have me cluttering you up any more. I figure that should make you happy."

"Yes," he answered slowly, "it should." He looked up suddenly and shook his head in amazement. "But damn it, Pat—I'm not reacting that way."

She smiled. "I hit you when you weren't looking."

"That isn't it. I've wanted this contract. I've tried to get it. Now . . . I *should* be howling Hallelujah, and instead of that I'm asking myself questions. The only thing I'm sure of is that I'm all mixed up."

"I'm not," she said steadily. "I never have been."

A MINOR bedlam broke suddenly just outside the dressing-room door. They both looked in the direction of the noise, and they heard Feets' big, bass voice raised in protest.

"But you-all cain't go in yonder," Feets was saying vehemently. "'Tain't right nor fitten, an' I anyway ain't gwine permit it."

"Try to stop me . . ." Pat and Eddie looked at each other as they recognized the voice of Babs Ellison. They instinctively drew away from each other as the door burst open and Babs led the procession into the room. Behind her were Joe Barton and Cliff Halliday, but it was Babs who swept down on Eddie, flung her arms about him and kissed him soundly.

"Congratulations, Champ," she said. "You were magnificent tonight. You killed me three times over. I tell you . . ."

Her voice trailed off. She noticed that Eddie was paying no attention. He didn't know that she had kissed him. He didn't even know that she was there.

He was standing next to the rubbing table, and in his hands were a half-dozen scraps of paper. Babs asked petulantly, "What's the matter, Eddie?"

Eddie Gordon raised his eyes. In them there was doubt, uncertainty and the beginning of an idea.

"The matter?" he repeated slowly. He shook his head and looked down at the bits of paper again. "That's just what I'm trying to figure out," he said.

THE Penguin Club was smart, expensive, noisy, gay and uncomfortable. Just inside the entrance was a long, narrow passageway, flanked on one side by a gleaming bar and on the other by tiny tables, checkrooms and four telephone booths. At the far end of the bar, the room bulged suddenly, and it was in the center of that rectangle that the postage-stamp area, which was designated a dance floor, was to be found.

Tables occupied every available inch of space, so that the resplendently garbed patrons rubbed elbows with whoever happened to be occupying the adjoining tables. Hustling, bustling waiters shoved into you, too, as you worked at enjoying yourself.

On a miniature rostrum an American orchestra was now holding forth. The midnight hour had passed and the milder dances had been abandoned in favor of the more blatant jive.

The din was terrific, the cigarette smoke thick, the conversation and laughter loud and the dance floor so packed that couples moved slowly—and with greatest difficulty.

Joe Barton's table was at the ringside. He was well known to every employee of the Penguin, both as the son of a powerful political figure and also—on his own hook—as a ridiculously lavish tipper.

There were five persons at the table, and champagne stood in front of four of them. Joe Barton raised his glass.

"Another toast," he proclaimed, "to the new middleweight champion."

They touched glasses and smiled at Eddie who grinned back through puffed lips.

"And that," remarked Cliff Halliday, "is your eighth toast, Joe."

Babs Ellison said maliciously, "He'll

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
TRUE SMOKING PLEASURE - WITHOUT SMOKING PENALTIES!
Do You INHALE?
All smokers do - some of the time

THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA_

IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale — consciously or unconsciously—there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital—long known to eminent medical authorities:

4 other leading brands of cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and further, the irritation was found to last more than five times as long!

So—especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris—complete smoking pleasure, unmarred by throat irritation! Philip Morris' superiority for the nose and throat is recognized by eminent medical authorities: no other cigarette can make that statement!

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

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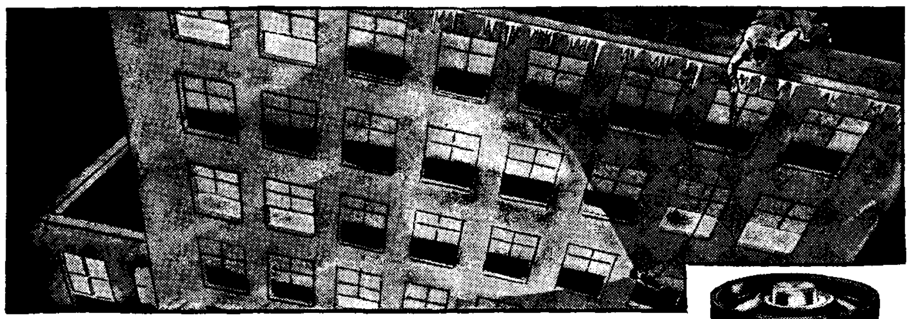
CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

"I CHEATED DEATH ON A SKYSCRAPER ROOF!"

A true experience of ALLEN H. GIPSON, *New York City*

"ONE BITTERLY COLD NIGHT, my radio went dead," writes Mr. Gipson. "Suspecting that the howling wind had blown down the aerial, I threw on a dressing gown, grabbed my flashlight, and headed for the fifteenth floor roof.

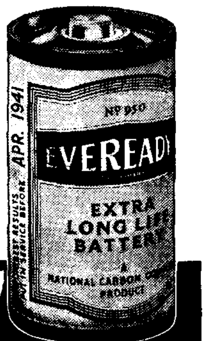
"AN ICY WIND chilled me as I searched for and found the aerial. Making hasty repairs, I started back down. To my horror, I found myself locked out! I battered the door. I shouted. But the wind howled me down.



"NEARLY FROZEN TO DEATH, I had an inspiration. Ripping the aerial loose, I tied the lighted flashlight to it, and swung it over the side of the building. Luckily the light attracted someone in an apartment below. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries I was saved.

(*Signed*) Allen H. Gipson"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.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BEST RESULTS IF PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE
No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON PRODUCT

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

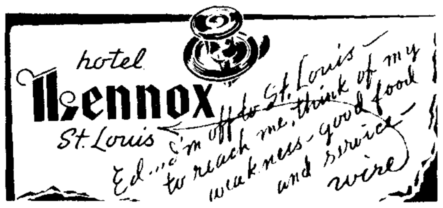
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation

ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY

Use D.D.D. Prescription

Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles

35c bottle, at druggists, proves it or money back

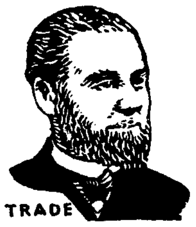

hotel Lennox
St. Louis
Ed...I'm off to St. Louis — to reach me, think of my weakness – good food and service — wire

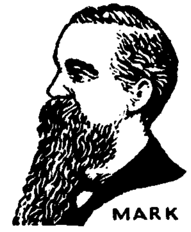
LOST

Lost—a cough due to a cold—thanks to the soothing action of Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.





drink 'em so long as the liquor holds out."

Halliday looked across at Eddie Gordon. "You've done gone places," he remarked. "Nothing in the world to worry you."

Eddie nodded, and then smiled at Pat. None of them were paying any attention to Joe Barton.

Barton's cold, gray eyes were narrow, his young face was hard. He stared across the room through the maze of ardent dancers. He saw a big, black-eyed man who looked not too incongruous in white tie and tails, and seated beside him an orchidaceous creature in a cerise evening gown and silver-fox evening jacket. A close observer might have noticed that the hand he stretched out toward his wineglass was not quite steady.

THE tall girl in the cerise gown caught Joe Barton's glance and turned to the man at her side. She said, "That's Barton, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe he was givin' the signal."

"Maybe he wasn't." Morrie's voice was low. "Take it easy, Rita. You're gettin' jittery."

"So I'm jittery." She tossed off the remainder of her fourth highball. "But I can't help it."

"Lay off that chatter. You ain't gonna go female on me, are you?"

"No-o. . . . But look, Morrie—I ain't used to knowin' in advance. I wish it was time."

"It will be—soon. Crowd ain't steamed up enough yet. Barton'll know when. He ain't no screwball."

"I hope not. . . ." Rita was staring across the room. "They're havin' a swell time. Laughin' an' everything. . . ."

They *were* having a good time, though there seemed to be no uniform quality to their merriment.

Definitely, Joe Barton was under a strain. More of a strain than he had believed possible. This was hitting him harder than he'd anticipated. He wasn't weakening . . . but it was a tough assignment, holding Morrie off until the crowd got thoroughly oiled and the music too loud. Yeah—that was the hard part: waiting and watching.

Babs Ellison was gay, with a caustic brittleness to everything she said. She, too, was under a strain. It hadn't taken her long to see the difference in Pat and Eddie. Pat was brighter . . . as though nice things were happening. And Eddie . . . for all his homely face with its postfight bruises, for all the purplish eye . . . he looked gentle. "I'd say 'shy,' " thought Babs, "if it wasn't such a crazy word to use about Eddie."

Cliff Halliday alone seemed to be his normal self. His shrewd and kindly eyes alternately searched Pat's face and Eddie's. He, too, had detected the new quality which had upset Babs . . . and he wasn't cheering over it. Not that he'd ever had any real hope . . . but then it *was* a bit tough for a man to drift through life, carefree and happy, and then to fall for a girl who was in love with somebody else. Cliff was stepping gracefully out of a picture he'd never fitted into, and he knew that he ought to be feeling noble and heroic. "The only trouble being," he reflected, "that I'm human—and therefore I feel lousy."

But he didn't show it. He forced himself to be gay and witty and charming. He danced with Babs and kidded her along, he danced with Pat and played dumb. It was a swell party, he thought . . . swell. Everybody having an elegant time except most of them. He wasn't happy. Babs definitely wasn't, except that she was well on the road to getting plastered. And Barton . . . odd the way Barton was acting. Tense, alert . . . like a man with something on his mind.

Cliff tried to shrug it off. He figured he was going sappy, what with the general strain of things. Wasn't Barton throwing this party? Wasn't he the host? Not genial, exactly—but the host just the same. He welcomed the interruption of an obsequious headwaiter who placed a sheaf of telegrams in front of Eddie Gordon.

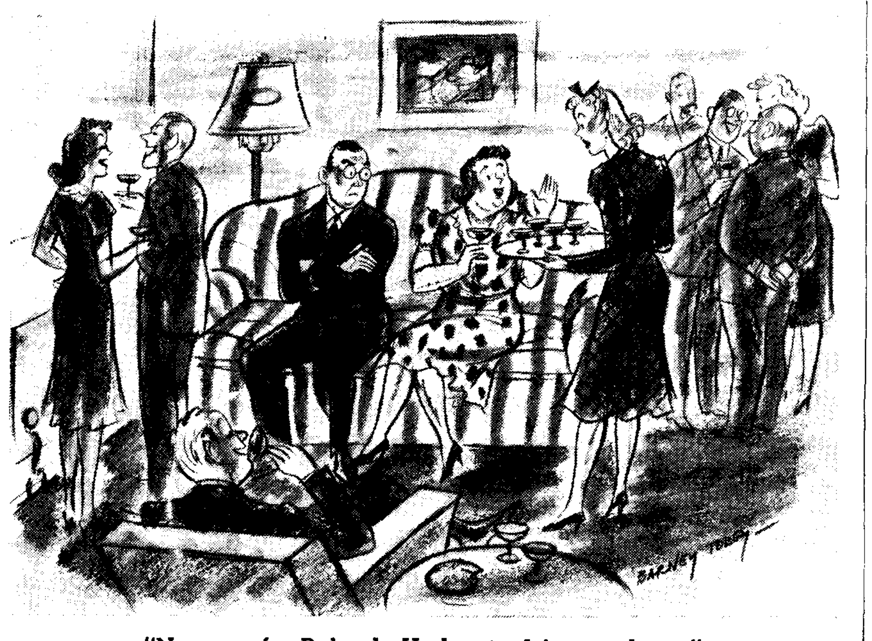
"They sent these down from the stadium, Mr. Gordon," he said respectfully.

Eddie picked up one of the telegrams and said, "Shall I?" and they said that he should. He started opening them, and he looked pleased.

"It's got me," he stated, making no effort to conceal his pleasure. "They're congratulations . . . from everybody I ever knew, and a lot of folks I never heard of."

ONE by one he opened the telegrams. Friends — known and unknown — who congratulated him and wished him well; casual acquaintances who were making their first attempt to climb onto his band wagon . . . two or three charity appeals. He opened another telegram. It was longer than the others. Eddie read the first few words, glanced at the signature, and instinctively moved the paper closer to his body. Cliff Halliday caught the gesture.

He watched Eddie read the message, and then reread it. He saw a somber light appear in Eddie's eyes. The same sort of expression he'd seen when Eddie was in the ring and things weren't going well. He said, quietly—and as lightly



"No more for Roland. He has to drive me home" BARNEY TOBEY as he could—"Something interesting, Eddie?"

"Yeah . . ." Eddie looked across the table significantly. "I'd like to talk to you a minute, Cliff."

Halliday shoved back from the table. "Let's drift out to the bar. A guy can't hear himself think in here."

They started off together. Pat Mallory looked after them, and there was a little frown of annoyance on her forehead.

They walked to the extreme end of the bar where there were few people. Cliff said, "Let's have it, Eddie."

Eddie's eyes were level and his voice was flat. "This," he said, "is a wire from the Birmingham police department. The bullet that killed that fellow down there was fired from Joe Barton's gun."

"That's interesting—but no surprise."

"Maybe . . ." Eddie moistened his lips. "I didn't mention names when I wrote to the Birmingham police, but this telegram orders me to have the owner of that gun arrested and charged with murder."

CLIFF said, "Wow!" and reached for the drink the bartender had set in front of him. "Joe Barton, eh?"

"Yes . . ." Eddie shook his head. "Kind of checks it up to me, doesn't it?"

"Mm-hmm." Cliff was doing some fast thinking. "It comes out even, all right. Barton kills that guy in a brawl—he slugs you quick because you're the only guy in Birmingham who might recognize him later—he wants the gun because it's the one piece of tangible evidence that can get him into a major jam—he hires Jimmy Watson to put the hooks to me, figuring Pat has the gun and that it doesn't mean anything to her . . . Mister, it doesn't look healthy."

Eddie was speaking quietly. "I've still got the evidence," he said. "The serial number, the ballistics information . . . and you to back it up. What I'm trying to figure is—"

"Don't tell me. I know. It's Barton."

"Sure. What's he got up his sleeve? This party hasn't ever looked right to me. He hates my insides. You don't think . . ."

"This isn't any time for thinking, Eddie. Barton is either going to do something or he isn't. But if he is—it'll be tonight."

"What's my move?"

"It's mine, first of all. That telegram'll help—but good. With Barton's old man being the power he is, it might've been tough to get him nabbed on your say-so. But the New York cops will act on the strength of that wire."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"I've got friends at headquarters. I'll telephone the dope. They'll probably send a detail from the homicide squad."

"He gets picked up here?"

"Why not? We've got proof enough *that he's dangerous.* We also know he's more than a trifle nuts. You go back to the table. Play sweet—as though nothing had happened. Be your natural, charming self. But listen, kid . . ." Cliff dropped a friendly hand on Eddie's shoulder: "Stick close to Barton. If he sits, you sit. If he dances—you dance . . . so if he makes a move . . ."

Eddie shook his head. "The thing is fantastic, Cliff."

"So was my Aunt Hannah . . . but she could make trouble. I'm not saying Barton's planning to play that way, but until the coppers get here, you're the little boy who can't afford to take chances. This whole setup has a noxious odor, Eddie. Not only the murder episode . . . but we mustn't forget that Mr. Barton is what folks might call 'insanely jealous.' "

"I'll do it," stated Eddie. "But I'll feel awful silly."

"Which," responded Halliday, "is a heap better than feeling awful dead. Remember now . . . keep that eagle eye of yours on Barton. He's the guy you're interested in."

Eddie shrugged and started back toward the main dining room. A Cuban aggregation had usurped the rostrum and the wail of trumpet and beat of bongo was filling the crowded space with wild, rhythmic din.

As Eddie seated himself he was acutely conscious of Barton's arctic eyes. Those eyes had always bothered him . . . but now . . . knowing what he knew . . . He heard Pat ask, "Where's Cliff?" and he tried to smile "Little girls mustn't get too curious," he parried, hoping that it went off as he wanted it to.

The music became madder and wilder and louder. The rumba changed into the savage beat of a conga. Drums. Claves. Trumpet. Maracas. Dancers' eyes shining. Feet stamping. Bodies swaying. Pound-pound-pound . . . beat-beat-beat from the jungles . . . long, wailing, eerie notes that set your blood to tingling. One-two-three-*mmmmph!* One-two-three-mmmmph! Someone yelled "*Agua!*" at the frenzied, perspiring musicians and the beat came louder, faster, more savagely.

Barton tossed off a glass of champagne at a gulp and turned to Babs. He said sharply, "Let's dance."

The grotesque situation . . . the wild music . . . Cliff Halliday's advice . . . they were crowding Eddie Gordon's brain and pitching his emotions high. He rose and said to Pat, "Shall we tackle it?" and she said, "Yes . . ." and joined him, sliding contentedly into his arms.

"Close," thought Eddie . . . I've got to stay close to Joe. Close enough to do something. . . ."

He didn't notice—nor would it have meant anything to him if he had noticed . . . that a couple got up from a tiny wall table on the other side of the room: a big, burly man in formal dress—a man who was wearing white gloves . . . and a tall, slender, exotic-looking creature whose cheeks were unnaturally pale.

Morrie pulled her toward the dance floor.

"Come along, kid," he said gruffly. "It looks like this is it."

FOR the first few seconds of that dance, Pat Mallory let herself relax. Eddie was holding her tight, as though to shield her from the mad, gyrating horde on the floor. He was dancing simply, indifferent to the fancier steps of the conga, and she was content to have it that way.

At the beginning, he maneuvered so that he remained close to Joe Barton and Babs. He felt a trifle silly about it, yet the apprehension persisted. He was determined to do as Cliff Halliday had advised, to stick close to Joe, to watch every move he made. It wasn't easy to figure out what the hard-faced young man might be planning; difficult, indeed, to convince himself that he was planning anything drastic . . . and certainly not on this crowded dance floor.

Eddie heard Pat's voice as though from a distance. He didn't hear the words: just the voice. He looked down and grinned apologetically. "Sorry, Pat. . . ."

She met his eyes squarely and said, "Why can't you tell me, Eddie?"

"Tell you what?"

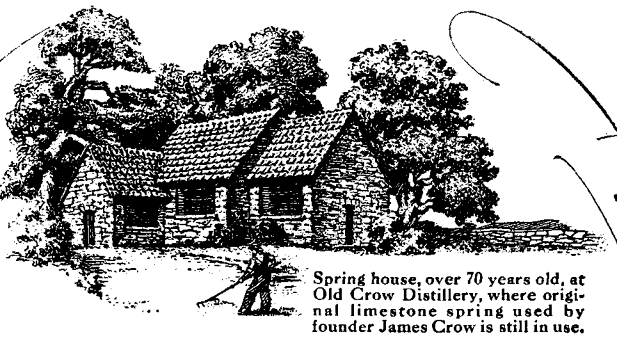
"Whatever it is that's worrying you."

He shook his head. "That'd take the next five years."

"So-o? Well, suppose you tell me the most important part."

He opened his lips to say something, but found himself saying something else. He said, "You!" and wondered where the word came from, marveled at how much truth there really was in it.

She knew that her cheeks flushed, and



Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

Col. Crow's original limestone spring is still used in distilling

THIS FAMOUS BRAND

OLD CROW
BRAND
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

Those in the know... ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

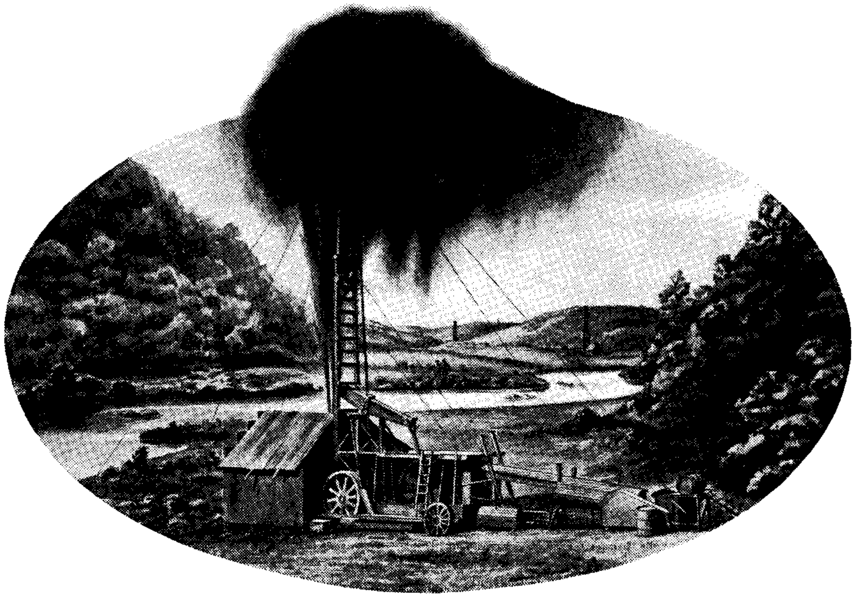
AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Bourbon or Rye • Kentucky Straight Whiskey
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y. • 100 Proof

Shots Heard 'Round the World...



Bring You the Better Oil That Comes Only From the Pennsylvania Grade Region

THE FIRST OIL IS STILL FIRST

Photo, Converse Studios

PETER H. CURRY
President, South
Penn Oil Company
and a veteran
of the region

"SHOOTING" an oil well brings an exciting moment, even to veteran oil men. Explosion set off deep in the earth loosens reservoir rock, increases the flow of oil, and, at least briefly, raises the heart-beat of the men whose sweat and dollars have drilled the well.

Here in the Pennsylvania Grade Oil region, the boom of the shot that brings in a new oil well almost literally is a shot heard 'round the world, because Pennsylvania Oil is wanted everywhere. In every civilized country all that moves must move on oil—and the better the oil, the better modern motors do their jobs.

In early days, Pennsylvania Oil was the only oil. "Coal-oil" made the Pennsylvania region famous because it literally lighted the world. Steadily through the years, as new uses for oil developed, Pennsylvania Oil has held its proud position as the first and finest. Thanks to Mother Nature's generosity, the first oil-field ever "discovered" and developed, still produces its precious crude oil at undiminished rate . . . and will continue to do so for all the years that scientists can see.

Today Pennsylvania Motor Oils are *preferred* for motor cars, trucks, giant steamships, great airplanes. This motorized age has thoroughly proved the complete dependability of the motor oils produced in the Pennsylvania region.

Every "shot" that brings in a new well in this oldest of all the oil-fields, is a welcome sound to a waiting world, because, on every score, the first oil is still first.

PHCurry

ADVANTAGES TO YOU . . . *and your car*

Your automobile is an expensive piece of fine machinery. It deserves the best care that you can give it . . . and right lubrication probably is the most important care of all.

If you were to make a "score card" listing the points on which experts judge oils, you would find Pennsylvania Motor Oils winning on every score. They do not thicken up in cold or thin out in heat as much as other oils; they flow and pump more freely; they are less volatile; they form less carbon. They help you avoid other oil troubles caused by oxidation, acid formation, sludging and general "wearing out."

In simple language this means that Pennsylvania Motor Oils lubricate better at all temperatures, they last longer on the job, they protect your motor. You are sure of your money's worth when you buy a Pennsylvania Motor Oil protected by our emblem.

So, naturally enough, car owners who care about their cars, want these advantages that come with regular use of Pennsylvania Motor Oils.

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Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association OIL CITY • PENNSYLVANIA

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hoped he'd attribute it to the dancing. She said, as lightly as she could, "Not trying to kid me, are you, Mister?"

"I'll be darned if I know." He was suddenly awkward and boyish and shy. He said, "Look, will you promise not to collapse if I pay you a compliment?"

"That's a large order, but I'll do my best."

He said, steadily, "You're beautiful."

She tried to laugh off the thing that hit her. "I suppose that's part payment for tearing up your contract, isn't it?"

"No-o . . ." He wasn't smiling any more. He wasn't looking at Joe Barton, either. "It's a sort of confession of utter stupidity, Pat. And, frankly, I don't understand any part of it."

"Any part of what?"

"Me. And the way I feel. For more than three years I've been hating you . . . except that I haven't."

She said quietly, "You've given a swell imitation."

"So I've been rotten—"

"I didn't say that," she broke in quickly. "And I didn't think it." Her heart was doing funny tricks. "What is it that you're trying to tell me, Eddie?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I'm punch-drunk," he explained slowly. "I know what I'm thinking, but it doesn't make sense. Yesterday, you were a colossal pain in the neck. Today . . ."

"Today . . . ?"

"Today you're a pretty girl that I like to look at. You're somebody that I enjoy talking to. You're somebody that . . ." His cheeks flushed and he laughed with embarrassment. "Aw . . . it's crazy."

"Keep on being crazy, Eddie."

"I will," he said grimly—almost defiantly. "You're somebody I like to have my arms around."

She didn't hear the music any more, didn't know that she was being bumped and shoved by other couples who were dancing with too great enthusiasm. There seemed to be no one else in the world, no sound save Eddie's voice.

She looked at him and asked, simply, "Why?"

"Why?" he repeated, and did not know that his arms tightened. "That's a silly question, Pat. Maybe it's because your body is soft. Maybe it's because there isn't any reason. And maybe you're the answer to something else."

"That's sweet," she said, "even if I don't know what you mean."

"Maybe," he explained, "maybe you're the reason why I've never fallen in love with any other girl."

PAT was finding it pretty difficult to talk. Even thinking was no simple matter. She said, with an embarrassment that matched his, "I'm afraid the music is going to your head."

He frowned. "All right, smart gal," he said gruffly. "Laugh! Have your fun. You've earned it—the hard way. So I'll give you a real good time. I'll poke my chin 'way out." His manner was forbidding, his tone belligerent. He said, "I'm in love with you."

There wasn't any music then, or any crowd, or any movement. The whole world stood still, and Pat just let her body sway with his. Then she heard his voice; urgent and pleading:

"Funny, isn't it, Pat? It sounds twice as crazy to me as it does to you—and a damned sight more serious. For three years I've been trying to tear loose from you. Tonight you set me free—and now I don't want it that way. *I love you.*"

He saw her head move, felt her fingers tighten on his arm, heard her say, "And I love you, Eddie. . . ."

For a brief time he danced that way: close against her, unmindful of everything else in the world. Then a semblance of sanity returned. The name "Joe Barton" flashed into his mind, and he raised his head quickly. There was an instinct . . . a sixth sense . . . that sent a little electric shock through him.

He looked around. Joe Barton was close to him—Barton and Babs. Barton's face had an odd, unusual pallor. He was staring over Eddie's shoulder, staring beyond him. Babs was saying something, but Barton wasn't listening.

Eddie saw Joe Barton nod. Saw his head bob. Saw the flicker of eyelids over cold, gray eyes. He heard Pat saying something:

"Eddie . . ." She had caught a bit of his fear. "There's something peculiar going on. The big fellow . . . with the tall blonde . . . I'd swear I saw him holding a gun under her fur jacket."

EDDIE was thinking fast. It was instinct with him: the instinct of the trained athlete who reacts without an orderly arrangement of thought. Barton had been looking across his shoulder . . . looking in the same direction Pat Mallory had been staring. Big man. Tall blonde. Fur jacket. Those things registered.

He whirled. He heard Pat's scream: "Eddie! Look out!"

The man, the blonde, the fur jacket, the gun . . . Eddie saw them all in the fraction of an interminable instant. No time to think things out. There it was—the vague thing he had been waiting for. Coming from an unexpected quarter.

Eddie's right fist flashed up. It landed on the side of Morrie's jaw. It landed square, and it landed hard.

The big man went down. A woman screamed, and then another and another. An automatic dropped from Morrie's hand and clattered across the polished dance surface. Men dragged their female partners away. There was the beginning of crowd hysteria. The blond woman—Rita—stood and stared; not screaming, not talking, not moving.

Big, burly waiters—trained to emergencies—rushed onto the floor. As far as they could see, this was merely a battle between two cash customers who had been celebrating not wisely but well. It was an old story . . . something to be handled with a proper admixture of tact and force.

Morrie was out cold. Eddie's eyes quested through the crowd. He saw Joe Barton edging away. Again it was instinct rather than intelligence which actuated his move.

He leaped for Joe Barton. Grabbed him. Spun him around, and hit him hard—with his left. Barton, too, went down under the impact. There was a growl of protest and anger from male spectators who had been willing to see one big man battle another, but who resented an apparently unprovoked assault by a big man on a small one. They surged forward. . . .

The waiters became more energetic, too. They knew Joe Barton. They knew that he was the son of an influential man and a lavish customer in his own right. They converged on Eddie.

The Cuban orchestra was making a pale attempt to keep the music going. Women were screaming, men were grunting and shoving and cursing.

The waiters and bouncers landed on Eddie, and they weren't gentle about it. He was fighting as best he could with one hand. And he was doing a pretty good job, considering. The noise of the melee swept out through the bar to the curb where Cliff Halliday was intercepting a police car as it swung up to the curb.

"I'm Halliday," he snapped as the two plain-clothes men hustled out of the car. "Chronicle-Express . . ." He was propelling them into the Penguin as he talked. "I'm the guy who telephoned. I've got a wire from the Birmingham police ordering a man picked up for murder."

The policemen shoved through the door. "Yeah—we know about it," one of them flung over his shoulder. "Birmingham wired us, too."

"Swell. Now, suppose you get busy . . . bust up that fight."

The trio leaped into the milling crowd. One of the policemen sounded his whistle. It was shrill and commanding, and the waiters fell back. Cliff jumped on two men who were pounding the prostrate Eddie Gordon. One of the policemen yelled, "We're police. Back to your tables—everybody."

They moved away, slowly . . . sullenly. Eddie Gordon struggled up to a sitting posture. He was pretty badly battered, but he managed to grin at Cliff, and to say, "Thanks . . ." He climbed to his feet. The room was swimming. He saw Pat, and then he saw a lot of Pats. His head was that way.

Morrie was on the floor. So was Joe Barton. The latter was holding his jaw and groaning. Cliff Halliday designated Barton and said to one of the policemen, "That's the guy you want," and the proprietor of the Penguin asked, "For what?" and Halliday said, "Murder." Somebody in the crowd repeated the word and it swept through the suddenly sobered room.

Halliday was quiet and efficient. He spoke to Eddie and then to the second policeman. "The big guy . . . he tried to kill Eddie Gordon. Better take him down, too."

The crowd was under control. Pat Mallory took Eddie's arm and led him to a chair. There was no color in her cheeks, but her voice was steady. She said, "Are you hurt, Eddie?"

"Bruised, that's all. And this right hand doesn't feel so good."

She looked at him. "The gun . . . was that meant for you?"

"I think so."

"Barton's idea?"

"That's the way it looks to me."

THE policeman in charge walked over to them. He said, "You all right for a trip downtown, Gordon?"

"Yeah . . . I'm all right."

"They'll want some dope right away."

"That's okay."

"We're taking Barton and this other mug. Follow us down, will you?"

"Sure." Eddie looked at Pat. "We'll both be there."

Halliday smiled at both of them. "I'm going with the coppers," he said. "Be seein' yuh."

They brought cold towels and ice to Eddie. Pat helped straighten him out, so that he looked less unpresentable.

As she finished working over him, she turned—and, there dabbing at her tear-stained face, was Babs.

"Oh, Pat!" Babs said. "Isn't it dreadful! I never *dreamed.* I . . ."

Pat flicked a glance at Eddie. "No, of course you didn't, Babs," she said gently. "And now everything's going to be all right."

"Yes," Babs said slowly, and, catching Eddie's eye, somehow managed a smile. "It looks that way. Good luck!"

Then, wheeling swiftly, she walked away.

Pat and Eddie went to the door, got *into a taxi and said:*

"Center Street." Eddie leaned back against the upholstery and said, "What a night . . ."

THEY turned southward. Overhead the elevated roared, and street lights seemed to jump at them out of the darkness. Pat edged closer and—somewhat timidly—took his hand.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"Sure. That's the chief advantage of being a pug."

She hesitated briefly and then said, "What about Barton? And that other fellow?"

"They've got plenty against Barton," Eddie answered. "And that removes one prime, first-class worry from my mind."

The taxi was passing along lower Third Avenue. On either side of them were squalid shops, malodorous restaurants, red-brick tenements, unsightly flop houses. But Eddie Gordon wasn't looking at them. He was staring at Pat. Tentatively, as though fearful that she might stop him, he slipped his left arm around her body.

"Any objections?" he asked.

"No."

They rode for a few minutes in silence. Pat let her head rest against Eddie's shoulder and it seemed only natural for him to lean down so that his cheek touched her hair.

It was Eddie who spoke first. He took his arm from around Pat, and sat back in the seat so that he could look directly at her.

He said, "This is going to be awful tough."

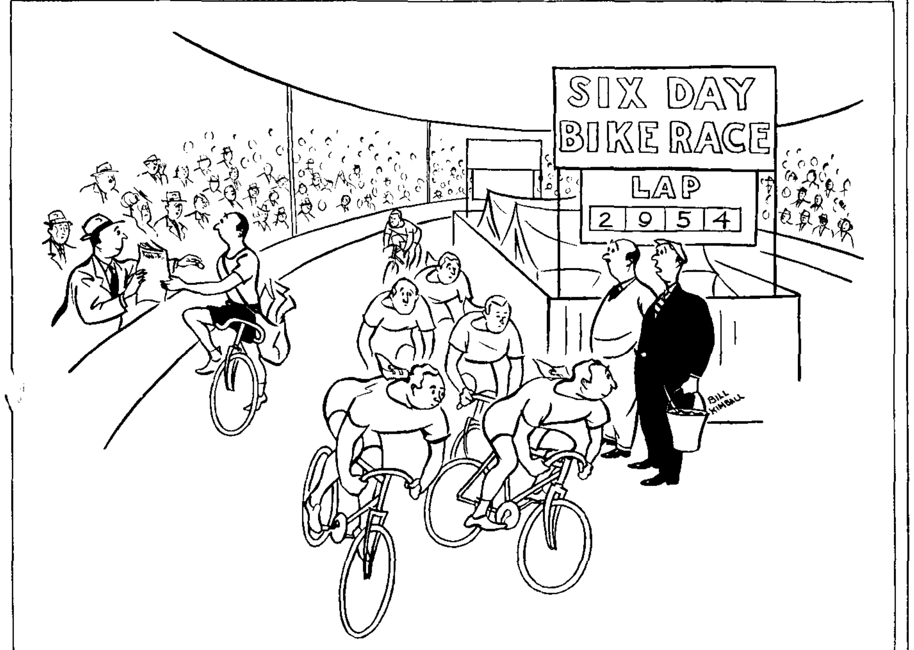
Pat looked up at him. "What is?" she asked.

"Saying even half the things I'm thinking. Honest, I've been such a heel that I'd feel silly trying to make love to you."

Pat smiled.

"Go right ahead," she suggested. "I've been in love with a heel so long that I think I'm beginning to like it."

THE END



"I'm afraid Joe had better give up his paper route" BILL KIMBALL

Last winter—average picture takers made

12,000,000 SUCCESSFUL SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT

You'll be a fine after-dark snapshooter yourself...with Kodak Super-XX Film in your camera

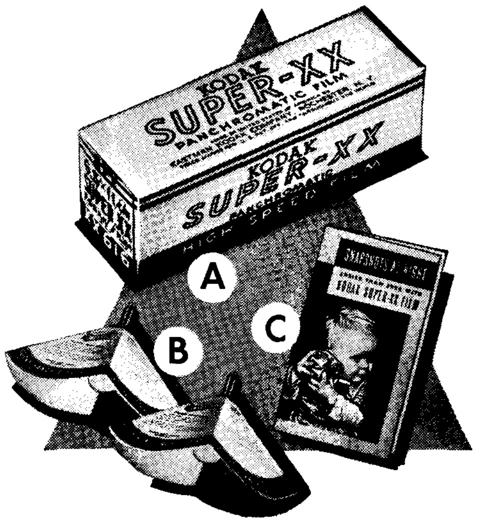
TAKE an average snapshooter with an ordinary camera (a $1 Baby Brownie will do). Add a few rolls of Kodak Super-XX Film—it's about four times as fast as ordinary film. And you have an after-dark snapshot team that scores bull's-eye after bull's-eye right through a long and fascinating evening of indoor picture taking.

Try it at your house tonight. There's no need for an expensive camera, remember; the one you're using now will do, just so long as it takes Kodak Super-XX Film.

When the shooting is over, you can look forward with confidence to a batch of splendid prints . . . snapshots every bit as good as those you're accustomed to getting outdoors in the summer sun.

Night Snapshots simple as A.B.C. with

KODAK SUPER-XX FILM



A...Load your present camera with Kodak Super-XX Film.

B...Use a couple of inexpensive Mazda Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors. (You keep your Reflectors, folded flat, in their attractive box. Kodak Handy Measure included.)

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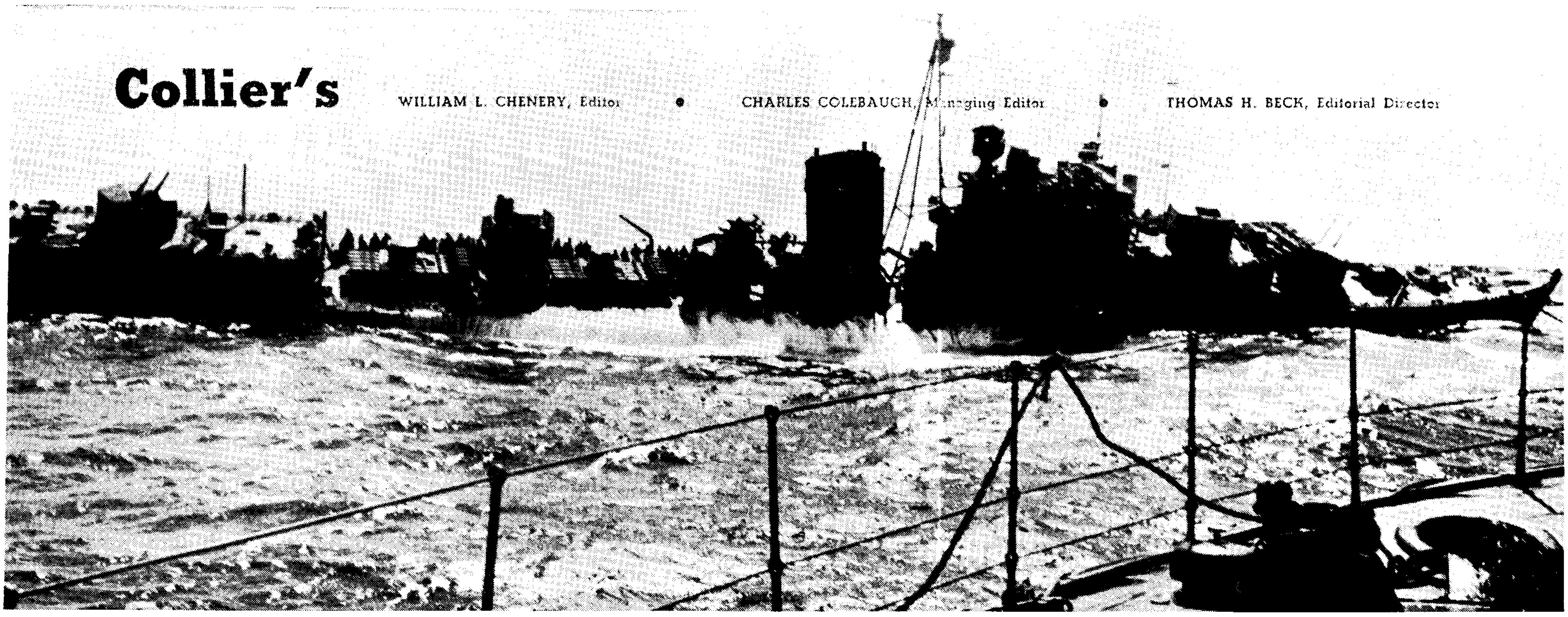


INTERNATIONAL

H.M.S. Kelly, torpedoed, lists badly, but reaches dock for repair. Others have been sunk, weakening Britain's sea control

Full Speed Ahead

WE TAKE it that most Americans now are agreed on the following items: That for better or for worse the United States is unofficially but inextricably in the war on Britain's side . . . that if Britain loses decisively and Hitler gets the British navy or any considerable part thereof, we shall be in a most serious spot . . . that if Britain loses, the least disagreeable thing we can expect thereafter will be to have hostile fleets heaving to off our richest coastal cities, one after another, and offering them the choice between paying heavy tribute and being bombarded. . . that you can draw your own picture of the most disagreeable thing we can expect if Britain loses.

We take it, too, that most Americans now are informed and believe: That Britain in all likelihood cannot hold out against Hitler unless our shipments of planes, munitions, guns, etc., to Britain speed up enormously in the next month or six months . . . that British ship construction no longer is outrunning, as for months it did outrun, British shipping losses by German submarines, dive bombers and commerce raiders . . . that Britain cannot go on forever paying cash for everything it buys from us.

These things being understood and agreed on in this country, will most Americans okay without hesitation practically any measures Congress and the Administration may take to equip Britain and ourselves to see this crisis through?

We believe the answer to that question is Yes.

Or if the answer is No, we'd better begin to think of how best to fight a heartbreaking defensive war against the Axis and Japan, with some further thought on how best to endure a possible ignominious loser's peace afterward.

Collier's is not urging a military dictatorship, or curtailment of civil liberties or any other wartime hysteria.

We do suggest that public opinion will back up the government in any steps compatible with our present state of semiwar and of threatened actual war, and that the word for America is full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes.

14,000,000 Pennies

WELL, the Children's Crusade for Children, which we had the pleasure of endorsing on this page a few months ago, wound up with almost $140,000 deposited in mite boxes posted in schools all over the country. The money was split roughly as follows for the relief of child war victims: $22,500 each for Chinese, French, Polish, British and Jewish children; $7,500 each for Dutch, Finnish and Belgian children; $2,000 for Norwegian children.

To the children of the United States, congratulations on possibly the finest, most generous, most constructive single deed performed anywhere on the globe during the entire blazing year of 1940.

Soldiers' Tearooms—Well, Why Not?

MODERN, commodious regimental tearooms are being rigged up for the soldiers of the 27th Division at Fort McClellan, Ala., and the news has set jesters jesting, old Regular Army top kicks muttering in what would be their beards if they wore beards and retired generals striving to think of other things lest they have apoplexy.

What we say is, what of it? Why shouldn't men of the new draft forces have as pleasant surroundings as may be?

The new Army should be a democratic outfit to which it is worth a man's while to belong—though, of course, with all the essentials of first-class modern military training. Don't baby the boys; but don't make their year in the Army equivalent to a year in jail, either.

We're for the tearooms, for good-looking hostesses around canteens and post exchanges, and for any other trimmings that will help to make life in the new Army enjoyable. That's the way you build a strong, enthusiastic, superloyal fighting organization—by making it something a man likes to belong to.

Wings for the Border Patrol

WHAT is your own opinion of what those planes or that plane is carrying into the States?" we asked one of the patrol inspectors. We were starting back to El Paso, the Mexicans having just dragged three truckloads of corn meal across the Rio Grande.

"Personally," said he, "I'd say it ain't corn meal."

Thus ended Walter Davenport's recent Collier's article on the Border Patrol, and how it prevents overland smuggling and unlawful entries into the United States from Mexico but can't prevent aerial shenanigans because it has no airplanes of its own. In times like these, it is no joke to have our southern border open to any airplane whose pilot cares to fly over without reporting to the Border Patrol.

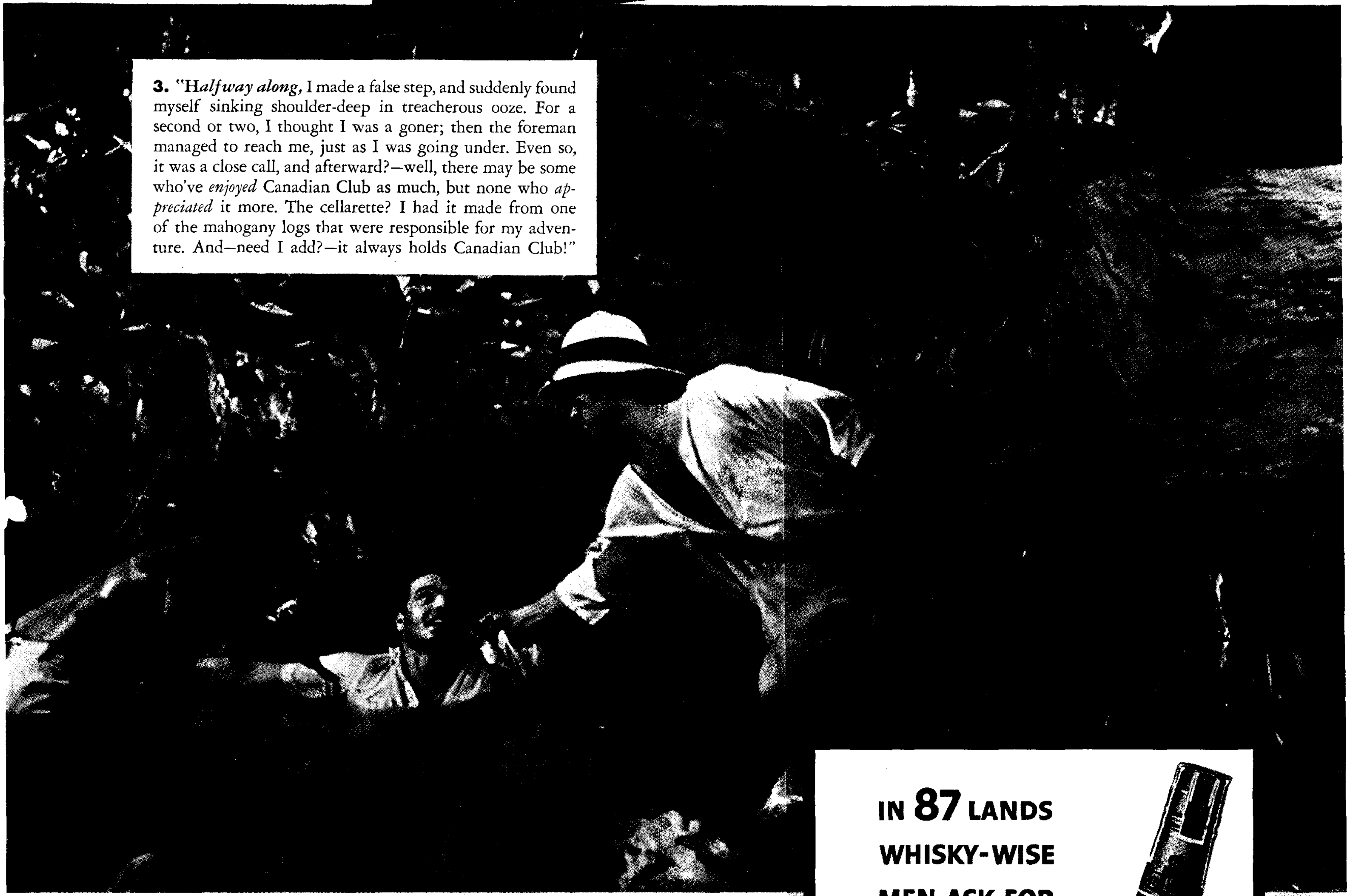
Mexico is crawling, currently, with radical refugees from the Spanish civil war. Ultraradicalism has about ruined Mexico, which has accordingly swung to the Right. In the bosoms of many of these refugees, however, still burns the holy ambition to wreck as many countries as they can in the name of St. Marx and his prophet Stalin. Many of them want to come to the United States and get busy on the wrecking work here.

We'd better equip the Border Patrol with an adequate flying force, and do it without delay. These pilots had better be instructed to track down undocumented border-jumping planes, and shoot them down if need be. If now and again one of these patrol planes should fly into Mexico in performance of this duty—well, Avila Camacho, new Mexican president, allows repeatedly as how he wants to be a Friend of ours, with a capital F.

1. "D*o you like stories* of struggle in the jungle?" inquires a recent letter. "Then listen to the history of my mahogany cellarette. I'd been down in Honduras visiting my father, who is a dealer in rare woods. It was Dad who introduced me to Canadian Club—I'd been a Scotch drinker previously.

IT HAPPENED IN HONDURAS

2. "I *liked* it so much that Dad gave me a bottle for the trip back. With Dad's foreman, some natives, and a shipment of mahogany logs, I started off for the railway. It was rainy season, and to get the logs through the jungle swamp we had to lay a *floating road!*



3. "H*alfway along,* I made a false step, and suddenly found myself sinking shoulder-deep in treacherous ooze. For a second or two, I thought I was a goner; then the foreman managed to reach me, just as I was going under. Even so, it was a close call, and afterward?—well, there may be some who've *enjoyed* Canadian Club as much, but none who *appreciated* it more. The cellarette? I had it made from one of the mahogany logs that were responsible for my adventure. And—need I add?—it always holds Canadian Club!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

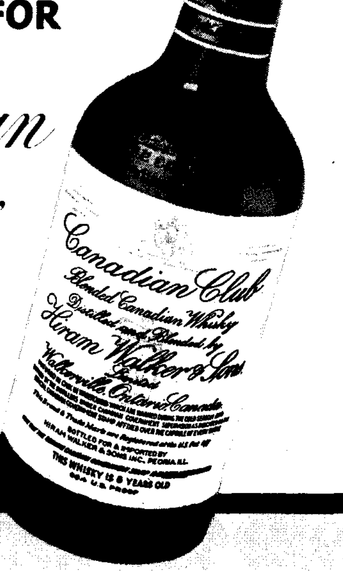
WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"



WIN A BIG PRIZE . . . LIKE THESE WINNERS IN FORMER IVORY CONTESTS!

When the news reached our farm that I had won a big Ivory prize—we all got a shock of surprise! My first feeling was one of deep gratitude over my good fortune. *Mrs. Wofford Layton, Roebuck, South Carolina.*

I entered mainly for amusement and sent in four sentences on the bath use of Ivory. I wrote about Ivory from a man's point of view. *Mr. Harold C. Warren, Warren, Pa.*

My four sons were proud beyond words when I won in the Ivory contest. Entered many times before—but never imagined how exciting it would be to win. *Mrs. Clare M. Turgeon, Rocky River, Ohio.*

Winning in an Ivory contest fulfilled a dream of long standing. This thrilling prize made many wonderful things possible! *Mrs. Ruth C. Clarke, San Leandro, California.*

Words cannot express my joy over winning! We have a baby son and our expenses are high. My husband drives a truck so you can imagine what winning meant to us. *Mrs. Anna Rosmine Maxson, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.*

Enter IVORY SOAP'S New "Security for Life" Contests!

I FEEL SO SAFE NOW —SO FREE FROM MONEY WORRIES!
WINNING IN THAT IVORY SOAP CONTEST WAS A BLESSING TO US!

My husband (who is an accountant) and I hope that my winning will inspire others to enter these grand Ivory contests. The entries fairly write themselves. I am very grateful. *Mrs. G. R. Bultman, Denver, Col.*

FREE! $100 a Month as long as you live!

[OR $20,000 NOW IN ONE LUMP SUM]

6 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS!

These Prizes Each Week— 5 crisp $500 Bills
50 new $10 Bills

GRAND PRIZE $100 a month for life—
(or winner can choose $20,000 in one lump sum)
awarded at close of contests

EASY! FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS

*"I like Ivory Soap because*________________________

FREEDOM from money worries! Security for life! The warm confidence that you will live your life out in the golden sunlight of security, and never be in want—the courage to face whatever life brings! This is the greatest prize ever offered in an Ivory Soap contest. And it may be *yours!*

A GUARANTEED INCOME of $100.00 a month as long as you live—starting April 30, 1941! This $100.00 a month income for life will be guaranteed by John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, one of the greatest, strongest insurance companies in America!

A PROTECTED TOMORROW, A HAPPIER TODAY! Think what this extra $100 a month could do for you *now!* Money to make your dreams come true! Own your home! Buy a new car! See America! . . . Or, you could choose $20,000 in cash in one lump sum instead of the $100-a-month life income.

330 ADDITIONAL MONEY PRIZES! . . . in 6 separate weekly contests! Each week for 6 weeks, Ivory Soap offers 5 crisp, crackly $500 bills—30 in all! And remember, one of these $500 winners will win the grand prize! So enter every week! Also each week there are 50 additional prizes of $10.00 each.

SO EASY TO ENTER! Just write a simple sentence about why you like Ivory Soap. You've probably grown up with pure Ivory Soap, the kind friend of the family. Perhaps it's in your home now—being used for washing dishes, for bathing the baby, for lovely complexions, for faces and hands, or refreshing baths.

ANY MAN OR WOMAN CAN ENTER! It's easy to write about Ivory! These wonderful contests are run so *you* can discover Ivory's many uses. Send in all the entries you think of! Sentences as simple as the samples below can win! So don't lose time! Enter today! Enter every contest!

THESE HINTS MAY HELP YOU WRITE A WINNER!

"I like Ivory Soap because . . . it makes baby's bath a pleasure—she loves the way Ivory floats and I love its gentle purity that leaves her skin soft and sweet."

"I like Ivory Soap because . . . it makes a quick, gentle lather that gives me a wonderful feeling of refreshing cleanliness after a floating Ivory bath."

"I like Ivory Soap because . . . it's a wonderful dish-washing soap, gives quick suds, gets dishes, glasses clean and sparkling, and helps my hands stay soft and smooth."

FINISH sentence: "I like Ivory Soap because . . . . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Attach wrappers from one "Large-Size" and one "Medium-Size" Ivory Soap (or facsimiles) and send to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 144, Cincinnati, Ohio. Print your name and address.

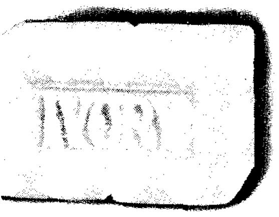
PROCTER & GAMBLE • TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED ON RADIO

"Against The Storm," "Life Can Be Beautiful," Mondays thru Fridays. See local papers for time, stations.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % Pure • It Floats



FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Simply complete this sentence, *"I like Ivory Soap because . . ."* in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 144, Cincinnati, Ohio. You can enter these contests as often as you like, but each sentence must be accompanied by one Large and one "Medium-Size" Ivory Soap wrapper (or facsimiles).

3. Cash prizes in each weekly contest are five $500 bills and fifty $10 bills. The winner of the grand prize of $100 a month for life will be selected from the winners of the $500 prizes. The grand prize-winner may take $20,000 cash instead of $100 a month for life.

4. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
First Contest	Now	Sat., Feb. 1
Second Contest	Sun., Feb. 2	Sat., Feb. 8
Third Contest	Sun., Feb. 9	Sat., Feb. 15
Fourth Contest	Sun., Feb. 16	Sat., Feb. 22
Fifth Contest	Sun., Feb. 23	Sat., March 1
Sixth Contest	Sun., March 2	Sat., March 8

5. Entries received before Saturday, February 1, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, March 8, and must be received by March 22.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, a[illegible] ideas therein become the property [illegible] Procter & Gamble.

7. Any resident over 18 years of age of the United States or Canada may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

8. The grand prize-winner's name will be announced shortly after the close of the last contest over Ivory Soap's radio programs: "Against The Storm," and "Life Can Be Beautiful." The $500 prize-winners will be announced over the two programs shortly after the close of each contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.